MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

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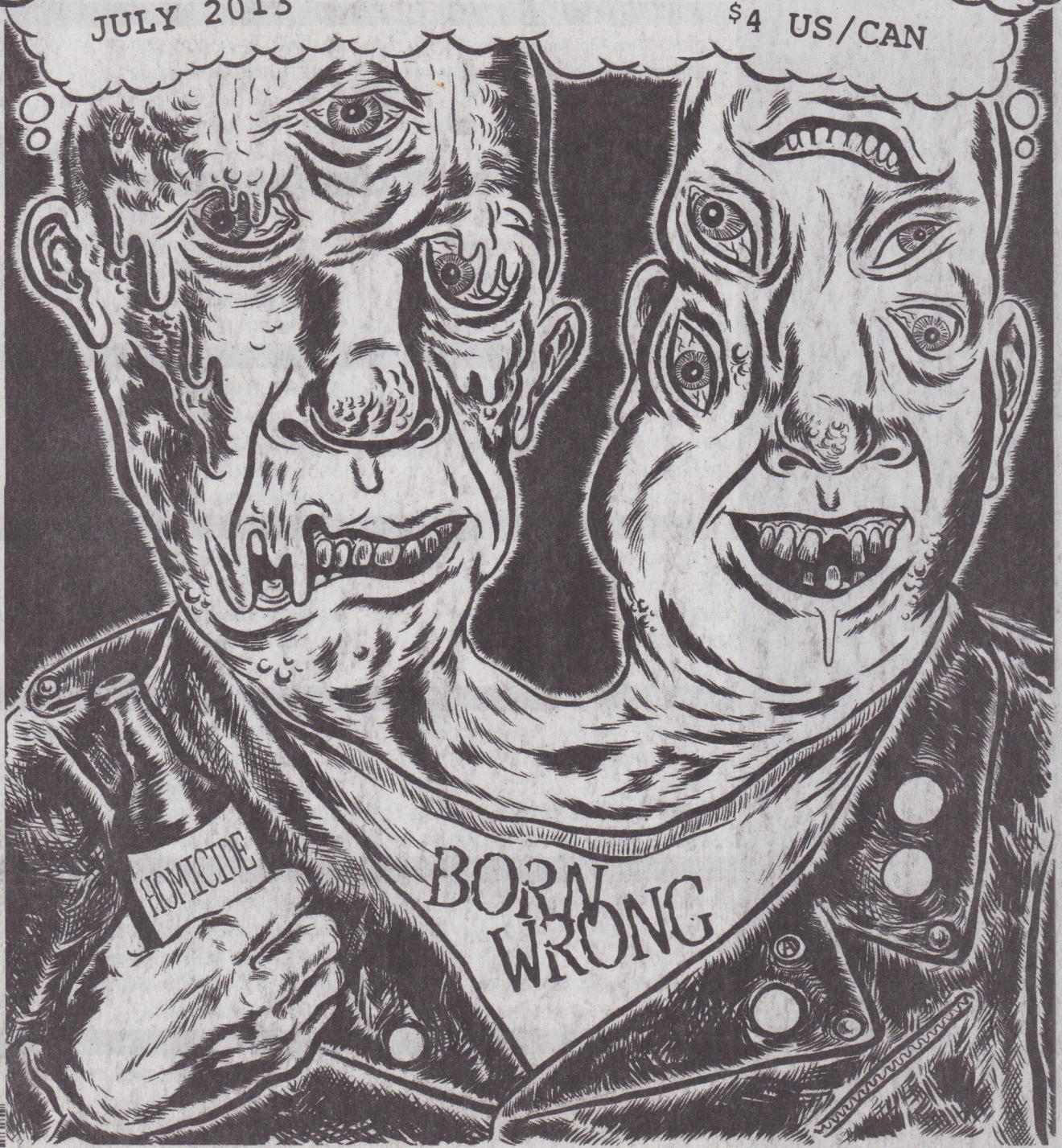

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
186, 188, 195, 197, 202, 203, 206, 234, 236, 238-247, 249, 251, 254-274, 277-295, 297-306, 308-313, 315, 316, 318, 319, 322-328, 330, 332-339, 340-354, 357-360. See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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For what it's worth, here're some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

- V/A-Not Normal Presents: Welcome to 2013-LP
- GOOD THROB-EP / DIEHARD-flexi
- EFFLUXUS/INFERNÖH-split EP
- HELTA SKELTA-EP / ABSURDO / SUDOR-live
- STATE VIOLENCE-...You Now See the Truth...-EP
- CÜLO-LP / KREMLIN-12"
- PERDITION-Martial Law-EP
- FRACASO-Destruir-EP / ROUGH-LP
- UNA BESTIA INCONTROLABLE-LP
- CRIMSON SCARLET-The Window/Roughed...45

WILL BLOMQUIST

- BIOCIDIO-Brutal Motavation-EP
- PARTISANS-Police Story/Killing Machine-45
- EFFLUXUS/INFERNÖH-split EP
- OAKS-Field Beat-12" / CRIMSON SCARLET-45
- RED MASS/CINDY LEE-split EP
- FRACASO-EP / OCCULT SS-EP
- RAISER/VENGANZA-split 12"
- V/A-Riots not Diets: Why Diet When You Can Riot-LP
- V/A-Riots not Diets: Carry on Rioting-LP
- BEATERS-45 / LIFEFORM / INFEST / OWL-live

MITCH CARWELL

- NEW YORK NIGGERS-45
- REAL NUMBERS-Only Two can Play-12"
- LIVIDS-Your House or the Courthouse-EP
- BLITZ-All Out Attack-EP
- MYSTERY DATE-Dreaming in Black and White...-45
- WHITE MYSTERY-Telepathic-LP
- PARTISANS-Police Story/Killing Machine-45
- THE HOT LZ'S-Bringdown, Comedown...-EP
- CHUCKLEBERRIES-live
- SCOUSE GITS-live

ROBERT COLLINS

- PROXY-Something We've all Seen Before-LP
- UNA BESTIA INCONTROLABLE-LP
- DIEHARD-flexi + live / CONDITION-live
- ABSURDO-live
- FRACASO-Destruir-EP
- SHRAG/TUNABUNNY-split EP
- PAINT IT BLACK-Invisible-EP
- JOANNA GRUESOME-Do You Really Wanna...45
- COOL MUTANTS-Buzzhog-EP
- LOS VIGILANTES-Me Siento Azul-EP

LAYLA GIBBON

- GOOD THORB-Culture Vulture-EP
- UNA BESTIA INCONTROLABLE-LP
- THE PEARLS-LP
- LOS VIGILANTES-EP / EAT SKULL-EP
- STIGMATHE-LP / ROUGH-LP
- BLITZ-All Out Attack-EP
- KREMLIN-12" / V/A-Not Normal Presents-LP
- V/A-Riots not Diets: Why Diet When You Can Riot-LP
- V/A-Riots not Diets: Carry on Rioting-LP
- PIGEON HUNT-10" / RUINED FAMILIES-LP

DAN GOETZ

- PARTISANS-Police Story/Killing Machine-45
- EFFLUXUS/INFERNÖH-split EP + live
- ABSURDO-live
- V/A-Not Normal Presents: Welcome to 2013-LP
- HELTA SKELTA-EP / CRIMSON SCARLET-45
- STATE VIOLENCE-...You Now See the Truth...-EP
- CÜLO-LP / KREMLIN-12"
- PERDITION-Martial Law-EP
- ALTERED BOYS-The Blame-EP
- FRACASO-Destruir-EP

GREG HARVESTER

- UNA BESTIA INCONTROLABLE-LP
- LOS VIGILANTES-Me Siento Azul-EP
- LOS CONEJOS-12"
- EAT SKULL-Where'd You Go?-EP
- DIEHARD-Nothing in Return-flexi
- FUNERAL CONE-tape
- GOOD THROB-EP / CRIMSON SCARLET-45
- RUDIMENTARY PENI-Pope Adrian-CD
- COLD BEAT / NO STATIK / REPLICA-live
- DIEHARD / ABSURDO-live

KENNY KAOS

- CALI GIRAFFES-All My Life/Lazy Days-45
- BABY GHOSTS-Ghost in a Vacuum-EP
- RAT KING-Godsend-LP
- SUGAR STEMS-Can't Wait-LP
- BRADLEY DEAN AND THE TERMINALS-45
- THEE TEE PEES-Bitchin' Titties-EP
- SEA CATS-Firewood/Lately-EP
- BAM! BAM!-Golden Haze 2-EP
- LOS VIGILANTES-Me Siento Azul-EP
- PAINT FUMES-Sally Smoked Dope-EP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

CAROLYN KEDDY

- WHITE MYSTERY-Telepathic-LP
- THE PEARLS-12" / NEW YORK NIGGERS-45
- B.F.G.-Blue-LP / ALIEN FATHER-World of Treble-EP
- LAS ARDILLAS-Linda Niña/La Buscaré-45
- MOUTHBREATHERS-Nowhere Else to Go/...-45
- MULTIPLE TRUTHS-No One Wins-LP
- RED MASS/CINDY LEE-split EP
- THE HUSSY-Way with Words-EP
- V/A-Riots not Diets: Why Diet When You Can Riot-LP
- V/A-Riots not Diets: Carry on Rioting-LP

SAM LEFEBVRE

- PISS TEST-Frigid Punks-EP
- NOD OFF-EP #1-EP
- EFFLUXUS/INFERNÖH-split EP
- GOOD THORB-Culture Vulture-EP
- A CERTAIN RATIO- To Each...-LP
- CRIMSON SCARLET-The Window/Roughed...45
- ALTERED BOYS-The Blame-EP
- DIEHARD-Nothing in Return-flexi
- ROUGH-Indelebile-LP
- PROXY-Something We've all Seen Before-LP

RAY LUJAN

- LAS ARDILLAS-Linda Niña/La Buscaré-45
- DOPAMINES-Vices-CD / JOANNA GRUESOME-45
- LOUIS LINGG AND THE BOMBS-CD
- MYSTERY DATE-45 / PAINT IT BLACK-EP
- REAL DANGER-CD
- SCIENCE POLICE-You are Under Arrest in...EP
- SUGAR STEMS-LP / TEENAGE MOODS-LP
- YOUTHBITCH-I'm in Love with Girls-EP
- KEPI GHOULIE / MEAN JEANS-live
- JABBER / BLEACHED / TSOL-live

KEVIN MANION

- UNA BESTIA INCONTROLABLE-LP
- MUUY BIIEN-This is What your Mind Imagines-LP
- CRIMSON SCARLET-The Window/Roughed...45
- KREMLIN-Drunk in the Gulag-12"
- PROXY-Something We've all Seen Before-LP
- YOUR PEST BAND-In My Doom-10"
- MYSTERY DATE-Dreaming in Black and White...-45
- V/A-Not Normal Presents: Welcome to 2013-LP
- EFFLUXUS/INFERNÖH-split EP / FRACASO-EP
- GOOD THROB-EP / FLYING LADIES-EP

LYDIA PHELPS

- V/A-Riots not Diets-both LPs
- EFFLUXUS/INFERNÖH-split EP
- GOOD THORB-Culture Vulture-EP
- SHRAG/TUNABUNNY-split 45
- ABSURDO-live / PERIKATO-EP
- RUINED FAMILIES-LP / PISS TEST-EP
- DIRTY WOMBS/UNFIT EARTH-split EP
- FRACASO-Destruir-EP
- STIGMATHE-Fronte di Nervi-LP
- V/A-Not Normal Presents: Welcome to 2013-LP

FRED SCHRUNK

- ANDROIDS OF MU-Blood Robots-LP
- GOOD THORB-Culture Vulture-EP
- UNA BESTIA INCONTROLABLE-LP
- PISS TEST-Frigid Punks-EP
- LOS CONEJOS-12"
- MALL'D TO DEATH-The Process of Reaching...-EP
- AUDACITY/BIG EYES-split EP
- CRIMSON SCARLET-The Window/Roughed...45
- YOUR PEST BAND-In My Doom-10"
- FUNERAL CONE-live

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- UNA BESTIA INCONTROLABLE-LP
- DIEHARD-Nothing in Return-flexi
- EFFLUXUS/INFERNÖH-split EP
- SEX DRIVE / VVOVNDS-split EP
- FRACASO-Destruir-EP
- ALTERED BOYS-The Blame-EP
- COOL MUTANTS-EP / V/A-Not Normal-LP
- YOUTHBITCH-I'm in Love with Girls-EP
- PERDITION-Martial Law-EP
- CÜLO-My Life Sucks and I Could Care Less-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Cretins of Distortion*
- *Salah Cetax #12*
- *Nuts! #11*
- *Trust 159/02*
- *Shock and Awe #6*
- *Mongrel Zine #11*
- *Plastic Bomb #82*
- *Positive Creed #18*
- *No Exit #6*
- *The DIY Guide to Fighting the Big Sad*

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#186/November '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/January '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/February '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/August '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/October '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, GOre Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/Novomber '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235 December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war Scene Reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in IRaq," "Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/March '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04. The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass; I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/Sept. '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oi!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjertestop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. the Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/ Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports. Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, Hpp, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report.

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/ Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cocskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/ Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History Part 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State POison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Deaf Club Oral History, Czech Punk History Part 3.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R., Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIS, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Blookrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary part 1, Means to an End Fest, Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matresses Zine.

#345/February '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report Part 2, the Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Bärchen und die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spokey Jacket, Krömosom Tour of Japan, Globsters, Nigh Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise records, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester Zine, Iron hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#349/June '12. Omegas, Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Inly Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scene Report.

#350/July '12. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyre, Chis Boarts Larsen, Maria de Piedade Morais.

#351/August '12. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's Worst & Best, the Tim Yo Covers & Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Juan y Diëgo, Banran.

#352/September '12. Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

#353/October '12. Brain Tumors, Effluxus, Anti Cimex, the Cravats, Unlearn, Warsong, Sick/Tired, To Live A Lie records, Stories from the Peruvian Underground Part 1, Bad Daddies, Imminent Destruction records with Lastly, Desperdicio, Against the Grain, Disturd.

#354/November '12. Replica, Ancient Filth, Synthetic ID, Maximo Volumen, O Inimigo, the Splits, Ohmwar, Beatrap, Victims Tour Diary Part 2, Girth records.

#357/February '13. Forward, Hounds of Hate, Contorture, Kicker, Nothing, Lunatic Fringe, Detonate records, Beatnik Termites, Detroit Scene Report.

#358/March '13. 2012 Year End Top Tens, Brontez Purnell, Potty Mouth, Nitad, Schizophazia, East Anglia Scene Report.

#359/April '13. Sickoids, Hassler. Divorce. Cancer Spreading. la Flingue. the Line. White Murder, the Paper Bags versus the Meat Sluts. Greenville, SC scene report.

#360/May '13. Stress, Proxy, the Kids, Kalte Lust, HIRS, Autonomy, Nuclëar Fröst, Dead Air Studio, Blood Orange Infoshop, Death Traitors, Elks Lodge Massacre Revisited.

#361/June '13. Organize and Arise, Fear of Extinction, The Rats Tour Diary, Kathleen Hanna, The Shorts, Hard Feelings, No Power, Melusaaste, We Got Power Part I.

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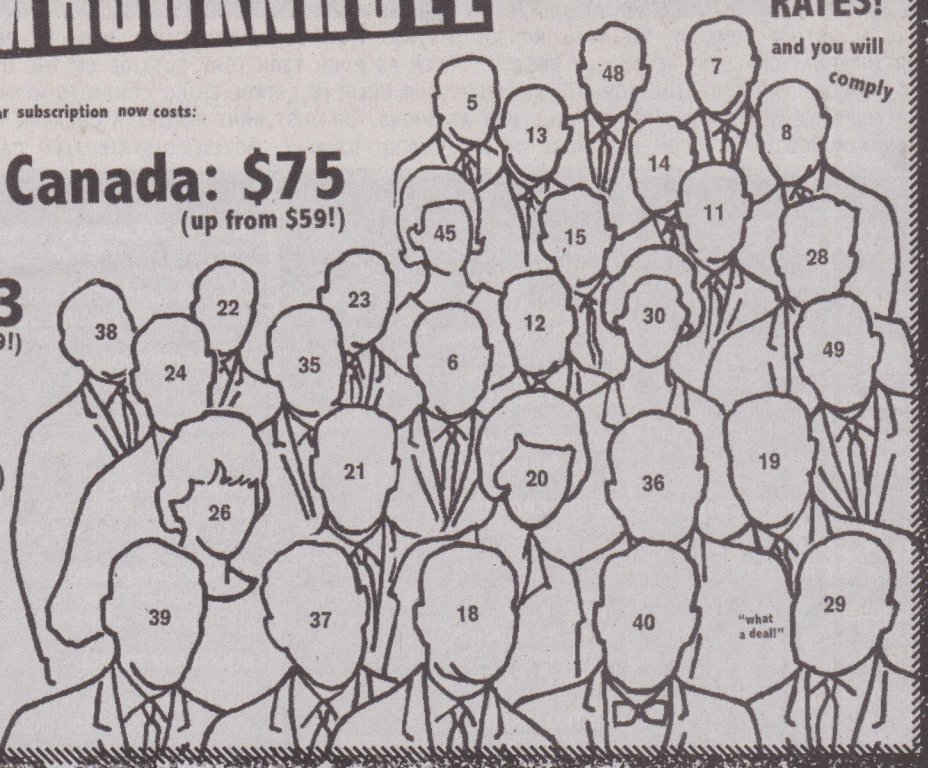

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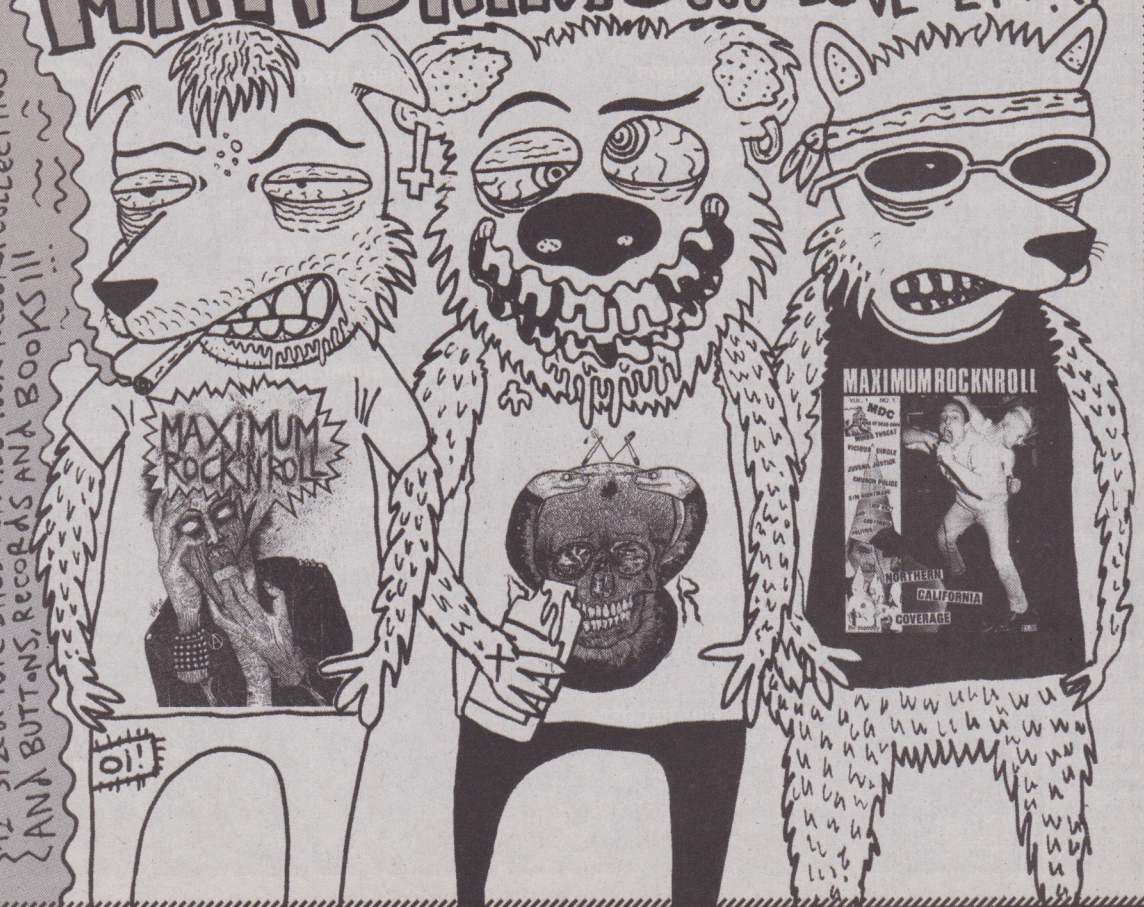


LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dearest MRR—
I am writing to inform you that one of your columnists is clearly a poser who will potentially compromise the decades worth of Punk Integrity *MRR* has and the legacy of your fine publication in the eyes of punx still yet to be born. To be precise, I am addressing IMOGEN BINNIE, who doesn't seem to know how to properly spell my punk name. Nor does she know who she is messing with—namely, me, Colin Atrophy!

Listen little lady, while you were off driving around in your mom's station wagon doing "book readings" (WHO EVEN READS BOOKS ANYMORE?!) I was home in New York Fuckin' City putting in the hard work of Making Punk A Threat Again. Ever heard of Vomit Enemas? That's not just my awesome crust band, it's what I do every morning. Did you read about how someone had written U R A DICKHEAD NO WAR 4 OIL in a mixture of human/animal feces/blood on the windshield of every single SUV in Queens? Well I'm not saying I did that because I don't want to IMPUGN MYSELF, but I'm also not saying I didn't do it, because I DID because I'm punk. Let's see Johnny Law even try and come after me.

The point of all this is that my dad is a very powerful lawyer so I will be suing all of you for like 80 million bucks in emotional damage so say goodbye to your dumb magazine and say hello to a future of penury and regret.
LOVE ALWAYS,
—Colin Atrophy, Slice Harvester Fanzine

Dear Colin—
I'm pretty sure your name is Colin Entropy, dude.
Thanks for writing,
—Imogen

Hi MRR—
Since Graham mentioned it in his last column, I feel like I have to say this again. By participating in or attending the University of San Francisco's record swap a person is saying she/he supports USF's decision to shut down and their attempt to sell radio station KUSF, she/he opposes the efforts to stop the sale of the KUSF license and she/he does not want KUSF to return to the San Francisco airwaves. The swap was created by the radio station volunteers who were locked out of the station by USF on January 18, 2011. Its success is due to the hard work of those volunteers. The fact that the university continues to operate the swap is just another insult to the ousted volunteers. I don't expect record dealers to care about anything other than their wallets, but hopefully punks have integrity and do not go to this record swap. When no one shows up to buy their shit maybe they'll start to get a clue.
savekusf.org
XO,
—Carolyn Keddy

Dear MRR—
While I am able to handle this poorly printed mag, the boyfriend is not. Black fingerprints on toilet seat, walls, white kitchen appliances…and for the price he paid for the subscription I would expect more. Sick of cleaning your substandard rag.
—Tracy

Dear MRR—
This is not a letter to the editor, but to the entity/idea that "is" *MRR*. I'm writing to say, "Thank you!" I picked you up when I was sixteen (1986). I wrote in, placed classifieds, made fanzines and music of my own. I later wrote scene reports, which you published, interviews (both with others and some on my own), which you published. I subscribed when I could. I place tons of ads in you. I still see you on shelves now and again and read you when I can. Haven't told you how much I like you or how important you've been the last couple of years, and wanted to now.
Hope all is well. I love you.
—Adel Souto

Dear MRR—
This is Paul from Give Praise records and this letter is in response to the letter from Issue #361 about Give Praise records not sending a print catalog. Basically, I was sent a $1.00 (two stamps) for a printed catalog—I haven't done a printed catalog in almost over two years, just because the stock changes so frequently that it would be hard to keep an updated catalog current. I used to advertise in my *MRR* ads, that I did do a print catalog, but as I said that was over two years ago.

I got the letter and two stamps, and saved the stamps to send back a few magazines and a letter, I put it in my label paperwork pile, and because I no longer do a print catalog, it went to the bottom. It got shuffled and buried, and basically I totally forgot about it. I apologize that this happened and really appreciate the support I get as a label. To fix this, I have sent a package out with the exact two stamps I was sent and a few magazines on the house.

Again, I apologize for this, but packing records and getting mail-order out usually takes most of my attention (if not all of it!). I seriously appreciate all the support from the underground punk and hardcore community.
Take care,
—Paul / Give Praise records

There have always been scam alerts in the MRR *letters section. I have to say in* MRR*'s experience, dealing with Give Praise has been nothing but smooth and professional without the pretension of dealing with "the man." I can go as far as saying it has been fun, because Paul is a kind and funny dude (and an occasional smart ass). Keep up the good work!*
—Mariam

Hey MRR!—
I just got my copy of *MRR* with the review of my zine Aseptic in the mail. Thank you! However the info in there is wrong. My zine is NOT $2 ppd. It's $2 PLUS postage! They sell for $1.50 wholesale and shipping for one zine is typically $1.30.
Thank you!
—Kelly/Aseptic

To Whom It May Concern—
It's been years since I've seen a *Maximum Rocknroll*, but street punk is in my blood. I am a 39-year-old San Diego native so was blessed to be a part of the SoCal scene pretty much until I popped in 1997.

For the last decade I've been slammed down in Pelican Bay's SHU on some real flaky gang association bullshit and wanted to give you a heads up on an upcoming hunger strike we're putting together for better conditions for *all* prisoners in California. Right now the plan is to

kick it off on June 18th unless the governor can intervene and change our situation immediately, which we all doubt that will come about before we all starve ourselves. We are serious and will be going on an indefinite hunger strike where surely some of us may be forever be injured. But we must stand up and now! We have outside support already with the "Hunger Strike Collation," anyone interested can check out Pelican Bay hunger strike on the internet.

So my reasoning for this letter was two fold. I'd like to write an article for the convicts and family members who might read *Maximum Rocknroll* regarding the plight of the SHU prisoner in Pelican Bay in hopes of shedding some light on a real bad situation. And for other prisoners everywhere, too. Do you think that is possible? I feel I can describe in detail the grind it takes on one's mind year after year being isolated in a box for no reason other than refusing to talk. (i.e. rat out)

The information is widely known on the truth of what's going on back here and the internet is so full of it through the hunger strike solidarity, so no one needs to just take it from me, go check it out and give it the gut test of your own… I'll keep this short for now, but I'd really appreciate knowing where you guys come down on this cause… so drop me a line… And if you got an old mag laying around toss it my way too if that's not too much fuss for ya…?
Let me know.
Cheers mates!
Working class hooligans united.
Respectfully,
—Jimmy

I can't speak for each individual involved with MRR, *but I can speak for myself. While I could never claim to fully understand any situation that would lead someone to starve themselves, Hunger strikes have been historically used by those who have been stripped of power and ultimately, their humanity, as an action to reclaim some control of their situation—to gain the attention of the world which has largely forgotten them. While clearly there are people locked up who created victims of their own, there are many in prison who are victims themselves—and while I understand it is a complicated issue, those are people I can say I support.*
—Mariam

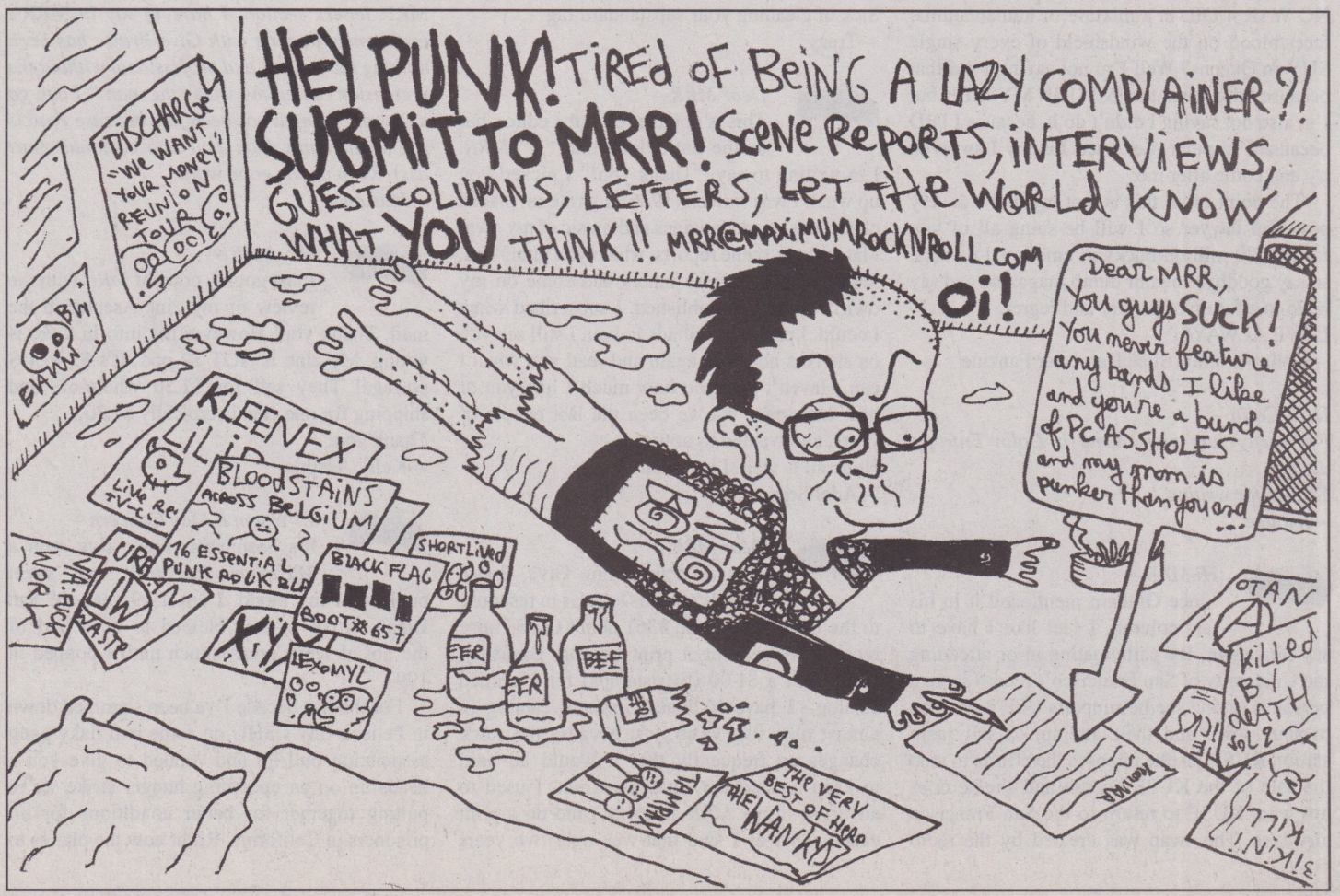
[redacted]

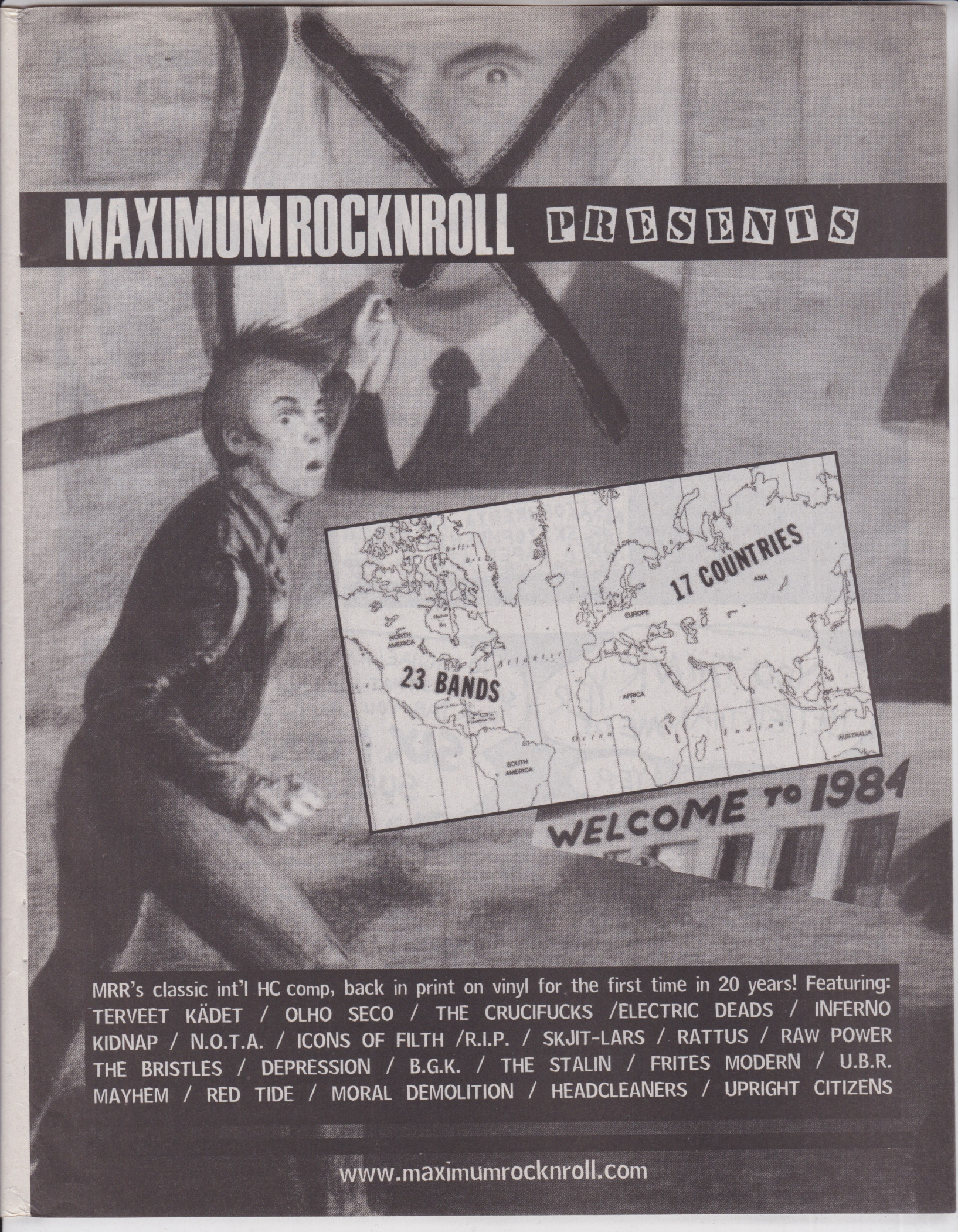
Dearest MRR—
Can you please pass on to Furious George that he is a dick. I usually love reading his column and find it hi-larious. Super funny. Though… his last column left a sour taste in my mouth. It is a *very* wide sweeping generalization to assume that all women everywhere "just don't dig" Red Dwarf. Wrong! I am a huge fan of that show! I started watching it years ago when I was a wee lass. Chris Barrie as Arnold Rimmer the hologram… too good. Even the sketch Dave Hollins' Space Cadet, which Red Dwarf is based on, is fantastic. American pilot…weird. So. Furious George. Red Dwarf is not "just a guy thing." You can have Slayer… just not Red Dwarf. Comic Brilliance! So. Yeah. Your column is awesome. Thanks *MRR*!
—Anna So

[redacted]

Hey MRR—
From one Punk institution to another, we want to run a 1/6 page ad for a year. I'm sending a check. I hope this helps you survive in the era of "the Death of Print." Personally, I really appreciate what you do and the fact that you keep on doing it. Thanks for giving Felix a soapbox. I like reading about antique furniture, Superfly and Finnish HC.
—Tim and Extreme Noise in Minneapolis.
20 more years of Extreme Noise!
30 more years of Maximum Rocknroll.

Thanks! This helps us out a lot and we really appreciate your support! Thanks to you and all the punks involved with Extreme Noise for all of your hard work! The fact that the store has been going for so long and that punks in Minneapolis, and around the world, support it, is inspiring. We have to keep our DIY spaces open! And, yes, where would we be without Felix teaching us how to properly package and mail a record.
—Mariam





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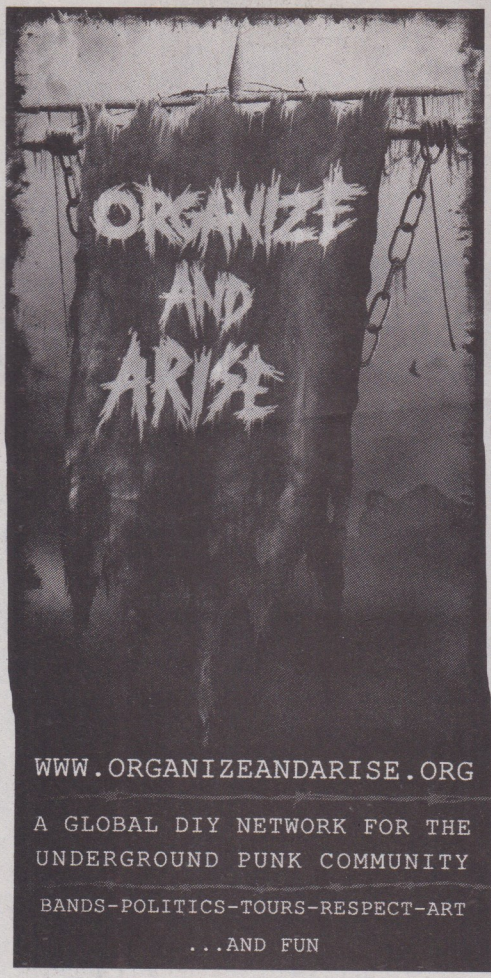

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COLUMNS

Hey *Maximum*! What's up dude, I just got back from two months of tour. I was touring on this book I wrote called *Nevada*. I mean, everybody knows that reading isn't cool. Or punk. But whatever, sometimes we just write and publish a novel and go on a two-month tour for it anyway. And it was really good, dude. My publisher fucking paid for gas! I stayed with friends and friends of friends everywhere... this girl gave me a joint in Houston and this guy gave me a bunch of mushrooms in Asheville. Pretty much, like, it turns out that touring in bands is the fucking worst compared to touring on a book. Which actually brings me to my first point in this month's column, which is about

What I Learned On My Book Tour

1. Punk Rock Fucking Sucks

Halfway through tour I ended up spending a week in the Montpelier, Vermont area. Some circumstances happened and I ended up having to drive down to Brattleboro and back in the middle of the night one night—only I didn't have my own car at the time, so I borrowed my friend Katy's car. It was a very fancy rental car, like one of those big square cars they advertise at suburban boys with money who think they might grow up to be rappers one day?

I was totally stoked to borrow it because some circumstances had transpired in Phoenix that led to me having a very fancy pen in which you can unscrew the top part and it turns out there's a two gig USB drive tucked away in there. I did what anybody would do when confronted with a two gig USB drive, which was to fill it up with Fugazi and Godspeed You! Black Emperor MP3s. So I was like, cooooooool, Katy's car is new and it's going to have a USB port thing and I'll be able to listen to all my cool MP3s!

I was wrong, though: the USB port didn't work. Like I plugged in my cool thing and the stereo would, like, acknowledge that I had put in a thing that said Fugazi on it, but not play any of the MP3s? It was dumb *but* it turned out that the car also had a fancy satellite radio thing in it! Turns out satellite radio kind of sucks too, but—I am getting to the point—on one of the satellite radio stations (the punk station) a very old and crotchety still alive member of the Ramones was doing a punk music show! For like four hours or something!

Well. Turns out either my understanding of what constitutes "punk rock" is really skewed, or else the drummer from the Ramones is wrong about it. And I get how canon works, I know my dumb understanding is wrong. I mean, the punk stuff I like is all either pop punk I liked when I was fifteen, scrEaMOcore I liked when I was twenty, or made by women and the occasional non-woman queer. But Marky Ramone played a four-hour barrage of songs by angry teenage dudes singing about angry teenage dude bullshit, punctuated by like one Plasmatics song! Or else angry men singing about teenage dude bullshit.

Who cares!

I mean, I know I'm a big queerdo who plays in a doom metal band with a cello sometimes or whatever but I just forget, most of the time, that this is what punk rock mostly is. And I mean I know that I'm a humorless feminist lesbian anti-capitalist witch who doesn't think anything is funny except this joke Francesca told me:

Knock knock.

Who's there?

Fugazi.

Fugazi who?

Ice cream eating motherfucker.

But I just forget that when people talk about punk rock they're usually talking about like... Agnostic Front, or something. I dunno maybe Agnostic Front rules and I just wasn't paying attention right when Marky Ramone played them but when I think punk rock I think the Maple Rabbit song "Fuck Macho Bullshit Forever" way before I think, like, "Bro Hymn." I just completely forget that punk rock is full of dudes being tough and singing about their boring problems or the boring things they are angry about, like heterosexual sex or "politics." Like, when a bunch of white twenty year olds get interviewed in *Maximum* and say dumb stuff about the way they don't believe themselves to be implicated in the gentrification of their cities? Turns out punk rock is mostly closer to that than it is to fucking +HIRS+. I just forget!

2. Everywhere Rules.

Everywhere I went was awesome! I'd get to Tucson and TC Tolbert would show me the top secret Melrose Place pool in the back part of Casa Libre, and then the next day I'd walk around downtown and find multiple biographies of Yukio Mishima in multiple used bookstores and be like, oh my fucking god, Tucson rules, I had no idea!

Or I'd go to the middle of fucking Tennessee and a million queers would show up at Austin's house and an older lesbian with short grey hair would listen to my synopsis of Nevada and be like, that sounds boring, I wrote a story recently about a Jewish lesbian who ends up in heaven and is like, what the fuck, but then she finds out that heaven is actually just a farm where aliens keep souls until they eat them. And I'd be like, fuck man, I could live in the middle of Tennessee!

Or I'd go to Hattiesburg, Mississippi, where I'd hang out with Alice and AJ and smoke all their weed and then Alice would sneak a bunch of fancy makeup (which is a thing she knows a lot about; one time she was like, can I do your eyebrows, and I was like, okay sure, and then she was like, can I do your makeup, and I was like, sure, and then it was basically the scene in *The Breakfast Club* where Molly Ringwold gives Ally Sheedy a makeover to look less like a fucking gross mess) into my bag without telling me and I wouldn't find it until a week later, when I was staying at the Arlington Hotel in Maynooth, Ontario, which my friend and a couple of her friends bought last year, where they have like open mics

and music and book reading and all the things, out in a town where the main other things you can do is go to the general store or go to a diner that closes after lunch. And then I'd be like, fuck, Maynooth, Ontario rules!

I got to hang out with Morgan Page and Trish Salah and Zoe Whittall and all these other amazing people in Toronto, which made it almost okay that the border guard rifled through everything in my car on the way up. Although, admittedly, my story sounded totally bullshit: uh, I am... a student, I guess? I rented this car with New York plates in Vermont, I don't really live anywhere... okay yeah I'll pull into a numbered space. Luckily though, check out this border crossing tip: keep hormones in your trunk! The border patrol people might be so interested in your hormones that they overlook whatever contraband you're smuggling over the border.

Not that I was smuggling anything. Except love! Love for places. Turns out if you stay with cool queers everywhere then you will fall in love with everywhere. Kinda makes sense when you put it that way I guess.

3. Nothing Else.

I try not to learn stuff. You can still get that book at topsidepress.com/nevada. If you want to explain to me what's so cool about Agnostic Front, email imogen@keepyourbridgesburning.com

"He's so cute," says my Auntie Joan, as Scooter, aka P.J., my Yorkshire Terrier spins in circles for her and licks her nose.

"I bet he does that for all the girls!" my aunt then says.

I say nothing.

My dog is smart.

"Hello, puppy-doo," Auntie Joan says to P.J. and he sneezes with excitement, and barks at the size of her Jew-fro. It's what my hair would look like if I would let it grow. Never.

"Anyway," says Auntie Joan, who I used to call "Anti-Joan" when I was a teenager cause it was so punk rock, "is there anything I can do for you?"

She's asking because I just had my second major surgery of the year. This time, besides cutting me vertically open and giving me a huge flesh zipper, they cut me side to side. Ouchy.

I tell her I'm fine, that I love her, and that I am glad she's offered to help take care of me since I really couldn't even make it to the bathroom myself.

She then asks about P.J., my now 9 pound Yorkie, and how exactly I got him. I start to tell her and realize it's been eight years since my ex-wife got him for me. Time flies when you're in love with your dog.

***

"Hey, P.J.," I say to my pal, who is seated next to me on the couch, while I'm playing *Duke Nukem* on the PlayStation, "Ya wanna go out and get a beer or something?"

P.J. just looks at me with that look. That look where he tilts his head, and stares at me like I'm crazy.

"You know, a beer," I explain, "a Budweiser, or Grolsh."

I like Grolsh—started drinking it in eleventh grade. It has those tops that you can re-seal, so it stays good in your locker.

P.J. says nothing. I guess I'm getting the silent treatment.

"Okay," I say, "we're going out."

And we do.

Once outside, we take a walk to the corner deli, and I get a Miller. It was either that, or Coors Silver Bullet. And that's pussy beer.

Outside again, P.J. and I take a walk to the local park, and sit on a bench there. I sip my Miller, and P.J. checks out the local action. Lots of women are walking around in their skirts and tennis shoes. It's just past five, and the evening rush has begun.

"What do ya think of her?" I ask P.J., pointing to a girl wearing a nice tan pants suit, with Nikes. She has long brownish hair, rosy cheeks, large green hoop earrings, and a nice butt.

P.J. says nothing, but looks at her. His head follows her as she walks past us. He just stares at her, and then begins to pant.

"Put your tongue in your mouth," I say, "don't be so obvious."

But P.J. ignores me, and does the same thing when a blonde with a low cut sweater walks by.

"The art to watching women," I explain to my pal as I sip my beer, "is to not be so damn conspicuous. Look like you are looking at something else. Maybe reading the paper or something. But if you just stare at them, they'll know!"

P.J. again just looks at me like I'm nuts. So I ignore him and concentrate on my Miller.

A few minutes later we spot a stunning brunette across the street. She's wearing a green overcoat, tight jeans, and eyes as blue as Windex. She's hot.

"Whoa," I say.

P.J. says nothing. He just starts panting again. Heavy.

Suddenly the brunette spots us and smiles. Then she crosses the street and starts to walk toward us. I feel my heart start to beat fast, and my hand starts to sweat even though I'm grasping a cold beer. P.J. starts with his tongue again.

"Hi guys," says the brunette as she finishes crossing the street, and enters the small park where we are seated.

"Um, hi," I say, sheepishly.

"You are so cute!" she says, and then a big smile crosses her face.

"Thank you," I say, beginning to blush.

"Not you," she says, then points to P.J., "him!"

I look at P.J. It's like the hundredth time this has happened. Chicks spot us and then they go for P.J. Even though he pants with his tongue hanging out.

I take a good look at my pal, with his dark brown eyes, curly facial and body hair, and nubby tail. He's a Yorkshire Terrier. So what? He's fucking three pounds. And he gets more chicks in one day then I could get in a lifetime. This isn't punk rock. But let me back up a bit.

***

About six months to a year earlier, I started whining a lot that I wanted a puppy. Really bad. Wendy, my ex-wife, got me a virtual pet, one of the Japanese things, and it died. But not before it turned into a chicken, a lizard, and Henry Rollins. A head with a thick neck.

"You can't take care of a virtual pet, how can you expect to take care of a real dog?" she asked me.

"It's different," I explained, "virtual pets are tougher than real animals. They're Japanese."

Wendy asked me what the fuck I was talking about and I admitted I didn't know. But that that excuse sounded good.

"Well," she said, "maybe one day you can have a real dog."

"When?" I asked her, "You always say that! I'm all grown up now, I think I deserve a dog!"

"We'll see," she said.

And for months I bugged her for one.

Then came my birthday. Well, a few days before it, anyway.

Nick, my stepdad, was over, and we were playing *Dark Forces* on the PlayStation. The doorbell rang, and I went to answer it. It was most likely Wendy, and most likely she didn't have her keys, because key-loss runs in her family.

I opened the door and there stood Wendy, and our pal, Allyson, who is way punk rock.

I held the door open, and they both walked in. I then went back to the couch and continued to show Nick how to shoot storm troopers so they scream "arrgh!" and die.

Wendy and Allyson walked over to us, and Wendy tried to hand me a shoebox. Well, a sneaker box. Converse.

"Take this box, George," she said, nonchalantly, "it's something I found for you." Then she handed me the box. Or tried to.

I told her I was busy killing Darth Vader's troops on an alien moon, and that I'd take it later.

"Take it now!" she exclaimed.

I looked at her and Allyson. Allyson had her hands on her hips, and looked pissed. So did Wendy.

"Put the box down, and I'll take it later," I said, as I shot a storm trooper right between the fucking eyes. He yelled, called me "Rebel Scum", then died.

Wendy then forced the box into my hands, making me drop the PlayStation controller.

"All right," I said, pissed.

I held the box and looked at Wendy. It contained Converses. And as much as I think they are cool sneakers, I can't wear them because my feet are flat. She'd be better off giving them to my old pal Rev. Norb.

Then the box moved.

In my hands.

Suddenly I felt my heart begin to race. The last time something moved like that was when I went to move a trash bag outside my old apartment when I was really drunk, after a Ramones show. The bag moved in my arms, then a huge rat jumped out, landed on my shoulder, squealed, and then hauled ass down the street.

So I was kinda hesitant to open the box.

"Aren't ya gonna open it?" asked Allyson, with her cute Brooklyn accent.

I looked at her, and Wendy, in shock. All I could think of was that there was a live rat in this box, and when I opened it, it would bite off my nose. The biggest target in sight.

"Open it," said Nick.

I looked at all three of them. It was a conspiracy. They were all out to get me. I knew it. I just wasn't sure until now. They wanted me to get rabies so I could foam at the mouth like Cujo, then get locked up in Bellevue, where I'd meet a large Indian, who would eventually suffocate me, then free himself.

The box moved again.

My heart was now racing faster than Mario Andretti, or that little monkey racer, Diddy-Kong. I put the still unopened box down on the couch, and something popped its head out.

It had brown eyes, dark hair, and teeth. And it had a red ribbon around its neck. They'd given me a rodent.

"Well?" said Allyson, looking at me with her hands still on her hips.

I didn't know what to say, so I looked at the thing in the box again. It wasn't a rat. It was a dog. And it was wagging its nubby tail.

"A puppy?" I said, in shock.

"Yup," said Wendy, smiling.

"A puppy?" I repeated, still in shock.

"That's what it is," said Allyson, "and boy was he hard to take care of at my house! Devil Dog. Hound from Hell!"

"A puppy for me?" I said, again.

"Yes it is, George," said Nick.

"A puppy?" I repeated again. I was obviously in shock.

It jumped out of its box and started to run around the couch. I just stared at it. I couldn't believe it. A puppy. In our house. I wanted to play *Dark Forces* again. Some kind of reality.

It continued to wag its nub, and run around the couch.

"Aren't ya gonna pick him up?" asked Wendy.

I was kind of afraid to. What if he bit off my nose?

"George," said Nick, "pick up the puppy!"

I bent over and picked it up. It licked my hands and then my face. I looked closely at it, and suddenly began to feel tears well up behind my eyes. Wendy had gotten me a puppy! A real dog! I was a grown up now! Punk Rock!

Over the next couple of days we played the name game with the puppy. Also the sleeping in the crate and crying all night game. And the pooping and peeing in the apartment game. The dog won every time.

First his name was Sneaker. Because he came in a Converse sneaker box. Hey, it was better than "Chuck Taylor". Then it was Lucky. From 101 Dalmatians. Or the drummer of the Circle Jerks. But that didn't stick either. He just didn't seem like a Lucky.

Then it was Pepper, Coco, Brownie, Killer, Moose, Mugger, Johnny, Joey, Dee Dee, Marky, Tim, Jello, Ben, Norb, Mykel, Stiv, Cheetah, Sid, Blag, Todd, Joe, Sean, and Mushy Tushie Poo-Poo Boy. That was Allyson's idea.

But finally we decided on Scooter. Because he couldn't walk right yet, and his little butt seemed to race faster than his front end.

We also decided on P.J. Which stands for Pussy Junior. Named after me, Pussy Senior.

And it's good we came up with a name, because it was time for his first vet visit. When I took him in, I felt like a proud Dad. And Wendy, a mom. The vet looked him over, and as he held my son, I held my breath. I was worried. Turns out he's okay, but has a little bronchitis. Then the vet gave us a bill. Wow. It really is like having a kid.

The puppy and I soon became great friends, watching television, listening to punk albums, and eating together. We also took long walks and met lots of our neighbors. We were now part of the local dog club.

Then I had a couple of gigs with the band out of town. I wanted to cancel the shows, and stay home with P.J., but knew everyone would be disappointed. So I went and played. The whole time I bitched to my band, and our sales-girl pal, Monica, that I missed P.J. They all called me a pussy, and told me to be more punk rock. At our show in Philly, Monica made a sign that said, "I Love P.J." and stuck it on the back of my leather jacket. All night people were asking me who P.J. was and I told them he was my puppy. It didn't even occur to me how they knew the name P.J. I was in puppy heaven.

***

"You are the cutest thing I've ever seen," said the brunette, to P.J.

P.J. just wagged his nubby tail, and licked her hands as she caressed his tiny head.

"You are so sweet," she cooed, and the dog ate it up, jumping up on his hind legs and doing that little puppy dance.

"What's his name?" she asked.

"Oh, now you talk to me," I said, snidely.

I was tired of being ignored for a puppy. Everyone looked at him and played with him. Me? I was just his servant. The guy who took him around. His chauffeur. His butler. His poop cleaner.

"So?" she asked.

"P.J., his name is P.J." I said.

"Well," she said to the dog, "you certainly are a cute puppy, P.J.! What's your dad's name?"

P.J. just licked and danced around. He hadn't mastered the English language yet.

"I'm George, punk rock!" I said to the girl fondling my puppy.

"I'm Andrea," said the girl with the glass-cleaner eyes.

She then told me it was great meeting me and P.J.

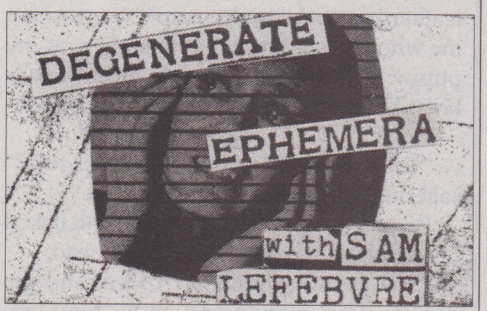
An hour later, after she'd told me her whole life story, she asked when she could see P.J. and I again.

If I'd known it was this easy to meet girls with a dog, I'd have never picked up a guitar.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. Scooter, aka P.J. passed away a few days ago. I started writing this story almost nine years ago, and Scooter lived until almost 17-years-old. I will miss him more than I'll miss anyone in my life. Of course, Tim Yohannon, Joey Ramone, and Hilly Kristal and my mom come in a close second. Scooter had a great life, and spent some of his later years being a therapy dog and helping sick and dying people. He touched many lives, and stories about him even touched further. I love you, Scooter. Always.



Every strain of underground music has its phony counterpart. For punk, the legions of fake stylists are limitless. Aping of punk by musicians who don't associate with punk as a cultural vehicle is so prevalent that it practically constitutes its own "fake punk" genre. For some listeners, fake punk records made my bikers, studio musicians, or general deviants are preferred over punk records made by musicians who actually identify as punks. Considering the inherent musical value of many fake punk records, gravitating towards them is understandable. When our beloved late '70s speed freaks and loner cultural miscreants cut tracks in the studio, they yielded some of the most twisted and deranged sounds ever committed to tape. But why do so many listeners prefer fake punk exclusively, to the extent of decrying punk made by self-declared punks with substantial lyrical value or socio-political substance?

Many fans prefer not to enjoy punk as a cultural signifier. To some listeners, enjoying punk made by punks for punks necessitates some sort of allegiance to punk as a subculture, or investment in punk as an identity. By preferring fake punk, a listener can divorce themselves from the extra-musical connotations of enjoying punk music. But, is it necessary then to identify as a punk to enjoy, say, Antischism, Contravene, or more recently Autonomy? I began considering this after I reviewed a recent record from Autonomy. In the review, I considered whether overtly political music requires listeners to *agree* with the music before they can *enjoy* the music, and those who hear Autonomy and agree with Autonomy are going to be punks in most cases.

It's a discussion that actually has parallels in the development of 1960s folk music, especially in America. Folk music, in its American 1960s incarnation as protest music, placed the message as the music's focal point. In this sense, it stole the listener's freedom and built an audience exclusively of listeners who agree. That's the reason it didn't last. The American folkie movement collapsed in the wake of electric guitars and politicized folk singers quickly became passé.

An artist like Hasil Adkins is an instance of folk music's fake counterpart (his style is more informed by country and blues specifically but let's forget that for now.) What Freestone or Destry Hampton is punk, Adkins is to folk—a stylist adorning himself in the traits of a genre without aligning himself with the culture. Is it a coincidence that Adkins enjoys a greater audience today than his serious, protest-singing, pulpit shouting 1960s peers in folk music do? Barry McGuire's "Eve of Destruction," a certified '60s folk rock classic, requires listeners to invest in his gloomy depiction of 1960s global politics. If you weren't terrified by American involvement in Vietnam, it's hard to enjoy the track. If you aren't critical of corporate greed, it's hard to enjoy Antischism. If you aren't an animal rights sympathizer, it's hard to enjoy Contravene. No matter what you believe in, it's easy to be amused by Hasil Adkins. No matter your conviction, it's easy to bop along with the Vibrators, a band comprised of sessions playing opportunists, not punks. If you like savage and strange rock music, it's easy to get down with so many of the ridiculous singles made by non-punks lovingly compiled on so many *Killed by Death* volumes and their associated ilk.

So, how then to make substantial music doesn't create an ideological ghetto of an audience full of like-minded idealists? Is anarcho an echo chamber? I think these are useful questions. Listeners' increasing proclivity for fake punk is revealing about the effectiveness and longevity of punk music as modern protest song.

What then, about fake Oi? The new record from our universally beloved Hard Skin, with its alternate version featuring various guest female vocals, plays into the discussion well. This version, cleverly entitled *Why Do Birds Suddenly Appear,* features many female vocalists who have nothing to do with skinhead or punk culture, singing utterly clichéd UK Oi! lyrics about "two bob cunts," loan sharks, sausage men and other working class themes. I've played it non-stop since its release, but only recently began to analyze why it appeals to me. As someone who doesn't identify with skinhead culture, the logic of fake punk worship applies here to me, in the guise of fake Oi! As in, Oi! grappling seriously with standing in the dole queue, boots, braces, pints and football generally alienates me as someone who feels conflicted about the politics generally accompanying such music. I don't wish to align myself with Oi! as a cultural signifier, but Hard Skin's fake Oi, with such unlikely women as Joanna Newsom singing, doesn't require me to invest in the culture, because she is clearly as detached from the connotations as I am.

1. 1. If you ha've made it this far, you might have patience enough for the new issue of *Degenerate.* The 12th issue is now out. It includes a Scraper flexi-disc – the scrappy San Francisco trio's vinyl debut, a feature on David West of Rank/Xerox and Rat Columns, plus a long essay on the nature of the new-fangled post/punk establishment through the lens of Merchandise, Iceage and Savages.
2. I aspire to be called a crack pot.
3. Production is not a topic of discussion reserved solely for sound engineers, proponents of auto-tuned pop, FM hit-making strategists and beat-makers. Production has very real ramifications in all genres and although it's rarely discussed, production on hardcore records is of vital importance. Two recent releases on Canadian imprint Deranged records from Canadian groups Pregnancy Scares and Wild Child illustrate this often dismissed but essential aspect of hardcore music. While firmly grounded in the same hardcore lineage, Pregnancy Scares and Wild Child employ vastly different techniques that illustrate the importance of tone, clarity and sound engineering for the style, and how the studio can be wielded as another instrument, or manipulated to serve and highlight the physical performance of players.
4. Write me at PO Box 3272, Berkeley, CA 94703 or degeneratezine@gmail.com. Back columns, *Degenerate* zine information and more at degenerateephemera.blogspot.com. Suss out the hype and iterate your manifesto.

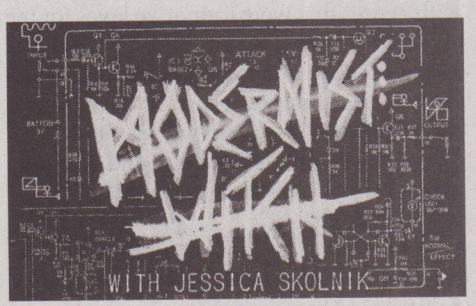
Reporting from rainy city where this years' Scum Fest just came and went. I missed more than half of it but managed to drag myself to the opening night to see ACTIVE MINDS, the WANKYS and DOOM, as well as some other nondescript bands of the epic crust and black metal crust variety. The venue was the Dome, the big hall that's adjacent to the smaller but probably better-known gig venue Boston Arms. The hall was full of banners and what looked like rows upon rows of monstrous distro piles, to paraphrase THISCLOSE (who played the second night, pity I missed them). The brothers from Scarborough started early and played a long set full of fast and loud hardcore punk songs. Considering my ACTIVE MINDS reference point, at least as far as records goes, is over a decade overdue, I was positively surprised when I saw the band play live for the first time. Firstly because they can now actually play their instruments, and secondly because how hard their sound is. On record, from what I can remember, you could always hear the lyrics and therefore get the message; live however I couldn't understand anything, which was kind of a shame because ACTIVE MINDS is one of the few punk bands today that have something worthwhile to say. The WANKYS were also on early, which is a shame because they're a band that should be enjoyed in a drunken chaotic singalong splashing of beer over your mate's head type of environment, but the band managed to pull it off as usual. Very best of beer heroes. WANKYS barmy army! Finally, legends DOOM played a confident, long set of classics to much joy of the dreadlocked, patched up and presumably middleclass white kids jumping up and down upfront by the stage. As always, us old fools where seen at the back, singing along to some of hits, occasionally changing to ANTI-CIMEX and SKITSLICKERS lyrics which works just as well. All in all, it was a relatively quiet night for me, I did not get too pissed, I did not make a massive fool of myself, did not piss my pants, nor did I get robbed on my way home. I hope the Scum Fest Collective managed to raise plenty of money for the London DIY gig venue project. I hate commercial venues to such an extent that even if an outspoken anarchist punk band is playing it still feels like I am on fucking Myspace.

In other news, the *Hardcore Anachronistic Assembly Vol 1: International Fanzine Omnibus* is out and available through the involved zine editors around the world as well as select distros and record shops. For sure do grab this zine if you can! At the same time, Dan from Lotus Fucker and I co-released a record this month, namely the vinyl EP reissue of the SUN CHILDREN SUN demo CD-R from a year or two ago (on SPHC/More Noize records). Obviously, I am not going to be a reliable judge as I had a big hand in releasing the record, but if you're interested in Japanese fast punk with weird melodies and weird instruments, and/or smoking weed and dancing in a punk setting, then this record is for you. Both should be objectively reviewed in *MRR* one of these days.

Last month I talked (and talked and talked and talked) about my favourite band PEOPLE, also from Japan. A day or two after that issue of *MRR* came out the news broke that the bands' second album *Authentic Oral Communication* CD will get released on vinyl by Noise Punk records here in England, and it seems it will be out fairly soon. Great news!!! And even better news is that PEOPLE is coming to England for a week over the New Year! I am almost shat my pants when I heard the news. Now, considering that STAGNATION (!!!!) and ZYANOSE (!!!) are also heading this way in the next year, can an old man be allowed to daydream about CONTROL also coming over? If that happens, I'll hang up my hat and say goodbye to all this punk nonsense. If so, my work here is done.

Talking about my work. A lot of people have written to ask me if I am going to stop doing *More Noize* fanzine. The short answer is, "yes, I am." "Why?" they ask. Well, the answer is "why not!?" Look, I started doing the last issue like two years ago and sitting on a half-finished zine for so long can be really frustrating. But more importantly, it's really hard work (and expensive) to post zines around the world all the time and the benefits are few and far between. Only today did I notice that the Royal Mail have yet again sneakily increased their postage rates, by introducing small, medium and large parcels. Bastards. I guess at a deeper level I am also only too aware that I have become old and cynical. But the truth is that zines should be written by young people with energy and enthusiasm. See above, I barely made it to Scum Fest this year. I had a good time but still managed to get all grumpy about it. So, the question is: Who am I to be writing about today's punk and hardcore? Worse, what if the kids who today read my zine think zines should only be about old bands? Or what if they start a band to play music that sound like one of these old and celebrated bands? Ah shit, this already happened too many times. I am sorry.

Anyway, just to underline my terminal irrelevance, here's a top five of records that are getting way too much airtime over at la casa Gunnarsson. 1. The DUNDEES – *Sex Switch Underground* CD. A few months ago I wrote about the Anarchy Centre Recordings label here in my column, this was one of the releases that I had not managed to get my slimy paws on at the time of writing. This is a ten-track CD of classic Kyushu 1980s punk rock style, played by a gang of "who's who" of Kyushu punk including ex-members of the SPUNKYS, CONFUSE, the SPEAKER'S and BASTRY BOYS. If you like crust, you'll probably hate this record. 2. The SPUNKY BOYS – *Prisoner* CD. Classic Kyushu '70s punk rock. You will hate this. I know I hated this music when I was 16, and even 28. 3. The DRILL – *10 Years Ago Early Yamazen* CD. One of Japans first punk bands was the DRILL and they started in Hakata in 1977. The band is considered the origin of punk in Kyushu, and as such as was released on the number one Kyushu punk record label Kings World records in the 1990s. This is a recording from 1994 of songs written in 1977. Listening to it, I am reminded of my dad and uncles drinking beer and having a barbeque, but with a punk attitude. You will probably hate this too, so avoid. 4. CONFUSE – *Stupid Life* LP. Have you heard of this band? 5. The SWANKYS – *Swank! The Rest of Demos* CD. Bet you heard of this band too. You know, even my girlfriend and my daughter have gotten used to mocking me for always playing old-timer music. Please kill me.



nothing to fear

A few weeks ago, I was standing in a basement in front of a small group of friends and strangers early in the evening, still in my work clothes, tuning my bandmate's guitar that I was borrowing. My hands were shaking and I was trying really hard not to vomit all over her tuning pedal because a)

rude b) I didn't want the first impression of my new band to be that we were some sort of feminist G.G. Allin thing ("the lyrics are about complex social issues and personal stuff but *have you seen jes puke live* it's something else!").

A first show is always terrifying and exhilarating no matter what band it is or who you are (during Population's first show I literally hid behind the keyboards so nobody could even see my face). I have general social anxiety (imagine how that translates to stage fright) and I didn't have the luxury of being able to hide behind an instrument or run around and jump off of things. I'm not that good at guitar (I'm great at making walls of noise but not much else) and this was to be the first time I sang and played an instrument together in a band since … 2004, I think? To make it all the more intimidating, the show was with a bunch of bands/artists I think are completely amazing.

The worst thing that happened was that I forgot some lyrics halfway through one of the songs and nervously repeated something from the first verse (and the mic stand collapsed, though someone rushed up and saved me and I played through it). We sounded as good as we possibly could have, and some very kind people said some very kind things that they weren't obligated to say so I imagine those things to be the truth. I love being in Population, but Split Feet—the band whose first show I'm writing about—is a different animal to me. I am just as much of a part of a collective in Population, but it has a very different dynamic because of the different people involved. It's personal for me in a much more blatant way.

Both bands are kind of a return to adolescent enthusiasm for music for me, because that's really at the core of why I play and listen to music in the first place—for the sheer love of it. I'm getting to play with genres that were formative loves for me and that's so much fun. (I've started doing a zine called *Watershed*, collecting stories of people's first experiences with bands or artists that blew our worlds apart, and I'm really enjoying reading and curating everyone's submissions so far. There is so much joy in that.)

I'm not the most conventionally attractive person and I am braced for the worst as we go forward because of the undue scrutiny of The Gaze and the idea that the front person is supposed to be hot, but I have such a good time playing with them that all of that narcissistic worry falls away eventually. If a bunch of people on the internet want to quibble about how I'm not hot enough to be singing, that's much more their problem than mine. (Getting to this point has not been easy. I am my own harshest critic in all respects and I have grown to expect this kind of thing because of past experiences.)

The first Split Feet show was also a Rock Lotto drawing, and it got me thinking about the fun of throwing together a band not knowing what will come out of it, playing an instrument for the first time, shaking off that fear of being judged and jumping into the deep end just because it's exhilarating and fun to make noise. I am (as you may have figured if you know me or if you follow anything in this space) an intensely critical person (both externally and internally), but I am trying really hard to focus this year on shedding skin, on joy, on doing things that make me happy. I'm not sure if I really know fully all the things that make me happy or even the real shape of happiness, but I know a few of them, and I know that making music is the purest of those things, especially with people I love. I am lucky in both bands I'm in to love my bandmates dearly, to respect them, to be part of a family.

Pushing past fear, getting out there, moving toward joy. Making music isn't the only way to get there, and it's not the only thing that matters about punk, not the only position in DIY that keeps things moving. But it's one that I love, and I encourage everyone, as many musicians I look up to have done, to go get it regardless of skill, regardless of experience, regardless of fear.

I especially encourage real weirdos of all sorts, people who are non-gender normative, people who have shit to work out, people who don't see our faces reflected back to us all that often in the composition of the bands we love, to get out there and shake it out. Do it through the fear of being judged, being scrutinized, being wrong, fucking up a song, people having endless opinions about you. What matters is your joy, and if this is joyful for you as it is for me, go with all your heart. You might vomit on a tuning pedal, or you might just think you're gonna, and you might blaze through, you might light up the fucking world.

As always, you can reach me at modernistwitch@gmail.com / / themodernistwitch.tumblr.com.

I'm listening to so much good new music and new music that suits my state of mind nowadays that I can hardly think about topics that would be worth discussing here. Thus being smart, or decidingr for yoselfu how to do punk, is out of the game. No meaning, just nerding. Awkward raging but that isn't true either. I feel like I have disappeared from my social life—still I was there when a friend of mine almost beat up some hip hop DJ at 4am with whom I was smoking weed in the back of a bar—and think that everyone around me has the blues. Truth is, I'm the only one who's having hard times, which in my mind are harder than in actual reality, but a total apocalypse hanging as a lure in front of me in my one-competitor dog race might indicate some radical changes about the way I survive life. Anyway this should be about music because hearing sounds are still the best thing in life.

It's sometimes funny. That how people think about you just because you could be the one to think about. I was listening to an Ian MacKaye Q&A and he said it's really depressing and stupid what has happened to straightedge. It was his thing, it was personal lyrics and now it's a good excuse for people to call me and my friends drug addict fucking faggots. Dude you should try weed with beer and then tell me that it's easy not to get at least half naked and make out with your best buddies. I find it funny how serious some people take our circle of friends, aka the Defekt scene, just because I have written about it a couple years ago here in the magazine. While it was just a personal report on Hungarian punk that I liked back then, for some it's sealed in cement ever since because this is the bible. Like how shocked people are when I don't know some legendary, musician, song or band. Yeah I don't know everything. First of all because I have a strangely functioning memory, second: when I'm listening to music I focus on enjoying it rather than to learn it. For me it doesn't matter when it was recorded, by whom, neither what color shirt the producer was wearing and in what type of chair he was pressing buttons and turning potmeters. Why should I give a fuck? I love how humans' brains work that they are obsessed with information but why the fuck does it matter? For me it is about if I could connect to the music emotionally or not. That's why I just said new music for my state of mind, because I'm listening to lots of music that I have already owned or known about, but lately I approach some of them differently to how I did before. And this is how I like it. I don't care about facts or trivias. I love it when I care enough to memorise them but they won't make music better to me. Shirts on the LP cover

might, but not the back information. I would fucking hate Circus Lupus if I knew Joan Jett was the producer for one of their records. I hate fucking rock and roll, that's the last thing I wanna love. Alright I love the fact that Hüsker Dü was doing backing vocals on the first DYS record, but for me this is when life becomes a mixtape.

Some people just cram all the information that is available into their heads and others just try to understand the basics of the subject. It is like how acting works. In some movies you see people play a character, while in the best movies you see people being filmed, who by the way are actors. There's a difference between transforming into another person or just acting in a role. So for me the best bands are not just playing songs because they have learnt notes and figured out how three tunes fit together, but because they play themselves, they have something that could be told through instruments or through screaming like a baby. And I can enjoy the fact that Crass put out Minor Threat in the UK, but mostly because I love both bands and adore their connection, even if their music sounds different. But I only have vague ideas about the exact date of this release because does it really matter? It's just their music that sounds different, not what and how they do it. It could be called pear or could be called apple, what matters at the end is how they taste. And I have no idea what color that girl's eyes were, I just remember how I felt when I looked into them. (...alright, I know they were blue, but anyway) Quoting Modern Lovers here, it's that power that matters, I'm in love with that.

There are just too many things in life that I wanna do in a really short time. To mash everything together and have that elevated fun. I have this will to do basic stuff. Like write again a zine about music and about how fun is it to fall in love with bands or just one of their songs. I wanna go down to a rehearsal room and jam with a drummer, with me playing guitars blasting out simply raw hardcore songs. Like Faith demos, mixed with no wave New York falling apart shit, with Beach Blvd total drugged-up youth drying dead in the sun, entertaining nihilism. I listened to the first Mika Miko LP and that sounded like this. While it's just simple noise made by awesome people. This is it what I'm looking for, complex things in simple cases. I want people to play power chords the way I can hear through their shredding that they love a million bands and still they have found their peace in playing infinite adolescent punk songs. I want to listen to bands that sound like bootlegged Neos shirts or reading coffee stained novels after midnight in your bed but in a coat. I want this collapsing cottage to be my shelter. I wanna disappear and live forever as a footnote. If anything, being a fan of punk music made me a recluse, but I love this solitude. It has become fun to act for the outsiders like I don't have a life, I don't have thoughts or things I like, just so I don't have to blow my cover of being a fan of crazy damaged music and radical ideas of surviving life. Or living it. Nowadays I'm getting confused by it. But I have high hopes. Because, as it happened with music, I believe that there's gonna be a point where the stone wall of bullshit will just break and through its cracks the real things will come out.

Some guy called me up if I want insurance for the flat I live in and I told him no, and as a reply for his question why? I told him because I live like a sixteen year old. He then asked me to hand the phone to my parents but I corrected him. I'm not sixteen, I just live like one. And it felt good just to blow my cover to rise above the bullshit. To tell him how all this game will go, but I won't be a part of it. This is what I look for in music as well to stop the bullshit, to be brave enough to be freaks. I'm jamming Finnish spunk and Fall and weird post hardcore punk records like Middle Class' Homeland lately. I'm sick for the new Sickoids record and will be amazing to have them here in Budapest, and get drunk with them. Good Throb is my jam, so Crass-like but more concrete with what they are angry about. Crass is articulated for sure but while they sounded like they are playing music for the whole world, Good Throb is yelling against assholes. Also avant-garde-ish bands like Pink Military or Raincoats. The whole world is a mixtape if I have enough space for everything to fade into each other.

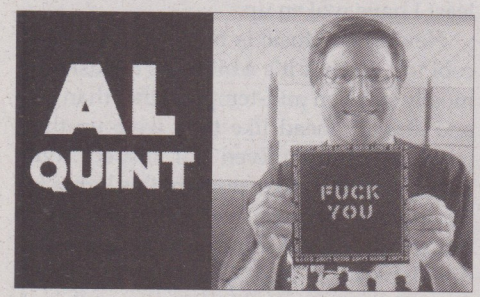
And the worst fucking shit happened: I started to listen to some jazz musicians but even though they are technically more advanced than the punk players, I love, in a way how this chaotic „we play against each other, we play what we want, we play ourselves with instruments" method could click with the total teenage angst music that is the kick drum for my heart. But don't believe its progression. I still don't like it that I can appreciate some crazy tunes and I mostly love its benefit to get my focus improved when I look on my music. Maybe it's a better thing to be open to new tunes or realize their greatness than learn all the useless info about bands you should love. Fuck everything that is mandatory.

So many great records have come out lately, this means 2013 will be a joy ride of a year of listening to punk and used-to-hang-out–with-punx-but-now-rather-have-buddies-as-PR-agents bands. Even if I think Church Whip's excuse for naming their tour what they had, and while I hate it when people just shrug their shoulders when it comes to people maybe getting offended and hurt—for real I even hate bands being named after rapists, murders and criminals—I also think by stating something that stupid over a whole coast is like when you say fuck everybody, that's a usual but still stupid punk sentence; while saying fuck a specific group of everybody is just as dumb as racism. So on one hand I think what they got they have deserved. Open a bottle and don't be surprised when something might spill it. I also think that the new Merchandise LP is just sooo good and dreamy it starts to grow on me. Hope they won't be lived up by shit culture. I just recently saw the Men and it was sad as fuck. A band that used to be interesting by mixing almost everything that is good in guitar music has become a band that plays alt rock country bullshit, American dream in Dylan shirts and just a band who plays a type of music or tries to keep up with a trend instead of creating their own sound. They played for mid level managers and for people who drank their cocktails with straws. Maybe it was just me who was enchanted for no reason in the start, but at least I have woken up.

New Milk Music is mellow as well but cool too. Even if it's a bit more rockish and mostly stays on mid-tempo, rather than raw and straightahead like they were on their previous records. Even if I suspect some tricks, I can indulge myself in this living for the moment because everything else is shit but „hey, I still got some pot and dumpster-dived pizza so let's party" sound. They are not doing something new or original, still it seemed people were hungry for their full lenght LP. They toured Europe with a fucking plane. They are not making anything new still it's refreshing to have a band this simple. They don't lie about their music, it sounds like the LP cover for *Beyond Living*. Total nihilism. It's for you to make you swing your hair around the room. I've heard lots of lame things about them but I'm not innocent either. Is there better proof that your band is playing awesome music than having a really stupid name like Milk Music, yet no one cares about its goofiness really? They sound like artificial nostalgia. They create long time sweet memories of events that you only wish have happened. And here they are with their grand work, a perfected rock record that sounds like a dream of a pot head locked in his room with the will to write songs about his whole

world which is basically his room. It sounds like late night music for those who worked the whole day or haven't worked for ages. They have lost their rawness but they seem to stretch out as far as they wanted and luckily not further, carrying some of the dirt of their past. I was raving about that band here before and they still have it or have it even more. Making epic soundtracks for the spoiled American dream, of how the sun forms all of us. It really sounds like people confused about doing something and that creative power that gets us out of bed, and also that fear of failure in the real world. So imagination creates this shield that is a moment of fragile innocence.

Hard Skin always as fun as hell but also catchy as hell, like they have figured out the right formula to write amazing Oi! songs by listening to decade of amazing punk. Just perfect, and everybody was right that there are too many bands whose name start with S. lately I'm nerding out on total hardcore trash of Society Nurse and Stoic Violence. And these are just the new records. I just love everything that is filth and failure-based punk music. And I ran out of space. www.punkersblock.blogspot.hu / vargyai.viktor@gmail.com This column was edited by the amazing Dori Radics who is a hairdresser on fire in London. Go visit her: The Rabbit Hole–Vegan Hair Parlour.



RANDOM THOUGHTS

When I was doing an honest-to-goodness print zine (the last one was in 2003 but I didn't plan it that way and I never say never), I had a collection of columnists, much like in this publication, and my column was called *Random Thoughts*. It could have also been called *I Was Just Thinking* but the idea was I'd have a number of themes/topics to discuss and I'd try to find a clever way to pull them all together into something coherent. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't but I think I'll attempt it in this column because there are connections between the various elements. I'm listening to the REPOS *Live Munitions* album as I type this. Not on vinyl but on MP3 because I failed to score a copy on Record Store Day, which has become something of a joke. I just found out that there's going to be a "regular" pressing, though. If it's on Youth Attack, I hope Mark McCoy decides to press more than 275 this time. I want this fucking record—even in the compressed format, it's a relentless performance and reminds me that they're one of the best hardcore bands of the past fifteen years. Scour the blogs and track this fucker down. You won't be disappointed.

The month this issue hits the streets, Ellen and I will have been married for 25 years—June 5, 1988 was the date. Once we decided to tie the proverbial knot (lame term, I know), Ellen's mom took complete control of the proceedings. You can tell she'd been planning this for years because she already had the caterer, photographer and venue for the reception picked out. Ellen had to deal with most of this stuff. I did pick the band. We went to an agency and were shown videos of various covers bands and I jotted down notes to pick the group that seemed the most tolerable. One of them had a guy wearing dark glasses and I said, "ooh, I'll bet he thinks he looks really cool in those shades." The agent said, "uh, that's because he's blind." Ooops... well, I did end up picking another band and they were decent-enough. Otherwise, I just basically had to show up. Not bad—and my band at the time even got to play a few songs while they were taking a break. We cleared the room in about a minute but it might have had something to do with the fact that they were about to serve desert. Maybe.

I won't offer any more wedding anecdotes except one about Ellen's cousin Danny, who's on her father's side of the family (her dad passed away in '77). Her mom had a cousin named Baruch, who was a Rabbi and he'd taken a two-year term at a synagogue in South Africa. Danny's politics were on the left side of the spectrum and, while I only caught part of the discussion, Danny was arguing with Baruch about how he should speak out against apartheid and Baruch said, "my only concern is with the Jews."

I mention that anecdote because, somewhere along the way, Danny became Daniel, became an Orthodox Jew and a fan of Rush Limbaugh, Fox "News" and all those other right wing scumbags. And he's rather obnoxious about it. I'm pretty sure he's a birther and thinks Obama is anti-Semitic and a Muslim. He's espoused negative opinions about gay people. I mentioned that one of my favorite cousins, Jimmy, had become a Buddhist and he sneered and said, "so when you sneeze, what does he say? Buddha Bless You?" And what's ironic is both Jimmy and Daniel are pretty good blues guitarists and would likely bond over that.

I'm not friends with him on Facebook but hear about his utterly ignorant posts, most recently after the Marathon bombings in Boston. I don't want to discuss conspiracy theories—please don't send me links to Infowars and the like. I'm not denying there might have been other people involved but I have serious doubts this was a "false flag," i.e. carried out by the government. I also have mixed feelings about the "lockdown" and house-to-house searches. I'm sure security for just about any public event will be further tightened and we'll continue our descent into an oppressive security state, which has been happening incessantly since 9/11. Before that, in fact. How much more freedom are we willing to give up?

Still, some of the theories have gone beyond the pale, like the ones from a completely delusional state rep from New Hampshire named Stella Tremblay. She's a birther, tea party Republican (of course) who not only said the government planned the bombings but also claims that one of the victims, a man named Jeff Bauman who lost both of his legs, didn't appear to be in shock or pain, that he'd be screaming in agony if that was the case. In other words, insinuating he wasn't really injured. She got into it with a couple of right wing sports talk hosts in Boston, John Dennis and Gerry Callahan. They've both made loathsome comments about various issues over the years but even they were flabbergasted at this woman's idiocy.

Incidentally, Ellen and I are both fine and appreciate everyone who checked in with us. We live in the 'burbs and weren't anywhere near what happened that day. Our little sister was some blocks away and another friend was working in one of the medical tents taking care of the runners but they're both OK. I was, however, near the spot in Cambridge where an MIT cop was shot to death. I was at about a mile away, at a CÜLO show and, when driving home, saw all the cop cars but didn't know what was going on until I got home and heard the news about the shooting and the crazy chase to Watertown, where one of them was killed and the other apprehended. I actually welcomed getting out to the show, even though it started so late that one of the bands couldn't play. And the vocalist for BAD NOIDS made some dumb comment about the bombings—I didn't quite catch it—and then briefly set his hair on fire a moment later. Ah, punk rock entertainment. Gotta love it.

AND NOW SOME NOT-AS-RANDOM RECORD REVIEWS

BRAIN KILLER recently called it quits and, at their final shows, were selling a cassette anthology of all three of their 7"s, their ultra-limited 8" release and a live radio set, *The Complete Punk Recordings*. Raw and rampaging d-beat fodder full of feedback and harsh vocals. Marcus Benamati handled them on his own at first but was later joined by Dan Joseph. No track list for the live recording but one of the tracks (pretty sure it's "Controlled Reality") extends the white noise portion of the song probably beyond ten minutes. Packaged in a plastic case with a giant button, small booklet and postcard replica of the flyer for their last show. Not many left, I'm told. (Framework, www.frameworklabel.com)

Let's face facts—a lot of bands start to run out of new ideas after a few records. HERO DISHONEST are a notable exception, with their new album *Alle Lujaa*. They've always taken the parameters of hardcore punk and stretched them without any sort of dilution. And while the two songs that comprise the entire second side, timing in at 7:31 and 4:41, test the patience, the first side has a ferocious, kinetic energy. One of my buddies called what they do "math core." I don't think he really meant it as a compliment but, to me, it's a semi-adequate description for Hero Dishonest's balancing of pure force with complex, unpredictable elements. There's speed and burn and the band's chops lift it above the ordinary. To put it in cruder terms, they can play their asses off. Eleven tracks on side one, including a cover of DIE KREUZEN's "Hope" (the Finnish title is "Kipu"). As for the lengthier compositions, "I'm Hitting Myself to Make Sure This Isn't a Dream as Well" (English translation—think I'm typing out the Finnish title?) starts off with a narrative accompanied by a brooding vamp, transitions into explosive hardcore and then noisy atmospherics. "Same Train" exudes some Side-2-of-*My War* pain. As I said, stretching the parameters but I think I'll be sticking to the first side. (Peterwalkee, www.peterwalkeerecords.com)

Another recent record on Peterwalkee is by CHRON TURBINE, *Skull Necklace for You*. There's no info on the record but this band includes people from some '90s-era NJ stalwarts like RYE COALTIONS and MEREL and, if you were expecting some guitar-driven rock, that's what you get. A beefy, thick sound that does, indeed, have a heavy '90s flavor to it but there's a strong melodic sensibility as well. There's a warmth and fullness in the guitar and bass tone. And while I wouldn't call these songs epics, they're on the lengthy side, with only two songs under four minutes. A throbbing repetitiveness from the robust pound of "PTSD" and "This Ocean Sucks" to the GIRLS AGAINST BOYS simmer of "Sidewalk Pudding" to methodical crush of "The Ballad of Larry LaLonde"—yes, about the PRIMUS guitarist. Hypnotic and gripping.

FATHER FIGURES have a former JFA member in their ranks (Michael Cornelius) but their album, *All About Everything*, is pretty far from skate-punk. Instead, it's some jabbingly tuneful post-punk rock. It's a great-sounding recording, too—bringing out the instruments with a slap-in-the-face boldness. Hell, there's even a nod to KISS with the "Detroit Rock City" riff-pilfer for "Crosstown." There's a sarcastic bent to some of the lyrics, such as "How to Succeed," encapsulating the soul-sucking conformity of the office. It doesn't matter how old you are to feel that one. And this band's vibrancy proves that age ain't nothing but a number. (AZPX, www.azpx.com)

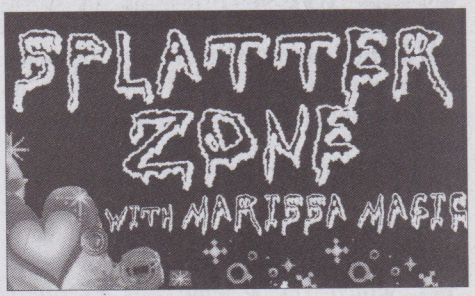
PERMANENT MAKEUP are another band playing in what could be called a post-punk vein. Their album *The Void... It Creeps* features Roger Miller/MISSION OF BURMA-ish squalls, vocals with a D. Boon cadence at times and a few FALL touches. These should be viewed as influences because they all gel together into a tight, fresh-sounding amalgam. A warm 'n thorny guitar tone—it has a fuzzy quality and it's paired with in-the-pocket bass. (New Granada, www.newgranada.com)

SOVIET VALVES's six song 12", *Death Trumps Romance*, was recorded in 2005 and is just seeing the light of day now. Why, I have no idea but I'm pleased they decided to finally take it out of the closet or wherever the tape has been hiding. Two guitarists and a drummer making a heady racket to go along with Milos's sometimes mannered, always emotion-laden vocals. Jittery and gnashing, but equal attention is paid to poppy and melodic strains, coming out nicely for "Carrion Luggage" (clever) and "Crossover Angst." "Zip" merges those elements with a garagey drive. The guitars intertwine and fill up enough space that you don't miss the bass. Fresh and ear-grabbing. (Vertex, 13 Bamlett St, Mount Nasura, WA 6112, Australia, www.vertexrecords.bigcartel.com)

Back to the hardcore, RAD's *Loud & Fast* album lives up to the title. Relentless thrashy hardcore with nary a break between songs and precision musicianship. They somehow manage to keep up the breathless clip without it turning into a tuneless cacophony. Angry sentiments, for sure, but there's still a joyousness in how they do it--it comes across as a release, a way of coping with daily life and general assholedom. The title track is actually a cover, originally by the WORST, and they nail it. Rad, indeed. (Sacramento/Phono Select, sacramaniacs.com)

Finally, REAL ENEMY was a short-lived Pittsburgh hardcore band who formed and broke up during 1983. The band included two guys—Mike LaVella and Vince Curtis—who went on to play in HALF LIFE. Some 30 years later, there's a vinyl pressing of their demo, *Life With the Real Enemy*, that tacks on four live tracks recorded at CBGB. It comes with a foldout poster that includes photos, flyers and a history of the band. Despite their brief tenure, Real Enemy seem to have been the go-to opener for all the bigger bands that came though Pittsburgh. Basic hardcore punk, not top-level stuff by any stretch but pretty energetic and it and some of it does sound like the early Half Life recordings. This brings back pleasant memories of sitting in my one room apartment, listening to these types of demos and reading the latest issue of *MRR* and making notes of bands and zines to trade with. No hopping on the internet to check out MP3s—you took your chances and sometimes you were pleasantly surprised. I like this now and that no doubt would have been the case back then. (Mind Cure, 3138 Dobson St, Floor #2, Pittsburgh, PA 15219, mindcurerecords.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net, subvox.blogspot.com, www.sonicoverload.net



We went to Concord to see Cock ESP, because it just seemed like the most absurd way to go about things; harsh, raunchy, noise in some house in the suburbs. On the way we got on the topic of turning a blind eye to misogyny in art and music as a defense mechanism. Like, if we really paid full attention and battled every battle we would have a nervous breakdown within 24 hours. We would have to tell so many people to fuck off that we'd end up with little or nothing left. We talked about listening to bands that blew our minds, but said some

of the most fucked up shit that in order to enjoy the radness, you have to pretend like all the shitty stuff isn't there. Things where you make up some kind of analysis to explain away the bullshit and convince yourself that that explanation is real just so you can feel better about consuming things; hoping that all of the terrible things are for more than just mundane shock value. Even when just walking through life, talking to friends, and interacting with the fucking world you have to put blinders on just so you can leave your room to go to the corner store a get a bucket of ice cream.

We got there kind of late but just in time to catch Cock ESP in the midst of setting up. Enough time to say "hey" and maybe drink a glass of water and find a wall to lean on. The set was everything we've come to expect: weird costumes, a rush of frenzied static pumped out of broken pedals, a porky pigging California Raisin shredding while a basically naked woman glared everyone in the eye and rambled into a mic. At some point (as in after about a minute and a half) everything devolved into rolling on the floor and hurling around huge chunks of scrap metal. I watched and pondered the juxtaposition of sex and violence, the absurdity of lengthy tours where you drive for five hours to attempt to freak five or six people the fuck out for five straight minutes in some lonely living room. Where it's either an inside joke, or social commentary, or both, or neither and a lot of "we're just trying to freak out the squares" and come on, we're a bunch of weirdos who do all of these things in front of other weirdos. The squares are next-door eating pot roast and watching the wheel and couldn't give a shit about us unless we destroy some part of their property. Sometimes its genius and sometimes its pathetic and sometimes its just what we do.

I knew Cock ESP would be total nonsense and "extreme" and a clashing of bodily harm and nudity; I don't really have a problem with that. It's total shock-rock, which can be lame, but it's pretty absurd and it doesn't feel serious really. It's a spectacle. I know I went on my own accord and I know I can leave whenever. It's a situation where I have some level of control over it. If anything it would be more shocking if they sat down and sang kumbaya.

After the chaos we mingled around for a bit. We were messing around in the kitchen when the guy who lives there came up to us, "You two are the raddest chicks here."

"Thanks?"

"Have you girls been to a show here before?"

And so it went on, through "you girls are baddass" to "you chicks like noise, no way!" and "and metal too? So badass!"

At some point my friend wandered off.

"I scared your friend away, didn't I?"

And it's like, "actually you didn't, they just didn't want to talk to you anymore because you are talking down to us." He seemed well intentioned but was also talking to us like we were eight years old. And what exactly are you referring to when you think you "scared" her? Is this just a turn of phrase? Do you think some hesh in suburbia is inherently scary to us? Or that men in general are scary to us? Do you think referring to how we "look really badass" over and over again is somehow frightening to us?

At some point it came up that I was in a band and he begged us to play his birthday party

"You don't even know what we sound like."

"I can tell by looking at you that you girls are really good."

Ok. Cool. And again I get that its well-intentioned and everything, but it was also condescending too. And it's weird and shitty that throughout the conversation I kept thinking, "well at least he isn't hitting on me."

We spotted some other kids from Oakland and talked to them for a bit. We had driven there and my friend is still in the throes of owning a car for the first time in her life and is still way into sharing the wealth. My friend offered them a ride home and in my head I was instantly like "fuck why did you do that?" I recognized them enough to remember all the jackass shit they've belted out at shows and conversations I'd overheard here and there. I knew enough that I was definitely not interested in being stuck in a car with them. But you know it's not my car and whatever. It's not like I'm not used to sitting through the babblings of shitty dudes.

We pile in and head home. There's one I don't recognize at all that looks like he could pass for twelve. The first thing he says is "so, do you guys like noise?" and I start cracking up.

"What's so funny?"

"Uh, we were just at a Cock ESP show in the suburbs, doesn't that kind of imply that we like noise?"

"What was the last noise recording you listened to?"

This little turd was trying to *out-noise* us. And yeah I get that noise in particular is a constant battle of the obscure, but this wasn't even that because it was like us saying "yeah I have that record" and then getting "You should really check it out sometime."

I responded with a "Sissy Spacek" and was met with dead silence so I prodded around "what, is that too power violence?"

They gave up on me at that point and basically began grilling my friend, recommending records to her that she had just clearly said she had owned forever. At some point we end up on the topic of Whitehouse and me and my friend, being the only women in the car, get a couple condescending "they offend you don't they?" and then a whole lot of "they are the most important/influential noise band because they put themselves on a pedestal above everyone else and call out all the *Hot Topic* bullshit and aren't afraid to be honest".

A. you got your timelines wrong, Whitehouse was "putting themselves on a pedestal" or whatever way before any "*Hot Topic* bullshit" even existed, and

B. *Fuck You.*

We were almost home and were being told that we were wrong and that *Sifl and Ollie is* the greatest show of all time (hated it) when my friend made a joke at this kid who viewed himself as so extreme in an attempt to kind of satirize his bullshit "how about on your next harsh noise tape the cover art is Sifl raping Ollie?"

"I only put real rape sounds in my music."

And at that point all I could do was laugh. What else is there really? It's a bad joke that's also kind of not a joke and I just don't feel like getting into it. The dude is waiting, hoping, praying that we'll tell him he is fucked up. It's his fucking lot in life.

"Did I offend you?"

And it's like, "do you really give a fuck if you did?" If anything you are *hoping* that you did, asshole. Then you get your harsh noise badge or some shit. Then you can sit around and pat yourself on the back because you said something "scary" or "shocking". Because you are so extreme that you offended someone. That you only speak "the truth" and it's the brutal truth.

And you know what? Threats of violence and sexual harassment are pretty much part of my daily life. While you are trying to churn out shit that's built to be shocking not only does it suck and it feels like shit to me and significant amount of others but at the same time it's so ubiquitous that it's almost ho-hum, run-of-the-mill. You know what else is totally par for the course? Getting treated like I'm dumb, or innocent, or easily offended, or a delicate flower, or a

whore, or a slut. Yeah, so you know it's so cool when I do something nice for a fellow weirdo and in return they make a rape joke in an attempt to sound real brootal and then don't even fucking chip in for gas. Granted, what my friend said could be viewed as a rape joke, but she was trying to point out the fact that his extremeness or whatever was a total joke and completely predictable and then he fully just reinforced that bullshit.

Getting out of the car felt like getting to breathe again. I pretty much bolted away because I don't need to say goodbye to these assholes and I hope to god they fucking walk the opposite direction. I'm done. I'm fucking done. Mr. Rape-Joke goes to give my friend a hug. A hug? Are you fucking kidding me? My skin crawls every time men who I don't know/just met ask me for a hug. Why the fuck do you want a hug from me? Do you honestly believe that I'm just like "this guy is so nice?" dude really? I know what the fuck is up. You are asking to touch my body under the guise of friendly affection or of "just being a nice guy". It's exactly the same as when dudes hit on me and when I tell them to get lost they say "I just want to be friends." You fucking don't! I fucking know it and you fucking know it! You want to fuck me. You want to feel my boobs pressed against your chest. I know this is totally unimaginable to you, but I'm not a fucking oblivious idiot.

We were angry we didn't tell them to fuck off. We were angry that we just suffered through being talked to like that and then feeling stupid for not calling out dudes who were treating us like we were stupid.

But it's like, so what if we had told them to fuck off? We would have gotten an awkward car ride home. And while the guy at the house in Concord who talked to us like little kids seemed like maybe he would get it if we told him he was being lame I highly doubt these dudes would have. They probably would have just sat in the car shit grinning that we "can't handle them" or that we're like "overly sensitive women" or something. Is it worth the time to explain why that shit sucks? And why is it that we always have to explain it? Do they even get why that shit sucks? Will they ever?

When the entire point of your art is nothing but to freak out the squares or offend everyone or shock or whatever you are irrelevant. You are irrelevant and you are wasting my time and my brainspace and I end up running across the fucking street just so I can be left alone. That sucks that you got bullied in middle school, but you know what, I did too and now when I'm head to toe in sweatpants and I'm buying some gross sports drink to stave off a hangover from a real *extreme* (I can be extreme too) night of partying and the guy behind me is still gonna let me know about how "fine my ass is" whether I'm down the street from where I live or at the 7-11 a block from my parents house in suburbia. I'm not trying to race to the bottom here I'm trying to illustrate that it would be really cool to have someplace to go where I don't get talked to like I'm a naïve dumbass waiting to get fucked but so shocked by it at the same time.

Sometimes you have to weigh your battles. Would telling these guys to fuck off have been worth an awkward car ride?

This is why I always have been kind of on the fringe of the noise and metal scenes, because I hate being talked to like that. It makes me want to never leave my room. It makes me want to never speak a word ever again. I don't go to shows like that most of the time because being talked down to drives me nuts, because the imagery and references to violence against women in noise and metal subcultures is incredibly ubiquitous. It exists under the bullshit umbrella of "shocking" when in reality those messages are everywhere all the time, they just look kind of different.

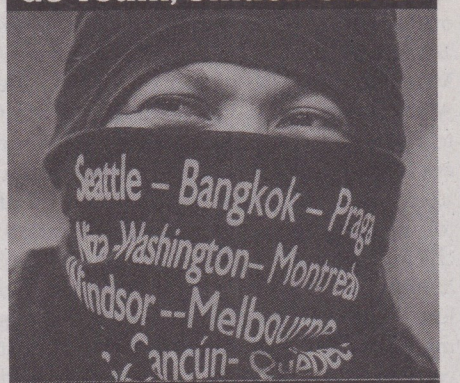
We were so bummed and angry that we were in need of some distraction. We walked to the corner store to get some sodas when a guy outside asked for a lighter and in unison we answered "no, sorry". He accused us of lying and then followed us into the store yelling that we could at least get naked for him. He followed us around the store and then back outside all the while skipping between calling us ugly and whores and asking if we "have men?" We took off across the street just to be left alone. When we got back to the house there was a cluster of buddies on the porch. We were recounting the corner store trip and one friend said that the whole incident sounded funny and when we grimaced he was like "oh, I guess you live here so it's probably kind of old now".

"You know it's probably kind of a different for us too."

I'm pretty sure that guy has never had a random man tell him how good he is at licking pussy at 7am when he's just walking to get a coffee.

And you know what? I realize I've totally written this column before. Pretty sure I've probably written it like five fucking times now. But I keep feeling like I need to write it. And that sucks.

Go Team, Smash State!



"Lefty" Hooligan - What's Left?

If I knew I was going to live this long, I'd have taken better care of myself.

Originally, Mickey Mantle and often repeated by Wavy Gravy, Peter Coyote, *et al*

And who should I say is calling?

Leonard Cohen, "Who by Fire"

I've just read *Season of the Witch* by David Talbot. In large part, Talbot's style might be called nonfiction picaresque. *Season of the Witch* is a portrait of San Francisco, of the city's outlaw social elements that became mainstream over two decades. For all of Talbot's attempts to be hip and groovy, in deference to his subject matter, he often comes across as glib and pretentious. Had the book been a thousand pages, over twice its published length, still it would have been far from comprehensive or inclusive. Nor could Talbot have managed otherwise, despite his intent. Nevertheless, the work's omissions are sometimes glaring. I snickered long and hard at the credulous psychedelic spirituality that the hippie counterculture trumpeted back in the day. Yet to fail to mention, even in passing, either Stephen Levine or the *San Francisco Oracle*, the newspaper that he helped to found, is negligent in the extreme. Most sobering is to go through the book's index and realize that, no matter how abbreviated the history presented, the roster of obituaries is daunting.

Talbot's book is a case history of "live fast, die young"—death by drugs, violence, crime, war, disease, accident, natural or human made disaster, and rarely, old age. *Season of the Witch* follows the decline and fall of the counterculture with a litany of death and destruction. Corpses mounted throughout the two decades from 1965 to 1985: the FBI decimation of the Black Panther Party through Cointelpro operations, the violent spasms of New Left urban guerrilla warfare via the Symbionese Liberation Army and New

World Liberation Front, the terror of the Zodiac serial murders, the racial butchery of the Zebra killings, the horrific Peoples Temple mass suicide, the assassination of Moscone and Milk that inaugurated the AIDS pandemic. It is sometimes difficult to remember, first and foremost, that the era was epitomized by efforts at liberation, from the hippie effort to free one's mind to women's liberation, black liberation, chicano liberation, Asian liberation, gay liberation. I have a dog in this fight, no less than the producers and readers of this magazine, in criticizing Talbot's almost complete exclusion of punk at the end of the 70s and beginning of the 80s from this compendium. (Jello Biafra and *The Dead Kennedys* are mentioned in passing) However, punk hasn't been immune from premature death and wanton destruction either. Or, to quote Talbot: "There was always a brutal toughness in the beat and hippie" and punk "cultures, a shrugging awareness that casualties were inevitable when you challenged life's limits. [...] It takes a reckless kind of soul to tear down monuments and torch bridges, to shake the dead grip of the past. But by the end of the sixties, the revolution was entering its Jacobin phase, and the wreckage was growing wanton. If the revolution liberated the human imagination, it also unleashed humanity's demons."

Actually, I consider myself a late hippie and an early punk, having grown up at the tail end of the one counterculture and almost too old for the start of the other. I admired the Diggers; those "heavy hippies" like Emmett Grogan, Peter Coyote, and Peter Berg who sneered at the counterculture for believing that peace and love were sufficient, who helped conduct the brief-lived Free City experiment, and who resorted to arming themselves to defend their community, their politics and themselves. Of course, there was plenty to criticize about them as well, which takes us beyond a jejune book report of *Season of the Witch*. The Diggers free communalism was a precursor to the communization efforts and debates of Tiqqun/Invisible Committee on the one hand, and End Notes/Théorie Communiste on the other hand. Yet the insurrectionary anarchism and left communism of this current milieu suffers from the same problem that plagued the Diggers' 60s hip anarchism, that of an inability to sustain itself over time, against the assaults of state and capital. At least Makhno managed to field a guerrilla anarchist army in the Ukraine capable of defeating Russia's counterrevolutionary White Armies as well as of giving the Bolsheviks a run for their money. And Spain's anarchists attempted a true social revolution on the ground while defending the Spanish Republic from Franco's fascist hordes. Post 1950s anarchism, and its left communist sidekick with avant-garde delusions, have always been fugacious, unable to sustain a capacity for self-organization, self-activity and self-discipline, incapable of standing the tests of history and power. But this was so last column.

More to the point, both Peter Coyote and Emmett Grogan were strung out on heroin by 1969, a habit that in Grogan's case killed him on a NYC subway car on April 1, 1978. The tendency to cite and mourn for those famous and influential who died too young, so conspicuous in *Season of the Witch*, is my inclination as well. There were untold unknown dead from the excesses of the Haight in particular and of the hippie counterculture in general. A well-respected columnist in the pages of this magazine on occasion writes an obituary of a well-known punk rocker who has met his untimely end. But who grieves for the numerous nameless punks who have also lived fast and died young, without amounting to anything in the process? Neil Young's lyric that "[i]t's better to burn out/than to fade away/than it is to rust" doesn't speak to the anonymity and universality of death as most of us experience it. And for those who have survived their youth, despite all their excesses, there are the lingering aches and pains, injuries and traumas, damages and diseases to remind them each and every day. Whether or not they regretted their youthful indiscretions is beside the point. Coming to terms with their mortality in light of their experiences is. Complications arise when they don't die, when they continue to grow old and continue to harm themselves.

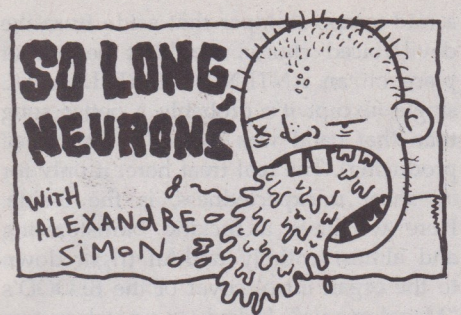
I raged through my youthful excesses, then settled into decades of slow, measured, incremental drug abuse. I've stopped, but the destruction to my body and brain are irreparable, no matter what science currently says about neuroplasticity, or the capacity of human physiology to heal itself. As I said last column, there's nothing with regard to socialism even remotely on the horizon that is capable of reversing humanity's or the planet's downhill slide into slow-motion apocalypse. Without the potentiality for socialist politics to materially change things, only two possibilities remain. On the one hand, taking political action amounts to symbolic acts and gestures, of which I'm not a big fan. On the other hand, engaging in political action is an expression of personal commitment or individual desire, or simply because, as Daniel Cohn-Bendit once put it, it's a better way to live. That leaves little of the political that is not solely personal. In turn, I'm left with the three things that Siddhartha Gautama described as inevitable; old age, sickness, and death. And that's if I'm extremely lucky. Old age, sickness, death; three aspects of life that are undeniably personal, but at the same time universal, experienced by every human being sooner or later.

Between the eternal Buddhist verities concerning human experience and the universalities of leftist politics downgraded to the merely personal, there is much that I still enjoy. The love for my wife, the affection for friends, my writing, compelling music, literature, film, art and food, New York and Paris in the fall, mindful meditation, scintillating company, a good laugh. Yet the movement of my life over the past six decades has been a process of telescoping down, of reverting from the macro to the micro, of focusing from the big picture to the mundane. David Talbot's *Season of the Witch* starts in 1965 with a generation attempting the promethean, the creation of a counterculture as the first step toward achieving a revolutionary, universal consciousness. It ends in 1985 with one subculture of another generation coming to terms with its own inevitable mortality through the widespread death of many of its members in the AIDS pandemic. Talbot does his best to couch his history as some sort of ultimate triumph of the human spirit, some sort of "deliverance" attained through perseverance and despite tremendous odds. Nevertheless, *Season of the Witch* is a profoundly pessimistic chronicle, of a constriction of human hope and possibility. This demoralized narrowing of vision, of focus, of scope is what speaks to me at this point in my life.

That's more than enough doom and gloom.

CORRECTION: Ryan Timothy set me straight. It was the Hollywood Palladium, not the Hollywood Bowl. where the Youth Movement 82 gig was held. Thanks!

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, End Time, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called Fim in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.



This month I've got an interview with School Jerks, from Canada. It was made by Jimmy, a teenager from a small German village where no one listens to punk. Jimmy's straight edge, his mom's a stripper, dad's a military, and he goes to a school where the other kids stare at him all day long. He's bored as shit so he sends me emails all the time. He's never been to a punk show, all he knows is through the internet, but trust me—he knows a lot. A few months ago Jimmy wanted to start his own zine. He interviewed a bunch of bands for it, and then decided it wasn't worth it. I was a bit pissed, since I had spent a big chunk of time drawing a cover for it, in a style that was completely different from what I usually do (no punks, no penis, no puke, pretty realistic drawing, etc.) Anyway, Jimmy asked if I'd run his School Jerks interview in my own zine, but since said zine has recently gone the adult way (publishing books with plain texts, no visuals, just short stories and translations of writing unavailable in French, etc) I decided to run the interview here instead. School Jerks may have been interviewed in *MRR* before, but probably not like this. Check out their records, download them, push the volume to 11, circle pit in your room… you know the deal, punk. **Why are you called School Jerks, do you even go to school? That shit's not punk.**

Ben: We went to school a while ago, I guess it left a lasting impression on us, it's the first time you face society and at such a young age it really affects you. It definitely wasn't punk. It wasn't all bad looking back, some good came out of it. We all went to the same high school.

Luke: I haven't graduated high school. I think I will soon.

There's a swastika on your record cover, which I think is fun, but why not a hammer and sickle? In America which one is the more shocking?

B: We didn't come up with the idea for the artwork to be fun or shocking really. We were amazed to see how many people "got" the idea behind the artwork and weren't either offended or impressed with how "risqué" it was. It's not just a swastika on the record jacket, there is context for it and a narrative to the images.

L: People hate commies more than racists I think. People know what Nazi Germany did, but I don't think people really know what communism is though mainly. We know we aren't supposed to like it, obviously people know what it means to be a Nazi, though people secretly probably want to get rid of the Jews and minorities as well.

You sound like a million other bands playing retro HxC, why not try to play something original? People always talk shit about the '90s but at least back then bands were trying to come up with new ideas.

B: We've definitely thought about this a lot and been asked similar questions a lot. Being "original" isn't really what we're trying to do. We're trying to make music that is exciting to us and other people and reflects how we feel what we want to put out there into the world. We wanna do that really well rather than satisfying ourselves creatively on some huge scale. I think the progression of punk is pretty subtle, we're just putting our piece of the puzzle into this huge subculture/genre/whatever. Punk moves kind of slowly and can be seen as conservative, but I think this has helped it to remain pretty much an amazing thing on a huge scale internationally for the last 30 odd years on an underground level despite so many big changes in society.

A kind of different thing happened in the '90s though. Punk kind of had a second coming in mainstream popularity and I think one reason hardcore got really weird and more "original" was as some kind of defense mechanism to alienate outsiders and draw a line in the sand between hardcore and more accessible stuff. I really don't enjoy listening to pop punk or abrasive '90s hardcore. We play punk the way that sounds best to us, and that says what we wanna say and that's the only thing we feel an obligation to.

L: How are we fucking retro? It *is* Hardcore. Who was inventive in the '90s? Hardcore sucked in the '90s from what I know. If you're bored with music that isn't artistic, then go listen to some band trying to convince you they're original when they aren't. People rag on punk bands of today because they didn't like punk to begin with, but have to consider the originators to be important in the evolution of art.

America is world famous for the fact all the people there carry guns. What kinds of guns do you own and are you part of the NRA?

B: Alright this is the second question about America so I figure you think we live in the USA? Or that Canada or Toronto are in the USA? Canada is a different country—a different society, laws. Handguns are illegal here, although that doesn't mean there aren't any, but way less people own guns here. Traveling through the States and living there briefly I was amazed to see how much gun violence and casual "gun play" there is. I'm not sure if you have to be a US citizen to join the NRA, maybe you can be a NRA supporter or something.

L: People sold guns in school a bit, that was the closest I ever got to a gun.

If you were a ska band, you would be called Ska Jerks. Any thoughts?

B: Yeah we would, we'd come and tour Europe... Ska Punk was a huge trend a while ago even though it's pretty ridiculous. Things that are kind of meaningless can get really popular today and be tossed aside tomorrow. I see the same kind of thing happening these days, hype and backlash. Really great stuff always stands the test of time. In a world of so many jokers you've gotta stay true to your own punk reality.

L: Wow, ska. Who hears about ska anymore? Maybe if I was in my teens I might be more aware of modern ska. I did look into Mad Caddies recently and saw that they released a new album.

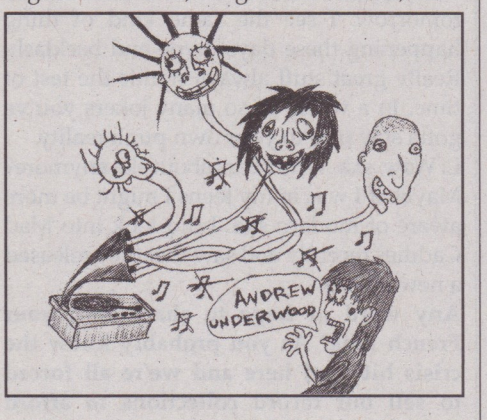
Any word of hope to share with your French fans? As you probably know the crisis hit hard here and we're all forced to sell our record collections to afford baguettes.

B: It's a tough thing, you want people to buy records and support D.I.Y. shows, bands projects etc. but who has the money? It's hard enough to get by and if you play in a band or make art or whatever it actually takes any disposable income you have... So I guess if you ever find yourself with a little bit of extra cash, do what you can, put it towards something cool, pay for the show, buy shit at your local store rather than trying to save a few bucks ordering online, put out a record. Also I think mp3s are great for checking out and sharing stuff quickly but they can't take the place of records! I think it sucks to use them as music library or whatever everyone ends up getting so much less out of it.

L: France can deal with poverty and like it as far as I'm concerned. You've had it too easy for far too long.

B: If anyone wants to get in touch or order records, etc, contact schooljerks@gmail.com or check out schooljerksadventurepunks.blogspot.ca. We've also started a label called Bad Vibrations—we've put out the School Jerks 12" (with Grave Mistake) and 7" by Naughty Girls and we've got a 7" by Bad Skin and a Kremlin 12" in the works.

Endnotes:
1. 2013 jams: Stoic Violence 12", Perspex Flesh 7", Bad Noids upcoming 12", Ground Zero Hardcore 2013 comp LP, Télécommande new tape, Gas Rag demo, Krigskade demo, Chain Letters upcoming 7" plus a bunch of other shit. Great year for music so far.
2. Get the new issue of *Nuts!* fanzine from Feel It distro. Sounds like one of the best issues so far.
3. The band I play in, Frustros, will be touring the UK in June (from the 19th to the 24th) together with Good Throb (featuring *MRR* columnist Bryony Beynon). We'll have a new 7" or tape with us, and so will Good Throb. Come say hi if you're around, I'll be the sweaty skinny dude arguing with its drumkit. Go to www.frustros.pimienta.org for more info, songs to download, etc.



What a great month! The sun's been shining (sunny San Francisco, who'da thunk it?), I went on vacation for the first time in forever, plus I have a rad new column header courtesy of Mike from CHAOS DESTROY (new LP coming soon!). For once, I have nothing to complain about.

First of all, Tokyo's LIFE have released their first record in four years, and their first LP since 1999's *The World Lies Across Them*. Big news indeed, but *Violence, Peace and Peace Research* arrived on the band's own Punk Bastard records label with little fanfare beyond a terse statement on their Myspace page. Still, it was so hotly anticipated that the first pressing is already sold out with a second forthcoming. The record itself is as excellent as should be expected, fundamentally rooted in Scandi/UK crust while keeping some of the metallic and even psychedelic textures they experimented with on 2009's *Warning* EP and clipping the song lengths significantly, breathlessly charging from each track to the next. That being said there are some straight metallic crust rippers à la ANTISECT here as well, most notably "Hypocrisy" and ripping B-side opener "Dead Silent Spring". There is also a more pronounced traditional Japanese hardcore sound than I've heard from LIFE before, especially in the 1-2 punch of "From Hiroshima to the Future/Eco System". While the band has always touched on environmental themes, the events at Fukushima seem to have radicalized LIFE even further, as most of the lyrical themes revolve around conservation and humanity's relationship with the Earth. Vocalist Hiro puts in yeoman's work here, as his unmistakable bellow and rasp never fail to convey the importance of their message. Meanwhile, bass player Nori demonstrates that he one of the best in the game as his playing on this record is impeccable, technical without ever being overwhelmingly flashy. The whole band performs nearly flawlessly though, and this could very well be their best material yet, which is quite a feat for a band with 20 years of history. Plus they cover DISCLOSE! (Punk Bastard records)

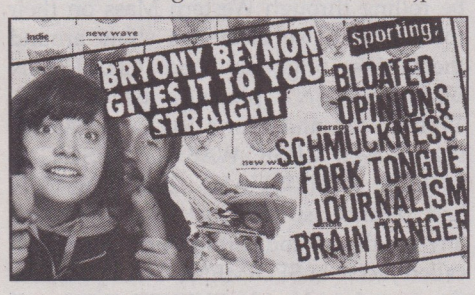
Speaking of both crust punk and Fukushima, Strong Mind Japan label has released the debut EP by Fukushima's own all-lady punkers, the FRIDAY. The basic sound is a strong reduction of early Brit punk, heavily flavored by '90s Japanese crust à la BATTLE OF DISARM and MACROFARGE. I suppose comparisons to DEFUSE are inevitable, but this is much more ramshackle and punky than DEFUSE's crasher-crust attack. In fact, if they have to be compared to another band of badass ladies I'd say there's a decent comparison to be made to the HYSTERICS demo material. The dirge-like lament of "Our Body Made in Fukushima" is a definite highlight, a primal scream of frustration and misery over the near-destruction of their hometown and its still uncertain future. There's nothing polished or over-rehearsed here, this record has the immediacy of the first couple of DISORDER singles, raw recording, 1-2 drum beats and all. (Strong Mind Japan, www.strongmindjapan.jp)

Long time readers of this column will know I have a soft spot for the metal punk style of DORAID, and recent months have seen them come out with both a new EP and a (re-released?) split with DISGRAPHIA. The *Eyes of Desire* EP starts off with two strong tracks, the first ("Firebird") a typical up-tempo metal punk workout that highlights everything fans have come to love about DORIAD: snappy songwriting, an endearing edge of punk sloppiness that prevents the proceedings from ever edging into humorless metal pomposity and a frenetic drive that owes at least as much to DEATH SIDE as DIAMOND HEAD. "Eyes of Desire" is maybe the most straight-up punk song I've ever heard from DORAID, a mid-tempo stomper that aside from the devil-voiced chorus wouldn't be out of place on an ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE single (except it's probably a better song than that band was generally capable of producing). The real treat here, if only for its sheer unexpectedness, is the B-side. Here we have a fucking barnstorming and almost entirely faithful (right down to the organ intro) cover of the BLOOD's "Megalomania". Jacked up a notch or two in tempo but very much in the spirit of the original, this is as explicit a love-letter as you'll find from one band to one of their inspirations, and it's just a delight. (Strong Mind Japan)

The story of the DORIAD/DISGRAPHIA split EP (entitled *Battle of the Pagan Deities*) is a bit fuzzy to me, as I remember it being advertised quite a while ago, but I just saw copies for sale in distros recently. Regardless of when it was actually released, it's a solid record. DORAID contribute two tracks that sound like earlier works of theirs, but in radically different ways. "Black Hole" demonstrates a decided SABBAT edge of epic metal, especially in the frequent solos and the dramatic spoken word, while "Underdog" is very much a hardcore track, so much so that one would be forgiven for thinking it was a different band entirely! There are definite hints of GAUZE and NIGHTMARE in its frantic, near blasting pace. On the flipside, DISGRAPHIA (featuring the ex-vocal of CROCODILE SKINK) deliver two tracks of progressive hardcore/crust that recall ALLIANCE and TRAGEDY in somewhat equal measures (they err on the side of ALLIANCE's allegiance to traditional Japanese hardcore). This material isn't bad at all, and I hate to be "that guy" but…I kinda liked the demo material more. That being said it's still a pretty killer split, and one that may well grow on me over time. I certainly would love to hear more from DISGRAPHIA to hear how they've grown since this recording. (Torture Machine records, www.blogs.yahoo.co.jp/torturemachine1980)

Finally (in terms of current bands), Philadelphia's the BROOD have finally released a demo after playing pretty much every show worth seeing out there in the last year or so. Composed entirely of long-time punks who've served time in too many bands to mention, but most directly emerging from the ashes of the critically underrated LOST CAUSE, this is confident and aggressive punk that personifies what I think of as the "Philly sound". Gritty, darkly melodic and rooted in a mix of POISON IDEA, caustic cynicism and a steady diet of the best of international

hardcore, *If Tomorrow Comes* is a demo that could very easily have been a debut EP. The vocal trade-offs, gang choruses and intricate songwriting are the product of true punk veterans. I'd say "somebody put out a record for this band ASAP" except I know how these cats roll and they're just as likely to do it their damn selves, in the best spirit of DIY culture. Until then, demos are $5 ppd. (www.filthybrood.blogspot.com/)
On the reissue front, I have to highlight Time Bomb Recordings' recent complete discography LP of the unheralded WAR PAINTED CITY INDIAN. Probably best known (if at all) for their tracks on the *Devil Must Be Driven Out With Devil* compilation LP alongside a mixed bag of glam/Visual Kei bands like SAVER TIGER and hardcore bands like LIP CREAM, W.P.C.I. walked a fine line between those scenes and genres. The *Warning* EP shows a definite glam influence, with the cheery NEW YORK DOLLS-influenced "Let's Hot" showing just how deeply the visual scene influenced even the toughest mohawked punkers (and make not mistake, these dudes were tough as hell). Conversely, "Oneway Eager" is a MOTÖRHEAD-driven thrasher that could be the bastard child of ZADKIEL and GBH. Fortunately (in my mind at last), the latter provided the direction for the later comp tracks and *Terror Boogie* 12" that provide the balance of the LP tracks. I have no idea if the dudes in INEPSY were aware of this band or not, but goddamn the *Terror Boogie* tracks are an excellent predictor of their eventual sound. The LP is a totally deluxe package, with full color reproes of both record of their solo record sleeves, reproductions of all the inserts and a comprehensive band/member timeline. CD enthusiasts will be rewarded with all the same material plus nine demo tracks (I may have to buy the CD as well, goddamnit!). This is a pricy import LP, and as such it's worth careful consideration before buying but I can't imagine any true fan of Japanese hardcore resting easy until they've reveled in the glory that is "Drunky Boxer". Seriously, that song alone makes this LP (or CD) worth the investment. (Time Bomb Recordings, www.timebomb.co.jp)



It's been a brilliant month overall for falling in love with music again. Pulled out of a rut of listening to the same three songs on repeat (since you ask; Blame it on "Gravity" by NATIVE TONGUE, the version of "St James' Infirmary Blues" by ABNER JAY and "Feels Blind" by BIKINI KILL) Suddenly I'm catapulted between new songs, old songs, even strange songs by familiar bands, getting lost in tributaries all over the place. As well as immersing myself in newer records bought on auto-pilot that I've previously neglected, obsessions abound for certain songs that are perfect for the slowly warming weather and late-for-work bike rides, cruising over the river with burning thighs. Record Store Day was actually attendant to this phenomenon but because my local record shop, an all-used Aladdin's cave called Rat Records in Camberwell, took a no-bullshit approach to the event, with none of the new releases but a shit ton of exciting old singles for a few quid each, it was a lot more fun than I imagine that queuing for shrink-wrapped 180gr snoresville would be. On top of all that, there are a chunk of bands coming out of London at the moment that are pushing things ahead, as witnessed by a gig happening in a newly opened squat next week where the line-up is all new to new-ish bands. I am really pumped that it finally feels like I regularly see women playing in killer punk bands—although still probably in single figures across the board for London, this is bloody exciting. Spring Forward! Here's some notes on all the above:

CISMA – grabbed this tape last month. Punk radical from the Canary Islands! I am totally envisioning the bass player has his tongue stuck out the whole way through as the comedically walking bass lines give this already great demo a weird and cool edge!

GRABBIES–Some years ago a man named Roy emailed me offering a live by this band record in trade for a particularly subpar issue of a fanzine that I haven't written for some years now. I must have forgotten to reply to the email, but I received a new boot of record from a friend in Australia who had put it out, and it reminded me of that. It is totally obnoxious and ridiculous, and the completely deranged drunken spitfire stage rage between songs only adds to this. Bar brawl ignorance with a guitar speed and tone reminds me loads of a band from Bari, Southern Italy called Chain Reaction, part of the mid '80s Italian HC explozione. I only hope they would have been equally rampant live.

My friend Louis has a band called the LOVE TRIANGLE that he's been doing on and off for a few years now. Occupying a strain of punk that can sometime fall victim to schlocky garage turkey vibes, TLT has always been saved from this by outstandingly good song-writing, which fool you into thinking its "throwaway" yet stay in your head for days, and by resolutely No-fi production values that are often more hiss than riff. Now there's an LP that was produced by Daniel Hussayn of North London Bomb Factory studio and RED DONS, who's polished the loveable TLT turd right up to a shine that lends a heavy Justin from CLOROX GIRLS vibe on the vocals. It's slightly disconcerting to have all the fuzz removed, and this recording does have more of a sped up power-pop style as a result, but the baleful notes match the saccharine flourishes and form the whole thing into something pretty neat, plus it has their best song on it. On repeated listens I can't shake the two comparisons of the DANDY WARHOLS and the WHO—make of that what you wish. Think this is out on Sorry State next month!?

The demo's online-only so far as I know, but Meredith Graves, guitar and howl of SHOPPERs is now singing in a new band out of Syracuse, a relief for all obsessives still mourning their early demise. New outfit's a five piece going by the outrageously genius name of PRRRFECT PUSSY. Google ye not yest ye be blinded by fanny. This whole PP demo has a slightly harder vibe overall and is more insistently noisy, still riven with intense Sonic Youthful feels and mountains of feedback. It's not hugely dissimilar to Shoppers but has a deeper feel somehow. Hope springs eternal. I can imagine this is a serious experience live, yet I don't even know if they have played any gigs yet. Pre-figurative internet dreams.

So, Record Store Day is for chumps, we hold this truth to be self-evident. However, I was up early and it was sunny, and it happened to be Saturday, the day of the when devotees queue up outside my local second hand record shop, Rat Records, while staff put out new old records for their delectation. As it happens, there was no queue, but the tiny shop was rammed full despite them having no interest in the special RSD releases. They were giving away coconut water for some reason? I had to squeeze between beer bellies and angry elbows to get to the singles box, placed annoyingly up high and far back on the front counter, useless if you're under 5"8'! I persevered and came out with some greats! Sensed a small line of jostling sweaters behind me and chose my moment to make sure I got every last drop of killer records out of there even as toxically stinky sighs coming from behind me started to blur my vision.

For £2 each I got HUMAN LEAGUE *Being Boiled*, CRASS *Shaved Women*, pouty Oi! boy stompers MENACE *I Need Nothing*, MAGAZINE *Rhythm of Cruelty*, and classic faux-Northern soul from the '80s in the form of one hit wonder *Heartache Avenue* by the MAISONETTES—plus about six Blondie singles for 50p each and only a little bit more for the FALL's *Bingo Master's Breakout* on the wall. Also got a NERVUX REX single which I'd never heard of, entirely on the strength of the sleeve, which didn't let me down. Drummer from the CRAMPS and Village Voice journos doing downbeat new wave. It was a great morning.

I also grabbed WIRE *A question of Degree*, which was battered to fuck, barely held together, but still played fine. I did not know at that point in the day that in a few hours time I would be watching Colin Newman fumbling with an iPad to photograph an audience of well-dressed thirty somethings day-drunk on expensive beer. WIRE played to on an outdoor stage on a closed street in Soho in dubious honour of "Record Store Day" …shit got weird. Let's just say as an experience it was significantly less interesting than the browned, crumbling twenty-year old sellotape holding together that record.

Between that trip to Rat Records and witnessing that strange performance, I helped out with another equally strange but markedly more pleasant performance, taxi-ing some backline for some bands playing in a bookshop called Foyles, probably the only multi-story independent bookshop left in London. Surprisingly none of the bands cleared the room (their always-rammed café) and Josephine Public seemed reasonably interested. After winsome gospel from SISTER and costumed debauchery from RAVIOLI ME AWAY, who play all in a line and peddle taut, looming funk punk, SHOPPING "headlined" the afternoon. They're a newer band spawned from the WETDOG/TRASHKIT/COVERGIRL triumvirate and related high-functioning conceptual punk weirdowinners mostly centring round the Powerlunches café in Dalston. They have just put out a single, and on it lies Rachel Aggs of said TRASHKIT with her trademark single-picking noodles, backing up propulsive bass mastery from Billy Easter and Ms. Andrew Milk on the drums. There's a touch more edge and aggression to SHOPPING than of said members' previous bands, and it gels together brilliantly. Tumult/rigour. Possibility explosions.

By way of an endnote, two fests I am pumped on:

SCUMFEST! Now in its eighth year, Scumfest is a benefit festival that happens over three days in London and even has a Punk Olympics afternoon—if you're not fashioning a javelin from your ossified dreadlocks, yer doin' it wrong. We're playing on the same day as DOOM and OI POLLOI, been practicing ducking projectiles and a Flux cover, to be safe. This year the project we started to make a DIY Space for London is the benefit which is crazy and awesome.

LADYFEST PHILADELPHIA. I made a friend from said city when she was living in London and I remember her saying "I wanna do a Ladyfest in Philly next summer" and it felt far away and I didn't wanna think about her not living in London, and then some months later she was gone, so I went to visit her there, and went to a meeting at a big punk house with a porch and everyone had great ideas and everyone was friendly and then she asked me if I would come and do a reading at it and I was scared and honoured and excited. I plan to read slow and mosh hard to IN SCHOOL.

Lame is Punk!

with z. Skinbeast (a beastly treat)

"No venue, no access, no wave, no look, no problem"

On the morning of my college graduation (this past Saturday), I woke up at 8am, unable to move. Earlier in the week I had injured my shoulder or my rotator cuff or my trapezius while dancing or being carried upstairs or having sex or being carried upstairs to dance or have sex. Or maybe it was just from the daily grind of rowing my wheels through the oceans of the ground as lava that I moor through on the regular. Anyway, I had been ignoring this injury and was taking a lot of Advil or Aleve and continuing to dance and tromp around every night. Waking up on four hours of sleep in a twisted tangle, I felt morning begin to creep through my nerves. When it hit the upper left part of my back, in the mysterious depths beneath my shoulder blade and scapula and in the stringy meat surrounding my arm—my muscles and nerves, screaming, rebelled against morning. No one was awake to help me sit up, let alone to hear my mouthless muscles scream. I waited bravely like that girl in *Heidi* or like Beth in *Little Women* until I heard the person who lives in the room which used to be my room open her door and I called out, meekly, "Ursula? Do you have a minute to assist me with something?" It's good for disabled [particularly lame] people to be overly polite, otherwise leg walkies begin to think you are especially rude.

Ursula did help me sit up, by grabbing onto my right hand as we both hauled in towards each other, the opposite of counter balance. From there I had to sort of right-armed flying squirrel fling myself into my chair and scramble around puffy eyed and puffy backed to find my phone. I felt like Quasi Modo on the day of the Festival of Fools I was so nervous-excited. Graduation was nerve-wracking and gorgeous and life warping unto itself, but what I was really thinking as I called up my friend Ally was that we hadn't gotten a PA yet for the generator show we had booked. I was crying as the phone rang. I think I talked to two people before Ally came on, so by the time I was talking to them I was *really* crying.

"I don't even know if this dress will zip up and none of you are here yet and I know we're going to be late to line up obviously but we can't be totally queer punk late and we don't have a PA! I have called everybody!"

"We got a PA. Oh sorry I just found out last night." And with that I wasn't worried about whether or not my twilight colored dress would zip up, or whether we were going to be totally queer punk time late to line up for the procession...because for me, nothing feels better than knowing that a party I am throwing or a show I organized and booked has a chance of going *well*. There's so much crackly possibility in that. There's nothing I love more than swarming around music. No matter where it is.

Nico and I decided to book a show in the woods because the woods are creepy and loving and oddly wet warm like Narnia or Twin Peaks. CURVED DOG was going to be rolling through Western Mass on their tour, and so we created a show around them. We originally had CHRISTIAN BUSINESSMEN playing along with TWINK 182 and Lior's [of GAY PANIC] solo project, MUSIC WAS MY FIRST GAY LOVER. CHRISTIAN BUSINESSMEN had to cancel, so Nico just asked me to ask any bands we could think of. Of course I called Jackie of SEDIMENT CLUB, because they've played with CURVED DOG and I figured they could swim around in the

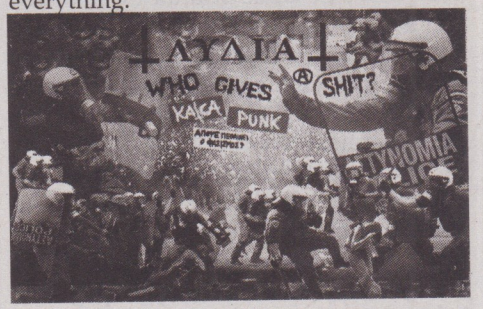
Jackie was working and I had to think fast. I called Ned, whom I adore, but who a bunch of my other queer and punk friends don't know so well. He's the bassist for the sexxxi lo fi garage/hardcore band NEUTRAL FIXATION, and he also is part of a noisey duo which switches names. Ned Paige was down, thank godd!! He was giving me a lot of choices though, it reminded me of when we made diagrams of semiotic squares together in the Bioapparatus class we took (I mean no it didn't), I had to make everything interact well and slide slippery sexy nice into place. I chose noise over hardcore, and the name NICE MY CAR, over a list of other band names he goes through for his duo with Graham.

Organizing shows, parties, building projects, art installations, and performances is the kind of work I love to do. Sometimes a lot of the stuff I have to do is remote: via internet or phone. It's hard to remember sometimes that I am working just as hard as the people carrying things into the woods. They are calling me in order to fuel communication and action and understanding. So often, I want to just say, "Okay, this thing needs to be done, like we need a PA so I am going to just go door to door until I find a PA and then I am going to carry it to where it needs to be." As a lame punk, I can fantasize about doing this all I want, but that is not going to make it happen. What is going to make it happen is calling people up, and having them help other people do just that. Disabled punks are active organizers too, I reminded myself again, way back when I saw a sign in the now dead Hellarity House in South Berkeley/North Oakland which read, "A DIY GUIDE TO GETTING OFF YOUR ASS..."

My friends and I have done this wheelbarrow style wheelie through branches and tilled dirt or crusted snow, through the woods and field and up a hill route to get to the pine stands and fire pit which border the cornfield on campus more times than I can count. Every single time I think, "Jesus, is this worth it?" Here my beloved friends are killing their backs in ways I can't even imagine, pushing my chair, and my injured shoulder place thing is getting jostled around, and the ground is doing all sorts of troublesome things beneath their feet and my wheels that I don't even understand, and where are we going? To music. To fire. To drinking. To other bodies of other friends I love. Aren't there real people venues that are wheelchair accessible for this sort of thing? Patricia Berne, Artistic Director and Co-Founder of Sins Invalid, a performance project based in Berkeley/San Francisco says that I will grow out of it. I mean, she said it prettier than that. But she did say that she lived in punk houses too. Went to inaccessible shows. Let her friends carry her up flights and flights of stairs just to party above. God, maybe I will grow out of it—I don't hardly know. But then I also remember that so many of the more "official," "necessary," "professional" and "real people" venues of exploration and growth I have opted to take part in have been inaccessible to a large degree as well. Hampshire College is mad inaccessible for wheelchair users, and for lots of kinds of people with disabilities too. But I didn't want to avoid what was possible there. I didn't want them to lose a chance to see a wheelchair user attempting to take part in what they take for granted. And maybe, when it comes down to it, I am an adrenaline junkie: in academia, punk rock, love and life—the juices flowing teach me how to love deeper and harder and messier and scarier and better better.

The show, as musical genre disjointed as it was, was gorgeous. One of the best I've experienced, I was proud to say, because it was made up of and attended by so many people I admire. There was a fire built and stoked by Gaines and Szal and other woodsy butchy queers. People had carpooled out in droves. Ally's dad had provided the generator from construction work gigs, and at one point, someone came up to me and asked, "Where did the generator idea come from? That's genius!" I mean, generators come from the pretty straightforward and probable combination of DIY music and working class people. Who wouldn't think of a generator? Fucking terrifying hipster chain stores like Urban Outfitters use generators. Don't go to Urban Outfitters. Ever. I'm not even against hipsters, I'm just against racism. If it's warm out and I have no money, generator shows are the kind of shows I expect to go to. They are definitely the norm amongst New Orleans punks. That night, at the CURVED DOG, NICE MY CAR, MUSIC WAS MY FIRST GAY LOVER, and TWINK 182 show, there was a stage with a ramp left out in the exact spot of all that thickly pine sappy, darkly lit beauty. We had a spotlight and a generator and a PA and amps. But the most beautiful thing about this show of both acoustic and noisey kids, was that there was no expectation of a situated scene look or scene knowledge. There were college kids there, and non college kids there. Punks and hipsters and raccoon people and crusties and art nerds. Ages varied, bodies varied, dress varied, sound varied. And we were all shorter than those fucking pine trees all climbing, carrying each other up towards the moon, just to try to party above.

Email me: foxlovesriver@gmail.com, pretty soon I'll be in Oakland with an address and everything.



I don't know if you heard, but punk is apparently in again! Oh yes, it is in! Well, it's in for those who never knew what it was, those who never cared to find out and those who knew but brushed it off a hostile reminder of the ugliness of society. In other words, it's in for all the people you probably despise. The opinion leaders and trend setters of the conventional world suddenly saw that, holy shit, punk is *not* dead, it's in fact very much alive and still gashing at your stiletto heels. It has an angry voice and vulgar appearance; it doesn't like the state, has no money but has strong survival instincts and a whole clan of like-minded outcasts that claim the same identity.

Like a roaming animal that goes back to the lake for prey, the fashion industry has landed on punk yet again. Like the magpies they are, the trend scavengers have snatched everything that glitters and flown from nest to nest and pillaged all the eggs. Season by season, the trends are rolled out: "Winter Russian-styled wrap-ups," "Arab Spring military look" and "Summer African animal prints." Sure classic couture worth more than you make in a year is what they want, but in such times of deep economic mayhem, how can a multi-million, luxury industry like this be justified? Surely some ethics must be served up, even if only as samples, to keep the critics at bay. So what do they do? They take radical thinking, underground ideas, the "working man's" wardrobe, and turn it into expensive vestments for rich, detached socialites to buy and make them feel good about themselves. It's mock modesty and I fucking hate it.

Create or identify a problem and sell a solution. If ripped jeans and spikey hair sells, let them have spikes. They don't care that patching up ripped jeans was originally a necessity, the mother of all creativity. They don't do it because they want to show their discontent for society and its regulations. They won't be wearing these things in two years from now. No, for them it is just one

more trend that made them millions, one more appropriation that worked in their favour.

The reason for this whole rant? The recent MET Gala's Costume Institute exhibit titled "Punk: Chaos to Couture". The moment I heard about this event I huffed in disdain. Another outsider, mainstream sociological assumption from an institution that, like most, normally want nothing to do with us. They have tried many times before and seldom get it all right. Every attempt to define and describe punk falls flat, coming off more like dry academic observation, or stranger curiosity, even enemy propaganda. So many books written about punk, yet so few actually turn to the punks living and breathing today for an opinion. Probably just as well, most punks I know would tell a conservative mainstream magazine to shove it up their corporate ass. Not all punks are going to give the endlessly two-faced media the real deal because we don't care about what they think. For us, punk is by the punks for the punks. Any other way has the iffy smell of sell-out bucks.

This does not mean to say that we completely ignore the reactions of the media and public; or that we don't have long hour conversations about the meaning of it all. Au contraire. I read the *New York* magazine article, titled *This is Punk?*, written in relation to this "laughable irony" as the writer calls it. I read the poll and saw the pictures of the very un-punk, clean-cut celebrities suddenly clad in leather and dog collars for this "Oscars of the fashion world" event. I read the comments beneath the blog post of said article, with all the varying responses by the readers as to what they think punk is and means, and if they approve of the article of not.

One of the things I do remember from journalism class is that you always have to consider your audience. It doesn't really matter what you're writing *about* if you don't considering who you are writing *for* you might as well be doing nothing. This idea withstanding, the message ***I*** got from this *New York* magazine article is what we all already know: the system is still shit and punk is still awesome! However, that is not what most readers might get from it. For you to get a better understating of what the magazine editors consider punk, they questioned 100 self-identified punks, I assume from the streets of New York. The results are, unsurprisingly unsurprising and both extremely aggravating yet still highly amusing. For your entertainment, here's a pick-n-mix of some of the Q's and A's: Three quarters of the people polled believe punk has been co-opted, by "hipster fucks," "corporate America," "*New York* magazine" and "by every musician that plays it, every person that follows it." 30% identify with the Hardcore subgenre, 12% went equally to Ska Punk and Riot Grrrl, Pop Punk got 20%, Queercore got 3%, while "Anarcho punk" and "Fuck subgenres, they only divide us" were also filled in. The Ramones were the "greatest punk band of all time," with Fugazi coming in eighth, *after* the Dropkick Murphys. A whopping 47% said they were Democrats, while another staggering 40% (!) said they were Not Political. Some 10% claimed to be Other, with Anarchist being the prevailing response. 64% said they were *not* angry and half of them, at 50% exactly, said that Punk was a Lifestyle. Only 2% believe it is A Way of Dressing, which is still twice as high as the people who think it is A Political Act. Go fucking figure! Also, the "(grossly abbreviated) punk glossary" was just that. Plus, there were some grossly overlooked names that were not included. I feel like maybe we got a phone call months ago from someone who said they might be writing something for the *New Yorker*, or the *New York Times*, but we usually point out that we do not care for mainstream publications and/or what they think about punk. Some may disagree with this tactic, as it lets the media assume what they like. I think the media will do what they want anyway and so I would rather spend time doing something more constructive than wasting my breath explaining punk to a bunch of reptile scum who only care for as long as it makes them a buck.

As for the actual article, *This is Punk?* Instead of saying *This is Punk*, or even *Is This Punk?*, the author went with a version that has attached certain subtle connotations. Is the writer perhaps a punk, and he gapes in dismay and horror at the small sample of 100 questioned who identify as punk and their subsequent definitions of the word, thinking to himself "*Really!*?" Perhaps he is an ex-punk, and felt the need to make it an existential question: what is it anyway, what did it mean then and what does it mean today? His lead sums up the general viewpoint: "If a movement known for rage, rebellion and adolescent id [sic] becomes the focus of a high-fashion celebration, is it the final studded nail on the coffin or proof of everlasting life? When it's the theme of the biggest society event of the year, is that bollocks, or fucking genius?"

Well…given that the focus point here is the exterior representation of inner ideologies, and *not* the music, obviously the discussion is missing the wheat past that makes it stick—our music, like dry flour, won't keep anything together without the powerful liquid solvent of our ideology. The writer does make note of the various sub-genres that have emerged within punk and even picks up on the riff-raff reps who often poison themselves into the gutter, dragging punk with them. He says that, "most [versions of punk] are at odds with one another" but forgets to mention that *all versions of real* punk, whatever the sounds, style, origin or method, share some underlying ideals. The concept of DIY and punk as an economic model is briefly mentioned ("one of punk's lessons is that people can create their own culture, instead of waiting for it to be dictated from on high"), but makes no mention to the fact that this work ethos has never ceased being a reality for so many of us around the world. He also states that, "rock's become more of a niche interest," which I can only assume he says because 30 years down the line people are still around to make speculations, but it's far back enough they can assign some cultural value to it and thus get validation of their own involvement in it. It's no surprise all the old-time punks are publishing their biographies and declaring how they were the true founders of punk—it's a generation approaching death wanting to make sure they've left their mark, lest the un-punk missed a chance to join in on the secret. Perhaps he meant niche in connection with the fetishization of punk output, which thanks to the ease of the internet have pretty much become another bidding item on eBay.

He says that, "the punk mentality used to be a default ethos among rock kids, but over the past decade that fell apart; punk-think, which used to feel joyful and liberating, has started to look crabbed and guarded as well." I don't know where the writer was these last three decades, but I can assure you punk has been active following that ethic. If a tree falls in the forest when no one is around, the tree still makes a noise. Maybe the reason punk has needed to "guard" itself like he says, is because too many fashion designers and artisan hipsters were abusing it for profit! Maybe it became "crabbed" because people like John Roderick think punk advocates "self-abnegation and negativity". Maybe it's because Vivienne Westwood and Malcolm MacLaren are still perceived as "inventors" of punk (urgh, my stomach churns just writing it) and people *still* think it first emerged in New York and the UK. I'm sick of people who aren't even part of our world making bold claims about it. Maybe, we have better things to do and more exciting lives to lead actually carrying out what we claim to believe in.

It's OK for them to all conjure with canapés and champagne to delight over how recklessly magnificent those times seemed to them—a giant nostalgia-orgy by the people who never strode the whole nine yards and who still stand inside the box looking out through the barred window, perplexed and intimidated by us crazy freaks dancing on the ashes of their values. The MET exhibit was an extravagant opportunity to place what they think punk is onto a pedestal and glorify their own version of it, gloating about their edgy creativity for unearthing it. Yet the fact that they are inspired by the people they were trying to sell their products to 30 years ago should tell you enough.

Because sure, style is basically an approach guided by certain disciplines or ideals. It has manifested in all shades throughout all forms of art and creativity since the beginning of human expression and evolution. But the fashion industry would rather focus on the studs and spikes than address the reasons rooted in punk's original genesis, still so evident today—a nice twist, revealing how inundated, blind-eye-turning yet simultaneously audacious and exploitive this industry is.

If people with money to spend really want a new trend wave to ride, I suggest using all those clever marketing techniques and psychological insights to convince people to buy a get conscience. Maybe if they applied the subversive advertising schemes and brainwashing propaganda—that obviously fucking work!—to persuade people to stop animal testing, or stop fighting wars, or to convince them that Jesus is a hoax and their governments are the real enemies, maybe this world would be a different place. Though probably equally fucked. Humans: who gives a shit?

Endnotes: I have nothing personal against Mykel Board. I stand by the decision to discontinue his column and would do so with any other columnist, had we faced the same issues. It's the principle of the matter and I know I try and uphold my principles. Some people disagree with the pretext that it is contrary to freedom of speech and that it's very un-punk of us to get rid of his column, which "stirred things up." I'm from Greece; I don't need an *MRR* column to stir me up a batch of twisted dick-action and "provocative" double-talk. Some argue against our decision for the sake of it, even though they either a) never read *MRR*, or b) don't identify as punks (anymore). And then some people just haven't got a fucking clue how any of this works, yet still pass judgment. I'm more than happy to read a column that actually breaks the mold and shines light on things unknown to me, and Mykel's column did this for some time (his trip to Albania vivid in my memory). Something must have got up his butt along the way and lodged itself there, because bashing the publication you write for is basically self-sabotage, proverbial hara-kiri. Calling people names and deliberately being offensive is one thing. Hiding behind your finger after doing so is another. And so for every action there is an opposite and equal reaction.

When Mike Thorn was fired for stealing, he went quietly. And *MRR* was quiet. Whatever my opinion is about that, I can't say I am all that informed about how everyone was feeling when the shit went down, but I can say that sometimes it is better to let things lie, especially when the person in the wrong is an attention seeker…like Mykel Board.

We fired Mykel board May 30, 2013. I am giving you the date so that every year all of you fans who have not read *MRR* in fifteen years, who have written us letters in response to his Facebook campaign can hold a vigil or maybe take it to the streets. Here is what we emailed him—notice the gratuitous use of the word "but" obviously showing or lack of understanding of the English language—another PSA from a friend of Mykel's. Speak English or Die, right?

Hey Mykel,

It seems that you have been taking issue with the way MRR *has been run for some time and instead of asking us about any moves we have made, you seem to only address the issues in form of complaints in your column. The three current coordinators are not above or immune to critique, especially internally, but seeing as how we have a relationship with you, your means of "critique" seem awfully convenient (and rather cowardly) since we have to defend your words.*

You claim that you do not answer anyone that critiques your work because it would, in effect, give you the last word and being the proletariat that you are, you would like to give the readers the last word. That is a cop out. You hide behind your column and you let us take the heat…the same people you believe are doing a poor job.

Since you have been dissatisfied with the way things are being run, we have decided to discontinue your column so that you may find a place that suits you better and one that you feel will not be so oppressive to your freedom of speech. Hopefully, you will agree to defend your own writing as we have been defending yours for years, even when we didn't agree with it, but our readers have spoken. We may not agree with what you say, but we have always agreed that you have a right to say it, but MRR has never printed content that is either disparaging towards MRR, or stands against the ethics it upholds.

We have tried to appease your tantrums but given your continued disrespect towards us, our punk readers and what we represent, we feel we can no longer defend you or your column.

Good luck to you,

Mariam, Lydia and Francesca.

So there you are, that was the big bad email. Mykel did not email us back. He did not respond. He did what he has been doing—he has tried to make this an issue that is bigger than his ego and hide from the critique by asking others to speak for him. You can say what you want about the high road, the low road, the middle road, "the truth will out!" or the "squeaky wheel gets the grease," but I am just going to say my piece—not in defense of myself or *MRR*, just what I see as the truth.

I like Mykel Board. He has always been sweet to me. He was a supporter of my old band, came to our shows in NYC, sent us postcards and we even partied at Thrillhouse last time he was here in SF. This is not a personal decision; rather it is a diplomatic one. We have tried to work around his refusal to respond to letters addressing his writing. Believe it or not there are not many, but when he writes advocating child molestation, that rape survivors are making themselves victims and shit that he knows will stir things up, he never backs it up—just a two line blurb insulting the person trying to debate or discuss his writing with the insinuation that the person is too dumb to get the point. High art, huh?

We refused to print his March column knowing that, again, he would not answer for his writing. How do we know? We asked him! We told him that if we printed the "rape column," as we affectionately called it around here, that he would have to answer for his writing, not just from readers, but from shitworkers at *MRR* (note that this does not just mean people who live in SF). He would not. So we didn't print it.

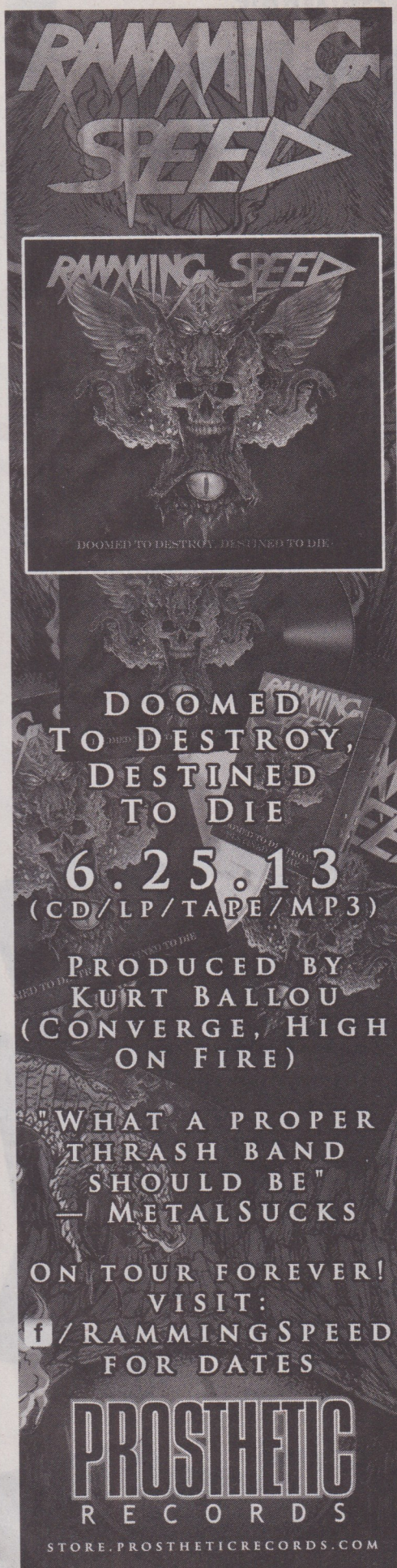
After that, holy fuck, Mykel had a pretty big tantrum that lasted, well... up until May 30, 2013. He wrote us emails about the rules of *MRR*, then some really sweet personal emails, then would slam us in his column, each time increasing the "shock factor," some of which we edited out. It was war...with his ego. The April Fool's issue, which was "controversial" in his eyes, yielded no complaints except a few emails from readers saying that his column did not sound like a joke and that he really hates *MRR*. Here's the secret to survival of running *MRR* and for life in general... don't give a shit about those who hate you, because if they do hate you, then you are doing something right. Right, Mykel? At this point, personal attacks on myself or anyone else at *MRR* by Mykel were seen as a desperate attempt to do something; what I don't know, but no one cared. What was problematic was that Tim Yo forbade columnists to talk shit on each others in their column so that the section did not turn into a fight between columnists. Mykel had violated that rule, but luckily no one responded (they probably did not read his column). Tim Yo was explicit that the letters section was the place to handle beef...the section that Mykel refused to acknowledge as such. He says that the letters section is for the readers, but that is exactly in violation of Tim Yo's wishes: that the letters section be where these debates play out. This is not to say that this is the *only* place opinions should be expressed (please...), this mag is full of shit talking, bent opinions, fuck ups and punks that do not agree. Air it here... we are open.

Also, I have to address the "censorship" claims or the claims that Mykel is the only diverse opinion in *MRR*. Bullshit. I defend Mykel's right to say whatever the fuck he wants in any way he wants, whether I agree or not. Actually, I would love to have the conversation, and have tried, with Mykel about his columns and the points he brings up ...mostly the way in which he brings them up. Not gonna happen. I could go on and on, but really these are conversations I wish I could have had with him. In the end, he doesn't back himself up, and leaving *MRR* to hold the proverbial shitbag is not only cowardly, but also personally shitty. We aren't bankers or a number you call when your power is out. We are friends and any conversation or critique would have been heeded. We are all shitworkers and we are constantly discussing this sort of shit, no joke. While we may not have agreed, I can defend something I don't agree with. I can play devil's advocate to the "devil's advocate," but I won't anymore because the motivation is no longer genuine. *MRR* shitworkers won't either and when *MRR* publishes something in the zine that shitworkers, readers or contributors don't agree with, they have to defend it too. And they do so because they love *MRR* like the rest of us. Here is when I should point out that when someone who doesn't read *MRR* complains about our content, we don't care. *MRR*, and punk for that matter, is not immune to external critique, but *MRR* exists for punks, by punks. Like any human organism, punks indeed have a tendency to get stuck in a rut. We hang out with like-minded people, sure, but sometimes it becomes cloister and that's no good. Putting someone in an uncomfortable position is not always a bad thing and I believe challenging yourself in such a way is the only way to really be able to defend your own beliefs. I also believe that having people around you that always agree with you, have the same ideology, same politics, background—people who are exactly like you is safe and boring, but this is not about that. This is about Mykel not defending his own views when he starts shit. I have always backed up his perspective, truly believing that his voice was a valuable one in *MRR*, far before I was a content coordinator. I often thought that his travels and his observations were interesting though often limited. I thought that beneath the veneer of dick stroking and the desperate attempt to shock the reader, there was someone that had the same passion for punk and discovery. I though that this camaraderie was mutual and that Mykel would step up, but it is not so. There is no mutual respect, there is only ego flexing. There is no responsibility or accountability or knowledge, only power, only an inflated sense of self. These are not the cries of a disappointed child; this is the lament of someone watching another person degrade themselves for results, instead of rising up to the persona they have built for themselves.

All the funny quips about his inadequacies, all the humorous self deprecation about his sexual prowess, his age, all ring true to some degree, but instead of seeing the powerhouse that many of us see as Mykel...as he wants us to see him is really just smoke and fire leaving us with a scared old man (This is not meant as an ageist comment, this is only to point out the frailty of ego and its empty pursuit).

I don't want Mykel to go, but we have made the decision. Final curtain. And I type all of this with no malice, rather a heavy heart because I do like Mykel on a personal level, but also as a writer. He is part of the old guard, but still into punk with the same passion as the first day he discovered it. He has kept some of the people who would have fallen away from punk and *MRR* interested, because he is familiar with a perspective informed by years of being a punk. Even though I believe his current writing is mimicking the mainstream with its "anti-PC" rants to appeal to the masses, he does have a political conscience and does have shit to say and has given people a different perspective. He is a reminder that truth, beauty, art and fucking shit up until you are in the dirt are all important and worthwhile things —the things that should keep us going, not the bullshit, not the mainstream, and not to appeal to the wants of others. While I do believe that, I do think he lost his way. If he hadn't gotten wrapped up in himself, he would have been here another 30 years.

So there you have it, that's why he was fired. I'm sure that his Facebook friends will repost this, and anything we write about this and mock it, because that is what they have been doing (grow up). People will deconstruct it and tear it apart. There will be Marxist critiques and some other bullshit waste of time theory about this column because Mykel has some ferocious, and downright ignorant, fans. Or maybe, no one will read this and no one will care. My column is no more important than any other in this zine, neither is Mykel's. It is about preference and reflection of what is happening in the farthest and closest regions of punk. Either way, I don't give a shit, but I guarantee you that I can back up my own writing. I will never let anyone speak for me nor will I ever call upon anyone to speak for me. I just want to tell the story so that there are no illusions about what happened and why. No gossip, no speculation and no mystery around it, and no egos maintained because of any mistakes we made or Mykel made. We made the decision and we are sticking to it. If the next coords what to reinstate him, go for it, but for now *MRR* sayz, "You're fired."



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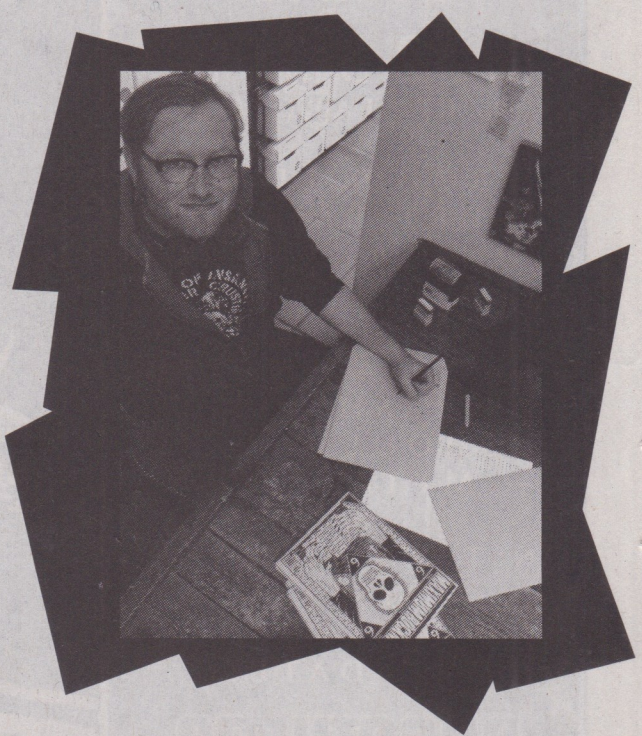
WELCOME TO ANOTHER EDITION OF *MRR*'S

SHITWORKER OF THE MONTH!

ANDREW UNDERWOOD

This month we thank shitworker Andrew Underwood for his tireless efforts that help keep *MRR* afloat!

You may already know Andrew from his column and several years of reviewing, but he is also a dedicated husband to Angela and Dog father to Lucy, an *MRR* mascot who comes over every single week to process orders. He is here on new issue day once a month to help us pack and ship the subscriptions, and has been part of the *MRR* compilation committee, with its hours of listening, debating and beer drinking, that has made the upcoming new *MRR* international punk comp *Sound the Alarms* possible.

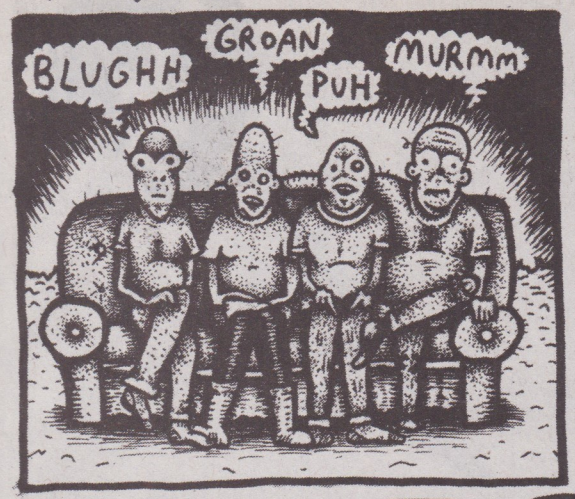


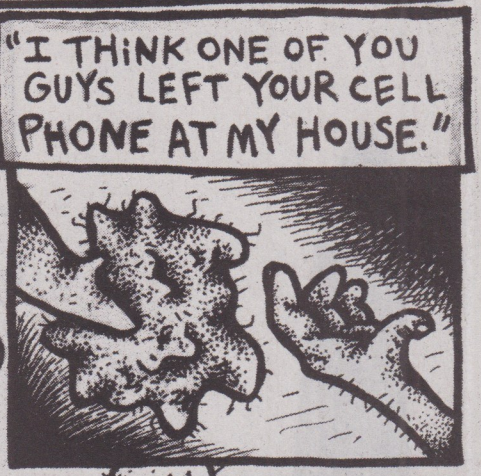
Outside of his wonderful shitwork here, Andrew is the singer of War Trash, present every year at our annual Punxgiving with a giant zucchini casserole in tow. Beer lover, maniac record collector, ravenous reader and constantly behind a camera at shows, documenting the scene while still being able to fist pump and hold a pint.

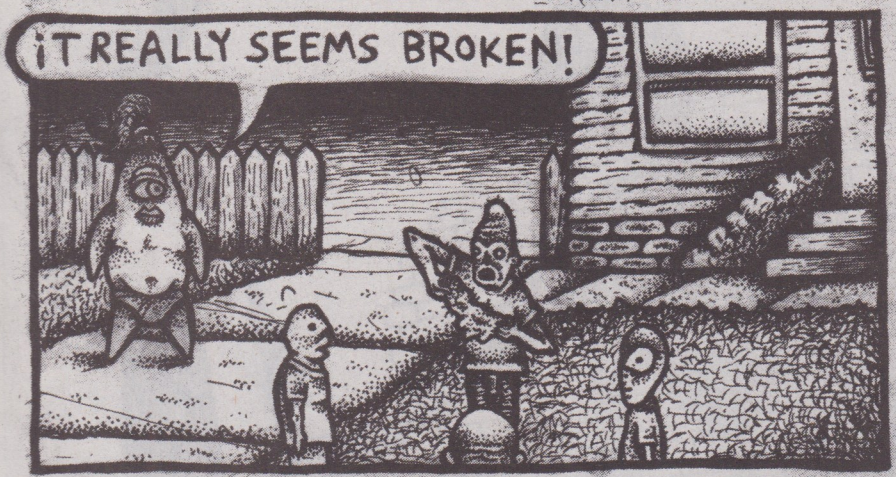
In person he is kind, friendly and always a gentleman. Even though he is deceptively mild-mannered, when it comes to music, he is firm and unyielding, with ferocious arguments and witty opinions, that will have you pulling your hair out—especially if he's had a couple pints. We salute you Andrew Underwood!

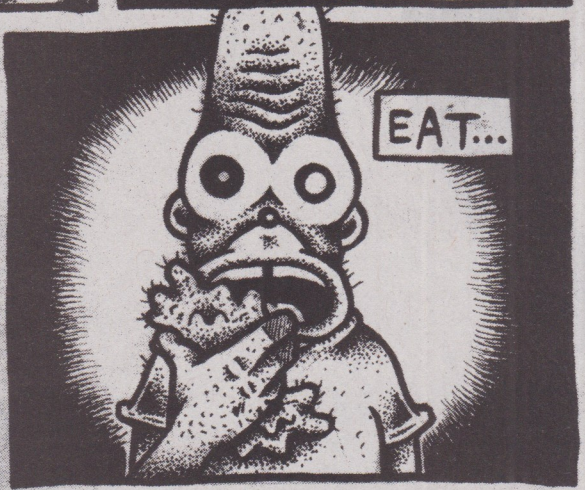
"If I had to choose between getting rid of my old Japanese punk records and never going to another gig ever again—well, that's a tough decision!"

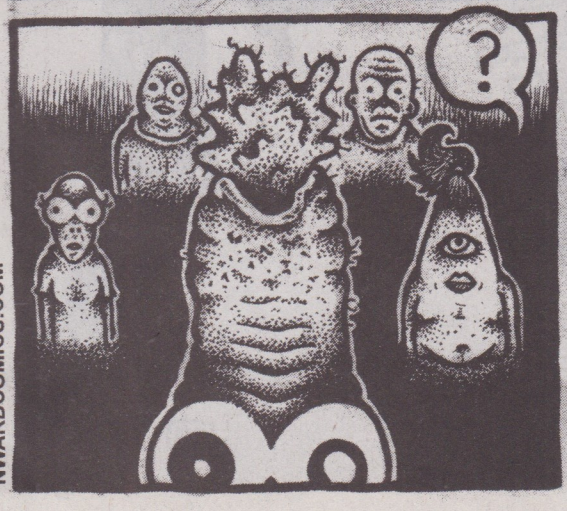
FOUR FREAKS BY NATHAN WARD

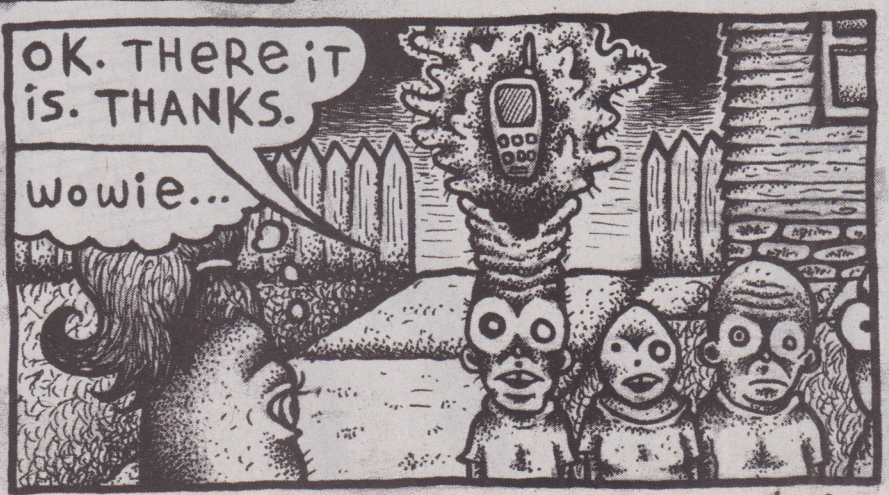












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NEWS

Maximum Rocknroll News compiled by Donny

An autonomist analysis of the Stockholm fires

by Mathias Wåg from www.libcom.org

The suburbs of Stockholm are on fire. The outside viewer might still perceive Sweden as the promised land of welfare. Yet termite-like neoliberal policies have been busy chewing up the welfare system from within for a long time, the end result being an empty shell, which could fall apart at the slightest puff of wind.

There are still hospitals, the facades of the outer-city tower blocks have been renovated, and students are still attending schools. But behind the facade, the healthcare system is on its knees thanks to cuts and austerity policies, there is an acute need for renovation of the high-rise areas, and they are closing down the schools in the suburbs are being closed down and increasingly few pupils are making it through the 9th grade. The system is being pillaged; welfare profits are being privatized as market interests enter the public sector. However, on a formal surface level, everything is still there. The changes remain invisible at first sight.

The suburbs of Stockholm, the "miljonprogrammet"—thus called because the goal of constructing a million affordable apartments—was a result of the increased need for housing for the labor employed in the Fordist production system of the '60s and '70s. Initially, almost all workers living there were of Swedish and Finnish stock, but later on, they were joined by Turkish, Iranian, Latin American and Somali people. Today, Stockholm is still a growing region, but housing construction remains at a virtual standstill, while the banlieue-style suburbs suffer great neglect and are in sore need of renovation.

A generation of kids whose immigrant parents settled here has now lived their whole life in these concrete suburbs. Though most of them remain, others have managed to start climbing the social ladder, making a place for themselves in conventional society. In contrast to other Scandinavian countries, a large proportion of Swedes with foreign-born parents have gone on to become university graduates, earning their living as journalists, authors, or as popular musicians. The suburbs have developed their own special kind of organic intellectuals, intellectuals who now were in the position of sharing their own personal experiences of structural racism, discrimination, and what it is really like growing up in neglected communities. They have a voice in cultural debates, where they criticize racist stereotyping in the media and demand their own form of representation. As the first extreme right party ever made it into the Swedish the parliament following the general election in 2010, public debates on subjects like ethnicity, race, and culture become increasingly common—and not always in a way favorable to the racists. Today, foreign-born persons who are capable of influencing the public debate with their anti-racist critiques to such an extent that Timbro, the think-tank of the Confederation of Swedish Employers' (the equivalent Confederation of British Industry) recently declared that "post-colonialism is currently the biggest threat posed by the left".

One of many controversies was triggered by the protests against the REVA project, which is a joint project between the Swedish Board of Migration and the police with the goal of catching irregular migrants through the establishment of internal border controls in, for instance, the subway. Instructed to use racial profiling, the police started stopping everyone "not looking like a Swede", demanding to see their papers. When this tactic of racial profiling became known by the wider public, it prompted large protests and a wave of direct actions during the whole of the spring. Coarse statements and racial slurs made by the Minister of Justice and Minister of Migration helped fuel the protests as well as providing openings for well-known cultural persons who could share their personal experiences of racism in Swedish society. There has been an irreversible turn in the public debate towards an anti-racist stance.

These organic intellectuals, having their roots in the suburbs, only make up the tip of an iceberg of the new kind of consciousness, which is growing in the neglected suburbs. Most important, however, is the rise of the territorial suburban organizations, which never attracted any media attention. In Stockholm, as in Gothenburg and Malmö, there has been a parallel development of suburban community organizations formed by the people living there. Gothenburg saw the formation of the Pantrarna ("The Panthers") organization in 2011 in the suburb of Lindängen, an initiative which soon spread to Malmö. In Stockholm, Megafonen ("The Megaphone") was formed in 2008 in the suburb of Husby. The inspiration comes, as the group name suggests, from the Black Panther Party for Self Defense. The community organizations are trying to tackle social questions by establishing a social program for the improvement of the suburbs, much like the ten point program of the Panthers. There are no strict lines drawn between their social and political organizing; they help school-weary pupils living in overcrowded apartments with their homework in less stressful environments, organize educational programs, hold creative writing classes, martial arts training, and campaign for new, open community centers. Not only do the Black Panthers provide a source of inspiration; the community organizations even have collaborative projects with the old activists in the states. On May Day 2011, Bobby Seale showed up for the Pantrarna protest in Gothenburg, and this year they held the Speak Your Mind festival, which featured members of the Black Panthers, as well as performances by Dead Prez and some of the very best acts from the Swedish hip hop scene.

You couldn't say that the suburb of Husby, where the fires began, is the most disenfranchised or neglected community in Stockholm; rather, it is the one with has had the highest level of militancy, and social struggles have been going on for a long time and won many victories. Having no more than 11,000 citizens, it is also situated next to the Silicon Valley of Sweden, "Kista Science City". This situation has made gentrification and segregation extremely visible phenomena, and the greater Stockholm politicians have invested heavily in the expansion of Kista, so that it is to "roll out" and embrace Husby. In order to do this, they have launched a special plan for Husby, involving the demolition of large housing complexes, privatizing of public baths as well as the community health center, closing down the community center Husby Träff,

completed by luxury renovations leading to huge increases in rent—and all these elements aim at achieving a re-composition of the character of the population and raising the status of area in general. Megafonen has been successful in fending off the Plan Husby, and together with other local social movement allies they have managed to stop house demolitions, prevent the planned "renovictions" (renovations aimed at evicting tenants) and saved the public bath. Last year, when the Husby Träff community center was threatened by closure, they responded with occupying the place, and today it is still in operation.

Police interventions have also led to a situation of heightened levels of potential conflicts. Aside from the internal REVA border controls—a project which has been going on for many years and only recently extended from the suburbs into the inner city—the police have implemented a zero tolerance policy in the suburbs, in addition to programs aimed at countering political "radicalization" and with the pretext of drug law enforcement, harassment of local hip hop acts, all things which have caused the local hatred of police to increase.

Five years ago, a wave of protests swept through neglected suburbs in Sweden, with cars being burnt in Malmö and Gothenburg. However, this wave never read Stockholm. Now, it is Stockholm which is the epicenter of a new epidemic of fires. The first signs were seen in the fires in Tensta (not far from Husby) in April, which were openly directed against one of the landlords actively driving up the rents. The company backed down, and media never really picked up the story.

What instead became the spark to really set things was the police killing of a 69-year old man in Husby, 13th of May. Two versions of what transpired have been in circulation. According to one of them, the man in question, of Portuguese descent, had been eating out at a restaurant together with his wife. When his wife was threatened by a youth gang, he went home to fetch a knife in order to scare them, and eventually went home together with his wife. Later, the police showed up outside the apartment, but the couple afraid of opening the door when they rang the bell; the police forced down door and shot the man in the head. In the other version of what had transpired, police had gotten a call complaining about a threatening man who had been walking around armed with a machete, and later locked himself in with a woman. Police was sent in to rescue her, and shot the man in self-defense. The man was then said to have died at the hospital. However, the police version proved inaccurate in many respects: Megafonen could prove that the dead body was left in the apartment for several hours before it was carried out in a body bag. Reacting against what they perceived as police abuse, they arranged for a protest the next day, demanding an independent investigation into what happened. The attitude of the police towards Megafonen has been to avoid dialogue, instead accusing them of stirring up police hatred and undermining public confidence in the law in Husby and beyond.

It all started Monday 20th, when the first cars were torched in Husby. As police arrived on site, they were met with gangs of youths throwing rocks. The fires, smokes and sirens attracted plenty of Husby citizens who went to the square to see what all the commotion was about. This prompted police calls for backup, as they started to attack the crowd who had gathered in the square with batons in order to drive them away.

When we got to the square we approached the police to ask if they needed any help. However, we were instead met with nightsticks, dogs, abuse and things like that. It took a few hours until they called us asking for help, says the community warden Daniel Ghirmai, who is employed by the municipality during the subsequent Megafonen press conference. They directed awful abuse at us, calling us rats and tramps. They attacked anyone in their way, knocking down old ladies. I myself was knocked down by police officers, said Quena Soruco, Husby resident and active in Megafonen.

As media was busy reporting the celebration of the Sweden World Cup ice hockey victory, night fell and the fires really started. The following night, fires spread from Husby to neighboring suburbs, with Husby besieged by police and media reporting live from the "conflict zone". On the third night, the fires were now spreading to fifteen Stockholm suburbs, and during the fourth night fires started occurring outside Stockholm. As the torched cars turned into an epidemic, media reacted with moral panic and the political establishment started vying for who could deliver the biggest number of condemnations. Political posturing consisted of the same old rut: hard-line demands from the conservatives and calls for structural debates from the Left. The racist right wing called for military intervention and organized vigilante patrols while at the same time doing everything they could to ethnify the conflict, depicting it as a race riot. When international media caught on to the story, they already had their news angle ready: "the multicultural failure has now reached Sweden."

The libertarian socialist weekly Arbetaren observed that "these kinds of riots are almost ridiculously predictable. As usual, the role of the police as a catalyst is more than obvious",

Police singled out Megafonen as instigators of the rebellion, to which they replied that the only thing they were guilty of was making sure that police refrained from committing new excesses. As they point out in their press release, "Megafonen are not the ones setting fires. Our opinion is that this isn't the way forward if we want long-term changes. Yet we know with certainty that these are reactions to social problems. Unemployment, substandard schools, and structural racism are the underlying causes."

Corporate colonialism: Driving the Maasai of Tanzania out of their own land

by Oliver Kelly Dean from intercontinentalcry.org

In late March, it was announced that "the government of Tanzania is establishing a corridor of nearly 400,000 acres for both public and international interests." The "international interests" are the United Arab Emirate's Otterlo Business Corporation, Ltd., that plans to use the land for big game hunting. The purpose of this project has been introduced under the noble banner of "conservation," but in reality the plan is for the land to be used to create yet another location for the rich to hunt big game. Putting aside the obviously disgusting sport of hunting animals, the forced eviction of the Maasai people from their own land is defined as a crime against humanity by both United Nations and the International Criminal Court. This collaboration of east-African governments and corporate colonialists that is sweeping the continent—as foreign empires did previously—must not continue to be permitted.

Since 1992, the Maasai in Loliondo (Northern Tanzania) have been fighting to prevent their land from being stolen and used by members of the UAE's royal family. Now, with OBC's proposal, the thinking is that by taking this land from the Maasai and banning them from using it for cattle grazing, it will allow wildebeest to roam freely between wildlife reserves. However,

this is simply a misdirection in order to try and get the public and non-governmental organizations on OBC's side.

The Maasai people of Loliondo have already been removed from much of their lands in the name of conservation, but this latest attempt to take even more land will result in the displacement of 30,000 Maasai people. These thefts of land have brought poverty to the majority of Maasai, and this further attempt to take even more could result in the end of the Maasai in Loliondo. This would cause the Maasai people to join the growing numbers of conservation refugees.

These under-reported refugees have become the dark and untold story of the climate change crisis. The Maasai, who still earn 90 percent of their livelihood from cattle grazing, are accused of damaging the environment, despite their long history on this land that began far before the industrial revolution.

In 2009, living conditions for the Maasai people in Loliondo became unbearable when 3,000 people were brutally evicted from their homes, leaving them without food, water or shelter. Tanzanian riot police burned eight Maasai villages to the ground and raped several Maasai women. After the 2009 raid on Maasai villages, five people were arrested and imprisoned for six months without legal representation or bail. Regardless of their situation or crime, every person is guaranteed the right to a fair trial and proper legal representation under the Universal Declaration of Human and Peoples' Right that Tanzania previously signed and ratified. It is up to the international community to hold the Tanzanian government and OBC accountable for these gross breaches in international law.

Beyond the initial international law violations comes a broader injustice: the violation of the UN Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples. Here, we see that the treatment of the Maasai people in Loliondo violates multiple articles of the declaration that the Tanzanian government has signed. This is especially abhorrent because this convention was specifically designed to stop situations like this from arising. Specific violations of the declaration include Article 8 (Section A, B and especially C), which states that "any action which has the aim or effect of dispossessing [indigenous people] of their lands, territories or resources" is a violation. Article 10 takes this further by clearly stating that "indigenous peoples shall not be forcibly removed from their lands." One infraction of the declaration would be enough to class the Tanzanian government's actions in breach of international law; currently, they are in breach of five articles contained in this declaration of rights.

Overall, these breaches of different treaties culminate in a clear violation: Any expulsion of a people from their lands, including violence and humiliation towards the population (as was seen in 2009), is considered ethnic cleansing. International law is indeed a pitifully weak tool against the world's most powerful states, but Tanzania does not fall into this category. The UN should enforce the law it was founded on in order to stop these disgraceful injustices from being further inflicted on the Maasai people of Loliondo.

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Brazilian Indians occupy Congress in land protest

from Survival International

As Brazil marked its annual "Day of the Indian" on April 19, hundreds of Brazilian Indians of various tribes invaded and occupied part of the country's Congress this week to protest attempts to change the law regarding their land rights.

The Indians are outraged about a proposed constitutional amendment that would weaken their hold on their territories. They fear that "PEC 215," by giving Congress power in the demarcation process, will cause further delays and obstacles to the recognition and protection of their ancestral land.

The Indians say they will not stop protesting until the planned amendment is scrapped.

Alongside Directive 303, amendment 215 is a result of pressure by Brazil's powerful rural lobby group, which includes many politicians who own ranches on indigenous land. It could spell disaster for thousands of indigenous peoples who are waiting for the government to fulfill its legal duty to map out their lands.

While Brazil's sugar-cane industry booms, benefiting from plantations on indigenous land, the Guarani Indians of Mato Grosso do Sul suffer from malnutrition, violence, murder and one of the highest suicide rates in the world. Guarani spokesman Tonico Benites explains, "Guarani suicide is happening and increasing as a result of the delay in identifying and demarcating our ancestral land."

Elsewhere in the country, indigenous peoples are fighting for their land to be protected from waves of invasions at the hands of loggers, ranchers, miners and settlers. The Awá Indians in the northeastern Amazon are now Earth's most threatened tribe. The un-contacted Awá will not survive unless action is taken now to protect their forest.

On April 18, the Yanomami association Hutukara organized a demonstration of about 400 Yanomami in Ajarani, in the eastern part of their territory. This area has been occupied by cattle ranchers for decades. Despite a court order to leave, they have refused to do so.

Hutukara's vice president Maurício Ye'kuana said, "The presence of the ranchers in the region has caused huge harm to the indigenous people and to the environment, such as deforestation and burning of the forest. We want an end to this."

Meanwhile, Munduruku Indians have been protesting for months against the proposal to build a series of hydro-electric dams along the Tapajós, a large tributary of the Amazon.

In March, the military and police launched Operation Tapajós in an attempt to stamp out the Indians' protests against the arrival of technical teams surveying the area for the first dam, São Luis do Tapajós.

On April 16, a federal judge ordered that this operation be suspended, and that the Indians and other affected communities be consulted before technical studies are carried out. The judge also ruled that an environmental impact assessment should be carried out on the cumulative impact of all the dams planned for the Tapajós.

NEW BLOOD

BY KAT SMITH

1) DATE & LOCATION FORMED

2) REASON FOR FORMING

3) LYRICAL CONTENT

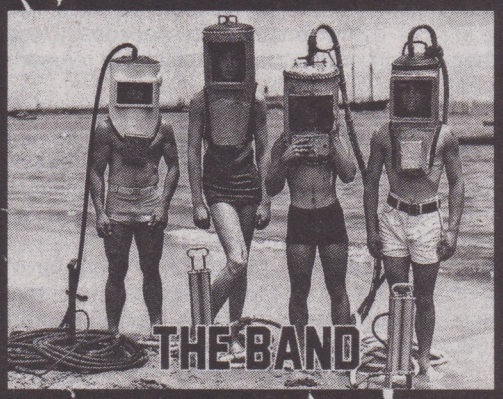
4) DESCRIPTION OF SOUND

NUKE CULT

1. We started in the beginning of 2013 on the bad block, Kansas City MISSOURI. Fuck Kansas nothing but hicks and hippies.
2. We just wanted to start a band that Steve from Dirty Work could slam to. Ya know get some cardio going and maybe lose a little weight. God knows he needs it.
3. All around ghouly shit. Crime, murder, masturbation and chaos.
4. City baby pogo punks
5. Will be putting out another tape here soon, and expect wax eventually. Also contact us we wanna get out of the Midwest! cultboys69@gmail.com

FUTURE BINDS

1. August 2012 in Raleigh, North Carolina.
2. We just wanted to play some music together. Three of the guy's last band had just broken up and they still wanted to make some music so we formed another band.
3. Most of our songs are about feeling stuck in limbo; feeling powerless because of your own thoughts and insecurities
4. Out Cold/Poison Idea worship mixed in with a few local Raleigh hardcore bands. Stripmines and Double Negative to name a few. And Elton John.
5. Binds. We have a demo 7" coming out soon courtesy of Deranged records. We'll also be going on tour in the late summer hitting parts of the Midwest and Northeast!



Wetbrain

1. Summer 2011. We formed into a giant robot.
2. To save the Earth from the evil lizard people.
3. Mind control, our idiot friends, our idiot selves... Bipolar Rock.
4. How would you describe your sound? Gamera, Ultraman, Mothera and Cliff Burton partying. I think that's what we sound like…
5. An awful LP on Painkiller, then eminent failure.

STERILIZED

1.Olympia, Washington. January 14th
2. We specifically wanted to play music with each other.
3. Work, surveillance, zip-tie handcuffs, chemical dust, tension, incarceration, fusion centers, military spies, pepper spray, police dogs, survival, love, social movements.
4. "Drums, a bass plugged into something electric, a guitar, and tortured vocals from the fires of babylon" - Jason Lee .
5. We have a tape coming out on Building and recordings for two EPs. Touring in the future.

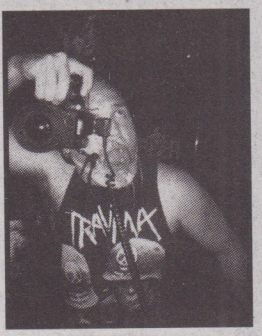
MRR asks you!

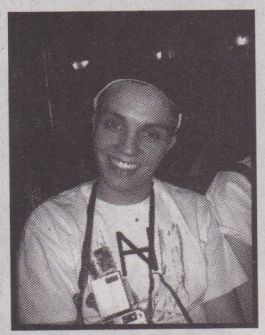
WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: "What's the punkest city you've ever been to and why?" Asked at the Infernöh show at the Knockout in SF and the Impalers show at Chain Drive in Austin.

Michael, SF, CA
Boston 'cause people are more miserable there than anywhere else.

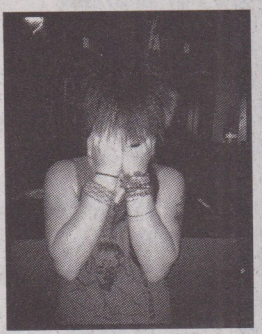
Marin, SF, CA
Mexico City. The punks look the punkest and, this is going to sound bad, but there are *always 200* glue sniffing punks waiting outside of every show.

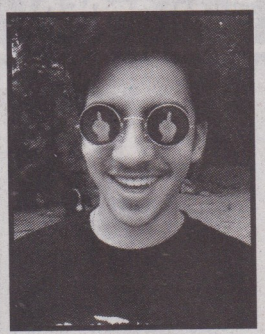




Torigeir, Oslo, Norway
Toronto. The city doesn't make sense. The city itself is pretty punk because it's all fucked up.

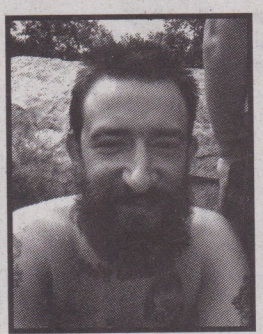
Riss, Oakland, CA
Pittsburgh.





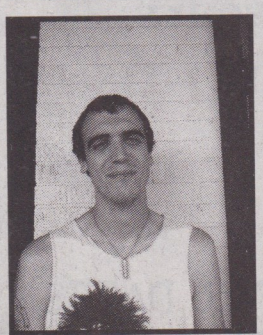
Vinny, Gilbert, AZ
Phoenix cause no one cares.

Andy, Oakland, CA
Detroit 'cause there are packs of wild dogs, burning cars and trash piles.



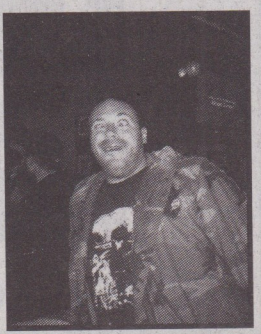
Dylan, Kent, OH
Omaha. My old band KGB was playing there. We get into Omaha on a Tuesday night, not a big show, probably 30 kids and they went ape shit for every band.

Jason, Oakland, CA
Montreal. French punks. What else do I have to say?



Sam, Los Angeles, CA
Warsaw, Poland. They have to deal with Nazis coming to shows. It's a serious problem. They just don't beat you up, they threaten to kill people all the time. The punks are so defiant and productive in the face of that.

Justin, SF, CA
Nowhere, fuck everyone.



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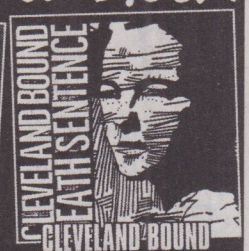

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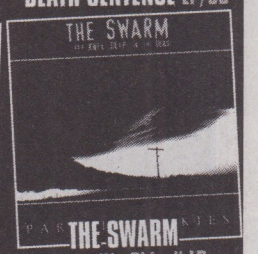
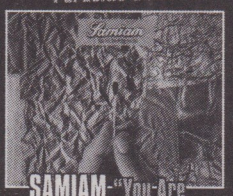
DEATH SENTENCE LP/CD

COLISEUM
"Sister Chance" 7"



THE SWARM
"Parasitic Skies" LP

HOT WATER MUSIC
"Live in Chicago"
3xLP/2xCD



SAMIAM "You Are Freaking Me Out" LP/CD

NO IDEA MAILORDER!

GET DEAD

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BAD NEWS

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Toronto Scene Report

Report By Stephen Perry
Photos By Sean Decroy, Alexandra M, and Nick Cushing

COLUMN OF HEAVEN

A while back I read a scene report titled "Defend Hamilton" which reminded me of all the things that have been happening with their neighbor to the north east (Toronto). Our scenes are intertwined. It has been a few years since a report from Hogtown has appeared in these pages and doing a radio show every week puts me in a unique role of keeping up with local bands. I want to start this scene report with a band that I left out by accident in the last one. That band is the NEW ENEMY who is made up of some socially-conscious and driven individuals. They have been around since 2008 and have released two EPs and a full length titled *Darkness, She Was The Universe*. They have remained independent and the releases are all pay what you can with proceeds going to charity. They are writing a new EP, playing this summer at shows and festivals around Ontario and Quebec and may tour Europe later this year. (thenewenemy.bandcamp.com / clintmclean@gmail.com)

The CLASS ASSASSINS is still together after ten years of playing a very catchy blend of street punk, Oi! and rock. Members of DIRECT ACTION, PROBLEM CHILDREN and HOCKEY TEETH are in this band. Last year they released a 7" called *Treason* and they have a digital only release coming out on Rebel Time records in the spring. They may also tour Europe this fall. (theclassassassins.bandcamp.com or theclassassassins.wordpress.com)

SINKIN' SHIPS shares a drummer and a guitar player with the CLASS ASSASSINS. They play fast punk'n'roll and worship LEATHERFACE, but Naomi's vocals sound similar to that of the LUNACHICKS. They just released their third LP "Late For Everything." (sinkinships.bandcamp.com)

Cactus Vella is the guitar player from CLASS ASSASSINS and SINKIN' SHIPS. He recently released a solo acoustic CD called *Sailin' On* and will be hitting the road and touring Eastern Canada this summer (cactusvellamusic.bandcamp.com). Cactus also recently formed the WHISKEY HEARTS COLLECTIVE, a group of punk rock musicians playing all acoustic instruments. WHISKEY HEARTS recently recorded two songs for an upcoming 7" for Stereo Dynamite records this summer.

The FALLOUT has been at it since 1997. They took a break and have re-started playing with Patty O'Lantern from BRUTAL YOUTH and CLASS WAR KIDS on bass. Their music is fast and melodic and their lyrics are on the socially conscious side of things, which is how I grew up listening to punk rock. Their last CD *Dismantlement* came out on Insurgence records and had a tribute to our radio show on the CD – *Radio Fallout* (www.thefallout.ca / bandcamp.com/tag/the-fallout / www.facebook.com/pages/The-Fallout-Canada/194621600662807)

BRUTAL YOUTH migrated here a few years ago from Newfoundland. The "Rock" is an isolated place and reminds one of Alcatraz. They have an incredible scene in St. John's and it explains the ball of energy that is this band. They are raw and frantic in a melodic way that sounds like hardcore and not pop punk. They have a bunch of releases that you can hear at brutalyouth.bandcamp.com, which includes some great covers. They have a new album coming out called "Stay Honest." The vinyl is to be released by My Fingers! My Brain! and Get Party records. You can reach them at brutalyouth709@gmail.com.

The SKETCH is also from Newfoundland and formed back in 2006. They moved here a few years ago and recorded a demo in a retired funeral home which is noteworthy (www.thesketch1.Bandcamp.com). You can reach them at thesketch709@hotmail.com or find them at www.reverbnation.com/thesketch709.

ARMED AND HAMMERED (AAH) is back together with Preston from MURDERSQUAD T.O. joining them on bass and Jamie from the G-MEN on guitar. They describe themselves as "louder than MOTORHEAD, faster than the RAMONES, and uglier then the BARENAKED LADIES." The band is just playing shows at the moment, but they plan on getting back to writing. (www.armedandhammered.ca or facebook.com/armedandhammeredtoronto or aah464@gmail.com)

Big John and Kyle of AAH are in a new band called VOLUME KNOBS. The band is going after the POISON IDEA sound and even plan on doing a tribute show. They feature Doug from JAWW, T. Axegod from DRUNKEN ANGER and Larry from HOCKEY TEETH. (www.thevolumeknobs.com)

IDNS (I Don't Need Society) is a politically charged crust/hardcore punk four piece from Toronto with a love for DISRUPT. The band is made up of Matt from ENDPROGRAM, Sean formerly of BACTERIAL CULTURE and Alex and Paul from the SOFISTIFUCKS. The band has a tape out called *Indoctrinations*. They have toured out East and are working on their next release *Industrial Death Noise Solution* which can be heard at www.youtube.com/watch?v=fZOxMV7kvKk. (idnscrust.blogspot.com / idns@hotmail.com)

RAH has a new full length out called *Lead Me to Believe* on Climbin' Aboard records which can be downloaded at climbinaboard.bandcamp.com/album/rah-lead-me-to-believe-12-ca013. One of the members is teaching in Asia at the moment, but he is back this summer when the band plans on doing a proper release show for this full length.

VIOLENT FUTURE is a new group featuring the core of BAD CHOICE (Beav from URBAN BLIGHT (R.I.P.) on guitar, Steve Musgrave also on guitar and Rick Smith on bass). This is the first of two bands that Greg Benedetto has started and he even agreed to play drums. They recorded a demo last year that Painkiller records has made available as a EP. Slasher records (slasher.ca/store) will be releasing an EP of four new songs. VIOLENT FUTURE just played Not Dead Yet and will be playing New York's Alright and Chaos in Tejas soon. (www.violentfuture.bandcamp.com)

S.H.I.T.

S.H.I.T., Greg's other band, also started on a dare. He dared his friends to join him in a band. He gets to play guitar in this one with Warren from MOLESTED YOUTH/URBAN BLIGHT playing lead. Brandon from PURITY CONTROL is on bass, Jose from OWL EYES / EATING GLASS is on drums and Ryan sings. They have a demo out that floors me with a TERVEET KADET meets G.I.S.M. meets URBAN WASTE meets KILLING JOKE sound. The demo is available at www.whatwedoisdiscrete.bandcamp.com.

HASSLER is a new group of veterans who have been in too many bands to count and to list them would steer you in the wrong direction as to how they sound. Just imagine the DOUBLE NEGATIVE writing method applied to the grinding noise merchants of mid-'80s hardcore in bands like later period RIPCORD. The songs sound full, complete and detailed channeling the intensity of Sweden's HERATYS (RIP). They already have an EP out on *Schizophrenic* and a new EP called *Amorality* on Beach Impediment records. They are writing at a furious pace and you can keep up with them at www.hasslertoronto.bandcamp.com.

PURITY CONTROL are a new power violence inspired band featuring Payson from CAPITAL DEATH on vocals and Brandon, who moonlights in S.H.I.T., on bass. The band (puritycontrolhc.bandcamp.com) has self-released an EP called *Adjusting*. High Anxiety (highanxiety416.blogspot.ca) has put out a six-song EP called *Coping*, which Chris describes as "low-fi grind for creeps." Someone from ORCHID worked this recording on, which is also noteworthy. Live they have become notorious for nearly unprecedented raw intensity.

Matt Carroll from the ENDLESS BLOCKADE has teamed up with his old band-mate from CAPITAL DEATH, Payson, to start FARANG. They recruited Ivan from the SCHOOL JERKS to play drums. And Leah sings. The idea of the band has been to have a good time and try to make some bizarre, mean tunes channeling a wide variety of punk, hardcore and noise through a distorted and fuzzy bass sound set to loose drum structures, a discordant guitar and clear female shouted vocals. They have released one cassette and have some pending recordings. The band can be reached through Ivan at ivanrobertsdavis@yahoo.ca.

FARANG is not the only band that Ivan plays in. The Burgess brothers have convinced him to play drums in their new band KREMLIN. The threesome is inspired by early Finnish and Japanese thrash. It is noisy and raw sounding in a way that pays homage to these scenes. They released two demos last year one of which can still be found on their bandcamp page (www.kremlinpunk.bandcamp.com). The *Unscrewed* demo can be heard at www.youtube.com/watch?v=97jLdsdeh7M. Hardware records (www.hardware-records.com) out of Germany released a single called *Who Will Feed Me?* They toured in December and while on tour recorded eight new songs for a 12" that is coming out on Hardware in Europe and the School Jerks label Bad Vibrations and Beach Impediment over here. You can reach KREMLIN at kremlinpunk@gmail.com. The guitarist, Zack, has a one-man band project that he did called HARHAA. He recorded a demo that you can download for it at soundcloud.com/#nuclearwyrm/harhaa-demo-2.

Finally, the SCHOOL JERKS has released a full length. It is more early BLACK FLAG worship from these guys. Grave Mistake has co-released the record with Bad Vibrations, which is the SCHOOL JERKS' label and will also be releasing a BAD SKIN single. Bad Vibrations has also released a NAUGHTY GIRLS single. The singer, Luke, has started doing shows at his new

SPEARHEAD

place referred to as the Grunge Pit and in the summer he will get back to the Bridge Over Trouble Water events, which are these late night ravine parties that punk bands play using generators. (schooljerksadventurepunks.blogspot.ca)

DEAD MOUTH has been around for three years and are a nihilistic, negative hardcore band that take influences from GEHENNA, NEGATIVE APPROACH, SLAPSHOT and SHEER TERROR. The band features members of TEETHMARKS, OUT OF HAND and BLACK FAXES. At the time of this writing the band was recording a full length to be called *Hardcore For Death.* They also have a split 7" planned with HARANGUE. You should be able to track their recordings at deadmouth667.bandcamp.com.

HARANGUE plays metallic inspired hardcore and are doing a HATEBREED cover set coming up. The singer used to be in a band called WITH CONVICTIONS and they were from Orangeville. The drummer has been in a couple of bands as well. They have a new demo out called *Battle not with monsters,* which you can download at harangue.bandcamp.com. They also have an earlier release. haranguecult@gmail.com / facebook.com/haranguecult.

TOTAL TRASH has been around for two years and credit BAD CHOICE as being a major influence right down to blatantly stealing intros and riffs. They love the early Boston straight edge sound and combine it with more traditional punk sounds. They have a split 7" with a melodic pop punk powerhouse from Kitchener called MIGHTY ATOM on A Mountain Far and Buzz records. Deranged followed suit releasing a four-song single titled *Josef*, which got trashed in this very publication. TOTAL TRASH soldier on with a new recording and a possible summer tour. The band has a blog (noyorknoyork.blogspot.com) and the best way to reach them is through the singer Alican at alicanaratkoc@gmail.com.

Moving from songwriting and guitar Andy also keeps busy with a black metal project. Eric from COLUMN OF HEAVEN / URINE CUP also plays in the band and they are called ILMESTYS. They have a demo recorded and are currently working on new material, but this band is primarily a studio project despite all the hype they get on Youth Attack message boards. To find out more contact Andy at ανδψ.σταμμερσ≡γμαιλ.χομ.

Andy has also teamed up with Conor from SNAKEPIT, Matt from FOXMOULDER and Vuk to form SPEARHEAD. They are influenced by early New York hardcore as well as powerviolence and some furious hardcore à la Japanese and Italian style. The band has a demo available at spearhead.bandcamp.com and they should have their second demo any day now. They also plan for a summer tour with TOTAL TRASH.

Conor from SPEARHEAD has also teamed up with Campbell and Matt from DIRECT APPROACH to form a band called the WASTOIDS. Their sound combines the FREEZE with the CLITBOYS and some Oi! They have a demo and two EPs recorded to date. The demo is a four-song recording from last January some of which is up at www.wastoids.bandcamp.com. The cover has a rat shitting in the mouth of a fat white guy. That's our mayor and he comes from Etobicoke where these guys are from. The hate-on for this pig spans the city. The first EP came out in the summer and was referred to as "Three more songs about living in the suburbs" and used an old picture of Westwood Mall for the cover. Heritage vintage for all Etobicoke dwellers. The new EP just came out and is called *Wastoids is for the Children* and features a cover of CCR's *Fortunate Son*. To get in touch with the band you can write the singer Julian at jmaxymiw@me.com. They play infrequently as everyone is in other bands and the vocalist is going to school in Montreal.

DIRECT APPROACH are somewhat new and also from Etobicoke. Inspired by early New York hardcore and POISON IDEA, they write short and furious songs and recently played Not Dead Yet. Their singer is also away in Montreal at school, but they have worked on some new material. The band has three

recordings as well. Their first demo was three songs and came out in the fall of 2010. The second demo had four songs on it and came out in the summer of 2011. The band also recorded a session on our radio show and all three recordings are available on their bandcamp page at www.directapproach.bandcamp.com.

The drummer's younger brother Ryan sings in a band called WRONG GENERATION. They are the next generation of kids coming up. The band recorded a session at the radio station and you can find that up at www.wronggeneration.bandcamp.com. They also have a Facebook page.

In DIRECT APPROACH's downtime, guitarist Spencer has started another band called BURIAL PERMIT. They will be recording in the spring and should have a demo out soon. In the meantime they have started playing shows. You can get in touch with them through Spencer at spencerrapson@hotmail.com or check out burialpermit.bandcamp.com. Spencer also makes visual art for show flyers and band shirts.

IDSN

Andrew Nolan and Eric King from the ENDLESS BLOCKADE (RIP) and SLAUGHTER STRIKE (RIP) play in COLUMN OF HEAVEN. Dave Kristiansen from RAMMER, ABYSS, and SLAUGHTER STRIKE is on vocals and Mike Simpson of GODSTOPPER plays guitar. The band comes from a powerviolence background and have a split 7" with RADIOACTIVE VOMIT from Vancouver and an EP called *Holy Things for the Holy* on Iron Lung records due out in the spring. Their full length, titled *Mission from God*, is available from SPHC. (www.survivalistdeathcult.bandcamp.com or columnofheaven.tumblr.com)

ABYSS has been around for the last two years. Dave sings in this band as well and they have recorded two cassettes and are working on an album. The album will have a theme around the devolution of humankind. The band also features Rob formerly of LEGION666, Max currently of PURITY CONTROL and Ethan and Junior. Rob wanted to start a band with more grind, so they are influenced by EXTREME NOISE TERROR, NAPALM DEATH and then they also love bands like POISON IDEA and NO SECURITY. You can get their *Reins of Horror* recording at abyss666.bandcamp.com.

Deathcrust stalwarts and perpetual thorns in the side of the Toronto scene, LEGION DCLXVI (or 666 if you prefer), carry on into their fifteenth year with their cacophonous blend of crust and metal. Despite the fact that their most recent release on Schizophrenic records, *The Final Days*, signaled imminent demise, the band is currently working on eight new songs for their next release heralding the back to the basics "E.N.T. meets Bathory" approach that garnered a legion of disciples. LEGION and their "true Canadian misanthropic blackened hardcore" campaign of terror continues. (www.facebook.com/LegionDCLXVI /christraper@hotmail.com)

GOFUCKYOURSELF is a grind/crust band with SORE THROAT worship. They do a SHITLICKERS tribute set. They have a split 3" CD with SHITFACED from Sweden, and a split CD-R with DISLEKSICK from London. They also have plans to do splits with HYPEREMESIS, FACTION DISASTER, GORGONIZED DORKS, CAPTAIN 3 LEG (!!!),TU SUFRES. They plan on being as prolific as AGOTHOCLES. You can hear them at gofuckyourself.bandcamp.com and you can contact them through Screwface at grindcruster@gmail.com or facebook.com/grindcruster.

RISING CRUST are a metal, hardcore, doom band who have been around for close to a year now. They have recorded six songs to be pressed as a split with RILE from Salt Lake City. The guys from Hypaetheral records, who are also in TITAN, are helping with it. The recording was done at Boxcar studios in Hamilton, which is the same place where the CURSED recorded. You can reach RISING CRUST through Sean at forbesdonald@gmail.com.

TITAN have been around for a few years now and have been compared to BURIED INSIDE, UNION OF URANUS, ACME and other bands that are emotive and heavy. The band toured Europe last summer and has just released a full length called *Burn* that you can download at hypaethralrecords.bandcamp.com/album/burn. This will be released as a double LP on the band's label Hypaethral records. You can find out more about the band at titanslays.com or if you want to find out about releases on the label you can write the band at titanslays@gmail.com.

HAMMERHANDS, from Streetsville, plays a post metal stoner rock similar in sound to NEUROSIS, MELVINS, ISIS and the SWANS. The band is made up of former members of DANCE ELECTRIC and THE LOVE AND TERROR CULT. The band is releasing a full length called *Glaciers* and hopes to do a small tour with GODSTOPPER. You can find our more about the band at hammerhandstheband.com or hammerhandstheband.bandcamp.com and you can get in touch with them at info@hammerhandstheband.com.

GODSTOPPER is a noise/sludge band with a sizable alternative rock influence. The band features Mike on drums and vocals, Phil and Tobin on guitar and Miranda on bass. This is the same Mike from COLUMN OF HEAVEN and Super Heavy Sounds. The band

is touring the US in support of the *What Matters* LP, which you can find on godstopper.bandcamp.com. For other tidbits check godstopper.tumblr.com or write Mike at superheavysounds@gmail.com.

ABSOLUT go for a raw punk sound. These guys seriously sound like they listen to nothing other than Swedish hardcore bands like AVSKUM or DISKONTO. The band features Chris from SAIGON DISTRESS SIGNAL on vocals, Joel from RAMMER and LEFT FOR DEAD on guitar, Rich from ACTION on bass and Vassil from the CITY SWEETHEARTS on drums. They have a six-song demo at absolutnoise.bandcamp.com and you can reach them at insaneabsolutnoise@gmail.com and have recorded for an EP or 12" to come out on Electric Assault records out of Brooklyn.

RAD HABITS is a new band taking cues from the EXPLODING HEARTS and GREEN DAY. The band originally featured members of the CITY SWEETHEARTS, but currently contains former members of RACKSHOT, RIOT99 and a bunch more. They are loaded with talent and have records coming out on Mammoth Cave and Speedowax. (radhabits.bandcamp.com)

ANTI-VIBES is a new band with hardcore influences in the RUDIMENTARY PENI vein with some surf elements. They are hoping to record soon and have a facebook page at www.facebook.com/antivibes. They will make a bandcamp page once they have a recording together.

LEFT FOR DEAD played a reunion show in Baltimore with a couple of unannounced gigs in Toronto and Hamilton. Since then they have recorded some material that will get released as four separate singles as limited presses on a subscription style method. There are also plans to collect all those songs as an LP that will be released by A389 records, who are the folks that put on that reunion show in Baltimore. One of these songs will be released on a new Hamilton comp coming out on Schizophrenic.

BURNING LOVE are about to record a 7" with Josh Korody, who did the *Black Widow 7"*. Then they head out on a series of tours, which include the arctic, maybe China, Japan and/or Southeast Asia. Then they will record the third LP for Southern Lord in the fall or winter.

SCHOOL DAMAGE is a melodic snot nosed four-piece that loves all the early Lookout records. They have been around for two years and played with bands as big as the VIBRATORS and the QUEERS. They recorded a demo back in 2011 which is available at schooldamage.bandcamp.com/releases. This past summer the band released a six-song EP which can be downloaded at myfingersmybrainrecords.bandcamp.com/album/school-damage. Not to rest on their laurels, they have started work on a full length to be titled *Get Weird* (Schooldamageband@gmail.com).

UNBELIEVERS have a new full length out titled *It's not Luck you Need*, which sounds like Josie Cotton fronting the QUEERS. This represents the band's forth release and it is catchy in the FABULOUS STAINS kind of way. The band is touring and you can get in touch with them at unbelieversband.com.

Ugly Pop has just released the last of the unreleased DREAM DATES material as a single with covers of "Surfer Joe" on the A-side and "Tallahassie Lassie" on the flip. The SUICIDE DATES have written some new songs and hope to record those soon. They have a website at urotsukidojispad.com/dreamdates2.html.

SLUTS ON 45 is a garage punk band featuring former members of MURDERSQUAD T.O., SPOTTY BOTTY and the PUNCHING NUNS among others. They a six-song EP called *Steeped in Semen* available at slutson45.bandcamp.com or www.reverbnation.com/slutson45. They have recorded two more songs, which they hope to release. Both releases are on their own label Cheap Slut records (cheap.slut.records@gmail.com). They also have a video for the song "I like you so lets party" up at www.frequency.com/video/sluts-on-45-i-like-you-so-lets-party/60754804. You can contact the band at slutson45@gmail.com. (www.facebook.com/sluts.on.45.dive.music)

The legendary ARSON is back together. They have been playing for the past two years, but have confirmed a line up that features original members Rude, Marcel and Dave Quinton (who also played in the MODS / DEAD BOYS) and new member John Sutton of the WEAKERTHANS. Ugly Pop has re-released the *(Livin' with the) White Folks / Coho Coho* single, but flipped the order of the songs. Energized by this release and the solid response they've received over the last year's live shows, the band has written and recorded a new album and are currently mastering it at The Engine Room in New York. (www.arson-rock.com, www.facebook.com/arson.music or www.reverbnation.com/arsonmusic)

Marcel and John have another project going with drummer Cleave Anderson of TYRANNA / BATTERED WIVES called SID'S KIDS. The idea was to be a band that could invite singers and players from the original Toronto punk scene to perform and they have done some things with Mickey and Patsy of the CURSE, Zero from ZRO4, Chris Haight of ZOOM / VILETONES, Fergus of A PASSING FANCY, Barrie of the EXISTERS and many others. The band has a repertoire of over 100 songs and they play at least once a month.

Members of the EXISTERS have a new band called FREEDOM 85 that they describe as adult wave power. They are working on a CD titled *Mid Life Crisis Rock*. You can contact the band through Barrie at barrieexister@rogers.com.

Don Pyle has been busy with reunion shows for KING COBB STEELIE and SHADOWY MEN FROM A SHADOWY PLANET. His book *Trouble in the Camera Club* has been out for a while on EWC Press. And Ugly Pop re-released the CRASH KILLS 5 single, *What do you do at night?* Don has been recording bands in his upstairs attic studio and some of the recent recordings to have come out are by the SADIES, LEGATO VIPERS and the SOUPCANS. At the time of print, Don was mixing BLACK HEEL MARKS album, which sounds like a band of musicians pulled together for this project. And he is working on new singles by the FILTHY GAZE OF EUROPE, which will include a song with Sally Timms of the MEKONS doing guest vocals. There is more for the lurkers at www.donpyle.com or www.troubleinthecameraclub.com.

Sam Sutherland's book on the Canadian punk is out. The book is called *Perfect Youth* and it is the first historical text of its kind. The book connects a lot of dots with the movers and shakers of the era and is a welcome addition to the current literature, which includes *Smash the State* and *Treat Me Like Dirt*. (perfectyouthbook.com/author)

Colin Brunton has finished his new film *The Last Pogo Jumps Again*. This has been seven years in the making. The film is three and a half hours in length, and has just premiered at Canadian Music Week. Hopefully this will start making the rounds in the festival circuit. Colin has a website with information about the film and early Toronto punk scene at www.thelastpogo.net.

Show Spaces

Toronto continues to lack a permanent all ages space. Despite that a couple of punk houses in the east end have started doing shows. The Polyhaus on Carlaw and the Grunge Pit on McPhee Place and a place on Sterling Avenue, which just did the HASSLER record release show. In the west end the Soy Bomb HQ does shows in their space using the half pipe as a stage. Parts and Labour in Parkdale does the occasional all ages shows, but it is

usually on a shitty day (Monday). The Hard Luck Bar has moved to Dundas Street. The Bovine Sex Club on Queen Street also does shows. Every Tuesday is a free punk show. The Horseshoe Tavern and Lee's Palace continue to book bigger bands unless you are RANCID in which case those go to concert venues. All of the clubs have listings in a weekly entertainment rag called *Now Magazine*. And a comprehensive on-line source is justshows.com/toronto.

Promoters

Greg Benedetto does most of the shows under *Stuck in the City*. He can be reached at greg.benedetto@gmail.com.

Radio

Over a year ago this city lost a campus/community radio station (CKLN 88.1 FM) and with it the longest running punk show in the city called *Aggressive Rock*.

I co-host a hardcore show on CIUT 89.5FM called *Equalizing-X-Distort*. The show has been on the air for fourteen years now and the other co-hosts include D'Arcy, Rob and Ivan. We have a blog at equalizingxdistort.blogspot.ca and you can reach us at equalizingxdistort@ciut.fm. Our show airs every Sunday night from 10:00 pm till midnight and you can hear the broadcast live at www.ciut.fm.

THE NEW ENEMY

At two o'clock on Monday morning we air *Maximumrocknroll radio*. On Tuesday night at 5:00 pm there is *Moondog Ballroom* with Dhaibid James who was the main instigator behind getting *MRR* on the air (www.facebook.com/daibhid.james).

A great little garage show called *Reel Time Radio* is on at 6:00 pm, featuring Rocky and Deena. (www.realcooltimeradio.blogspot.com)

A two-hour powerviolence show called *Super Heavy Sounds* airs at midnight on Tuesday night and is hosted by Mike Simpson (www.superheavysounds.com).

A two-hour punk show on Thursday's at Midnight is called *Rock n Roll Radio* is hosted by Casey. (www.randrradio.blogspot.ca)

And there are a few other shows. Needless to say punk is well represented throughout the station's programming schedule.

Barrie / Orillia

There are surrounding areas that feed into the Toronto scene. Hamilton is one of them, but a "Defend Hamilton" scene report appeared not too long ago and they did a great job so I will focus on bands up north in the Barrie / Orillia area.

There is a straight edge band called DEMOLITION who just recorded a single and are trying to figure out how to put it out. Their buddy Matt has a digital download label called Blank Stare and he has the band's demo available on his bandcamp site at blankstarehardcore.bandcamp.com/album/demo-2012.

Another buddy of DEMOLITION is Nate and he has started a band with some older dudes called ANCIENT HEADS. Jason de Young, formerly of the KILL DECIBEL and more formerly of URBAN BLIGHT plays drums. They have a great three-song demo available at blankstarehardcore.bandcamp.com/album/demo-2012-vol-1. They also have a live split tape with INTENT, but it is sold out. They are working on their next cassingle and are also hoping to play a few shows in the States even though they have only played out once that I know of. Nate and Emmet from DEMOLITION contribute to a zine in the US called *Mosher's Delight*.

GENERATION HEXED has been around for a while. The band features former members of SONS OF ISHMAEL and FLECKS OF DROOL.

Glenn of BSL / PHALLOCRACY fame is in a new band called the GROGGIES who play short, fast and heavy in the vein of CIRCLE JERKS meets POISON IDEA. They have a ten-song CD and already have another two releases worth of stuff that they are working on. You can get in touch with the band at Facebook / email us at: τηεγρογγιεσ≅γμαιλ.χομ or write for a copy of the CD ($7.00 ppd) to Glenn McGarvey - 75 Leslie Avenue / Barrie ON / L4N 9P3 / Canada.

The GROGGIES turned me onto an Oi! inspired band called DRUNKEN KNIGHTS and their EP, which you can get at oithedrunkenknights.bandcamp.com/album/one-drunken-night-e-p.

BEAVER SLAP is an all girl hardcore band from Barrie. They have released a four song EP called *The War Paint* on She Died Productions and have a band page up at www.facebook.com/BeaverSlaps.

GASWITCH has been a band for five years now playing dirty rotten old school offensive punk along the lines of the DAYGLO ABORTIONS. They put out a 29-song EP titled *The Greatest Punk Album the World will ever know*. They are working on new material but the EP is available at gaswitch.bandcamp.com. You can reach them at www.facebook.com/gaswitch.

That's about all I could scrounge up, but if you are in a hardcore band and want radio airplay drop me a line at equalizingxdistort@ciut.fm.

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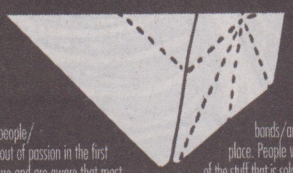

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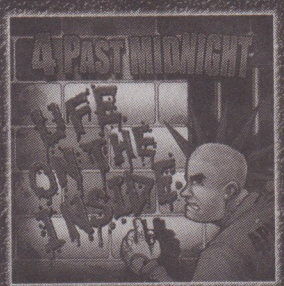

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MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL 1982 TO

UAE SCENE REPORT

by Reymond Bravo

OK, here we go—three spoons of coffee, one spoon of sugar, a jumbo bag o' M&M's and a fuckin' typewriter. Well, not really, because I'm doing this scene report in the now, and nowadays I'm at an age where I can afford to buy my own friggin' laptop: this black seed of the undead corporate empire... See, my attention wandered out already, I'm supposed to be wasting your time with more remote matters and that's a scene report of the Middle East... Damn, when I say Middle East it sounds so badass, like I'm dodging bullets and using Taliban underwear. No, I'm actually in the United Arab Emirates, sunny Dubai to be exact, where every sick white trash gets to be treated like untouchable royalty and Asians like me gets to be treated like those black dudes in ROOTS.

But first, something about the country. It's a young country—your grandparents, if they got to see Hitler live on TV, are probably older. It's a young country but it's 50 times more developed than 70% of all the third world countries around the world. It's like God downloaded Sim City on Pirate Bay and decided to make a real ass city overnight, with crazy ass mega structures and shit. Buildings which looks like a ball? They got it. Buildings tall enough to make the Kong sick? They got it. Cars covered in Swarovski shits? They got it. Slave labor? They got it. Women going to prison for being raped? They got it too. The country is populated by 80% Indians and the rest of the population is divided between the locals and every other race of expat in the world and their imported pets. The ruler of this country is probably the coolest ruler here in the ME, well compared to all the other scary dudes running its neighboring country. I mean c'mon, you don't see people going crazy here, going out on the street and shooting people—people are given an Xbox for that. So yeah, we're pretty lame compared to countries like Egypt and Syria. The UAE don't have 7-11 but they do have Zoom! Now Zoom! doesn't have the Slurpee but that's it! That's the youth crisis that's the source of the angst and youth rebellion!

Oh fuck it, I was never good at this Lonely Planet shit, so instead of info you can get from any travel book, I'll just go ahead with the scene report. Who knows if I live long enough after this report to be published. Maybe then I'd even do an insider's travel log of the place and give travelling punks info on this region so they won't get their ass kicked or worse, raped.

When I first did the scene report I actually did it in a manner we did scene reports in the Philippines. We would send simple questionnaires to bands and organizations and then base the scene report on their answers. It usually works because in countries like the Republic of Philippines people involved in the underground share an active enthusiasm with here... Well, let's just say most bands here do play loud music but it's more of a hobby than a way of life. There are a few cool and totally rad groups around and so I'll do my best to include them in this report without having their ass end up in a police line up, after some terror crazed rich kid from this region reads a copy of your zine from some boarding school in the UK or somethin' and reports their ass to the baladiya.

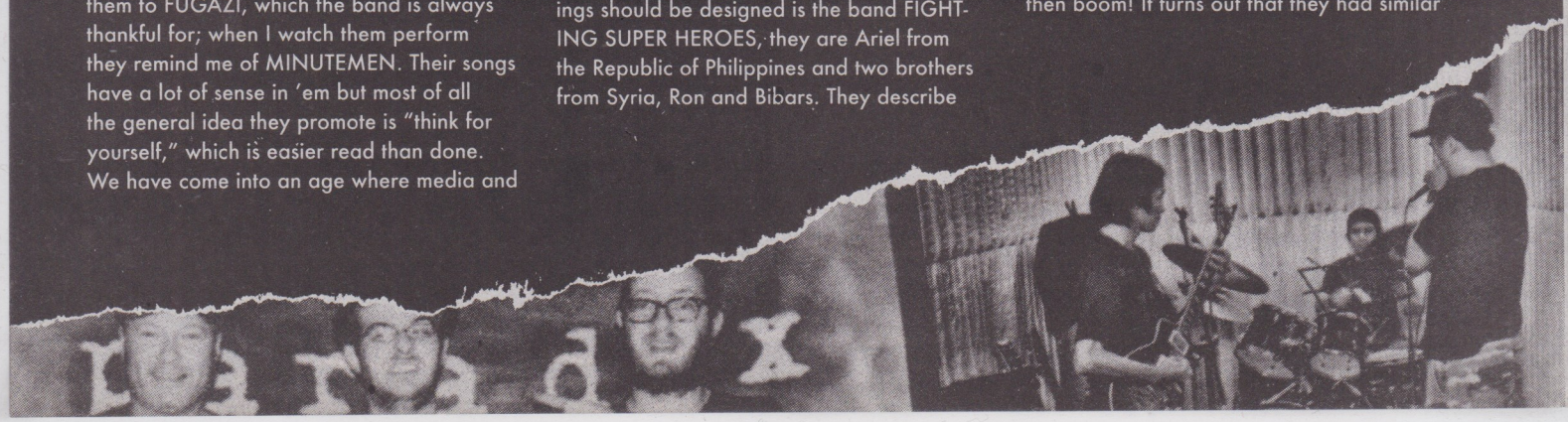
A friend of mine told me that very few people got into punk rock and most of them just want to get out of the country as soon as they graduate from high school. Hell, who could blame 'em? But the thing is they go to places like UK and the US and see how hard living on their own is and realize just how sheltered they are in the UAE. And after a while they come back here and start clubbing! Most kids here are into clubs, those who aren't are into metal and treat Nickelback's I Want to Be a Rockstar as their personal manifesto. What I did is give the people a chance to explain themselves because of such a diverse difference in culture. I often get in trouble for speaking my mind here, but I told them that if they don't answer soon, I'd be the one describing their punk ass and I might fall in their family's Honor Killing List. So... I need to write in a way that also protects my friends. The purpose of this scene reports is a hope that these kids find someone to talk to from the outside world and, even from that simple act, get a glimpse of how free human beings live.

First off the supreme instigators of everything awesome and inspirational, and that's GRAND HOTEL PARADOX. They're no stranger to MRR; I think you guys interviewed them in the past. GHP is an unstoppable beast fighter driven by three handsome punk debonairs, Chris Ryan, Mike Priest and Stix. They came from... well, they told me that they lived in enough countries to make a small UN dissident group. They describe their songs to be more preachy than Jello Biafra, worse live than MISSION OF BURMA. People compare them to FUGAZI, which the band is always thankful for; when I watch them perform they remind me of MINUTEMEN. Their songs have a lot of sense in 'em but most of all the general idea they promote is "think for yourself," which is easier read than done. We have come into an age where media and the corporate controlled ideas transmitted to our perception have the power to manipulate our desires.

You have to ask yourself sometime, can you think for yourself? Well these people can and they even sing about it, so don't hit that Like button if you pay a shitload of money and fall onto a long queue to see a fucking cockrock band. GHP recently released a number of LP CD's, which are very well produced and totally DIY! It's well produced because their vocalist/guitarist Chris studied sound engineering and the rest of the band is just too darn good at what they do to fuck up a recording. You can check their music and stuff at their own label, ABBREVIATED records. Currently they're working on a 12" full length, something every cat and dog (and me!) is waiting for this year. On a side note, Chris is really doing good things with Abbreviated records, early this year he put out a Middle-East punk benefit compilation, which you can get from www.abbreviatedrecords.com as a digital download or limited CD pressing with bonus tracks! He's planning on some more releases from regional bands hopefully on vinyl! You can reach him at abbreviatedrecords@gmail.com. You can reach GHP at grandhotelparadox@gmail.com or www.grandhotelparadox.com. Recently their bass player Mike and drummer Stix formed a new band called DEAD SHAKES, as Chris is now finishing his studies abroad and just visits the UAE from time to time to check on his multi billion ice cone business. I haven't seen DEAD SHAKES but I heard a recording they made and it sounds so good it can make you, your extraterrestrial friend and your BMX fly!

Another perfect example of how human beings should be designed is the band FIGHTING SUPER HEROES, they are Ariel from the Republic of Philippines and two brothers from Syria, Ron and Bibars. They describe their music as a mix of punk and hard rock, which is true. They're just three people, but damn if you listen to them it's like Xerxe's whole army is marching towards you with big fucking mincers! I've actually listened to their track in the ABBREVIATED records compilation and hot damn it's the sound equivalent of minding your own business and suddenly a ton of bricks just falling from a crane. Music is heavy and the vocals are awesome! Reminds me of the ol' anarcho punk band TERMINUS (UK), do you remember TERMINUS? "Bring Out Your Dead" TERMINUS? No? Too bad. FIGHTING SUPER HEROES is a band to check out, I'm totally waiting for their record to come out. They're one of Dubai's best group. Plus their drummer is so good he is being barrowed by two thee other bands? Ariel should be the most protected drummer in the country, because if he gets kidnapped by drum-hating aliens and sent to a planet inhabited by naked Martians who all look like Kay Parker, then at least three punk bands will disband.

Then if you're having trouble defeating marauding monsters there's the grind sound of MATICRUST! MATICRUST is currently based in Abu Dhabi, UAE. MATICRUST is a Filipino crust/punk/grind band formed in the year 2011, their influences being DISRUPT, EXTREME NOISE TERROR, TERRORIZER, BRUTAL TRUTH, the CASUALTIES, DISCHARGE and other bands involved in the crust/grind genre. This lineup is still new here in the UAE, but they have been involved in decades of history of the underground scene. The members have been active on the islands of Luzon and Mindanao since the early '90s. The band started when Don and Dennis met Paul on a meeting from some shitty Pinoy Music Organization in Abu Dhabi. But when Don noticed Paul's T-shirt he then approached him and ask some queries about something and then boom! It turns out that they had similar



roots and a common interest and identity, which lead them to schedule a jam/drinking session at Paul and Vincent's flat, which eventually became annoying and pissed off their flat mates and some other tenants underneath or above them, listening to their loud crust/grind music bursting around the building... hence MATICRUST have been reincarnated. So see? T-shirts are useful! Wear them and be as constructive as the boys in MATICRUST. I am eager to get the CD from this band. Their music can tear battleships apart so yeah, that's fucking brutal.

And finally there's the VICTIMS, a three-piece outfit consisting of there here writer, coming from Dubai, Maria coming from Sharjah and Kulot coming from Abu Dhabi! Damn, that's three friggin' Emirates foo! Three long travels every weekend! So we spend most of our time traveling and when we meet up we play what we love best for a coupla hours and then travel far again to go back to our homes, so we'd probably release a travel journal first before we release a record! The music is a bit horror surf punk according to people who listened to us on my phone while I'm having my daily paratha flatbread in the pantry. Some say that they felt totally jumpy listening to our happy summer tunes, but felt sorry for the poor sucker who penned all the songs when they read the sad, sad lyrics. We're Filipinos by the way, racially marginalized in the UAE as Kabayans. So yeah, we are the cotton pickin' slaves of the UAE and nobody in their rightful mind ever books us for a gig because we're freaks and secretly piss everyone off. You can contact us through me! Or you can email us at rmbforme@gmail.com We also do trades! At the moment we still haven't finished our first 7" but we have other 7"s of bands much better than us that we can trade! We're also on bandcamp, but who isn't. Currently we're having a garage sale of our neighbors' stuff we took from them to finance a split project with the UAE's most gorgeous band DEAD SHAKES and another split with the Philippines' roxy band FAUX PAX! We also do an elf-sized zine called Wrong Choice of Words. We reply better with real mails! The VICTIMS c/o Rei Bravo, Po Box 1155, Dubai, UAE. Well there you go people please feel free to write us!

There're actually more awesome bands here but they really didn't give a fuck about answering my mail anymore because I'm a fucking freak, but they are nevertheless bands with their heart in the right place. So who knows, maybe they'll answer my mail in the future. Check them out online: PLAINWAVE, the DIRTY MACHINES and CRANIAL SPEW. These bands are man-made catastrophes converted into unstoppable music groups, and I'm sure they're more talented than our asses, so check them out on bandcamp and YouTube or the evening news....

How about gigs...Gigs do happen here but most of the time it's all metal and grind and death. Punk gigs probably happen here less than people see aliens come out of a UFO to piss on the side of the road—which is very rare. Gigs do happen every once and a while and the last totally awesome gig that happened here was the benefit compilation from ABBREVIATED records, but other than that it is a lot of metal, as we have a scene here for that too. Why metal? Because haircuts here are fucking expensive! Plus all the fans' rat sacrifices are being met by the gods with blessings of providing them with major metal acts from time to time, like last month was GUNS'N'ROSES and this month it's METALLICA... So there's no BAD RELIGION, there's no DROPKICK MURPHYS, not even a GREENDAY—it's all metal. Metal metal metal, we got so much metal we can rebuild Cybertron! But respects to all the metal bands in this part of the world, this country takes its cultural laws very seriously and if you promote a certain idea or lyrics that contradict these mores then it could literally spell your heavy metal doom! So kids following their desires beyond such risks...man you gotta respect that, right? So even though I personally love punk rock, I have total respect for these people doing it hard and heavy beyond the odds that they live with, so in a way that's underground!

So where's punk rock in that map? Under the underground! Man we're so underground I can smell the oil! If you want to talk about networking and some serious ass collaboration projects you can contact Chris Ryan at ABBREVIATED records. If you want to talk about gigs and touring this region, there's STATESIDE PRODUCTION here and some other dudes too... If you want a fucking mail-a-bride then just contact the Dubai zoo, you ass. Well that's it for now, for more inquiries you can write us at Wrong Choice of Words fanzine at rmbforme@gmail.com. If you do a zine and you wish to interview people here I can also forward your emails. OK stay safe and have fun! Shokran!

BORN

Born Wrong is a group of five young dudes out of Hamilton, Ontario who play a rabid, piss'n'vinegar brand of hardcore. Big guitars, a bigger frontman and a drummer that pounds like a caveman; they pack a pretty mean shot. It makes sense: they were weaned on early NYC and D.C. area HC. They're also at the front edge of the Hamilton, Ontario's burgeoning—and I mean really fucking exploding—punk scene.

Born Wrong took their act into the U.S. for the first time last summer and plan on returning with their debut 7-inch—four tracks that clock in at just over five pummeling minutes—this spring. We caught up to talk about ball-peens, privilege and the adventures of a group of fine young Canadian boys playing their way through the North East. Interview by Chris Hampton.

MRR: Born Wrong? That's a funny name. What's up with it? Who was Born Wrong?

Scott: Originally, the band name came from our previous bass player and drummer who had a band named Born Wrong before that...when those guys left we decided to keep it. I think it fits well with who we are and what we have swirling around in our heads. I guess the way we always thought of it related to the degree of control people can have over their own lives. I mean, in the socio-economic scale I was by no means born wrong...but have I been playing someone else's game? Do I have any real control over my future? No. I was born wrong...like most people.

CJ: What's funny about it? For me, the name comes from being scorned for growing up in a privileged position. I was adopted when I was a few months old into a family that was financially well off. Some people like to point that out as if it's something to be mortified of. I guess in that sense I'm born wrong.

MRR: You're from Hamilton, ON. Tell me about punk in Hamilton. Who'd you like growing up and who do you like now? Zines? Record companies? Venues?

Scott: I was out of the punk scene for a bit after high school and it seems as though I came back during some kind of crazy fucking renaissance. Hamilton has a solid punk/HC community that just seems to keep growing right now. No bullshit, the community really started growing when Hammer City records opened up. At least that's how I've seen it go down. Schizophrenic records opened the shop downtown and has been putting on shows and helping out bands for a couple years now... I can't say enough about them. Some bands to note: [guitarist] John's in another band called Debt'd and we have good friends in Snake Charmer and Social Divorce that have been killing it lately. Also look out for the young guns from the band Not.

Brandon: I live in a house with my girlfriend and two guys and we throw house shows. We call it The Retirement Home. It's just your standard dank basement but we've got a PA and usually get people to DJ. We've had shows with Snake Charmer and TV Freaks, as well as a lot of other southern Ontario bands.

MRR: Now, about this new 7-inch inch you have come out on Schizophrenic records in April. "Torch the Place" opens the thing, and you're singing about coming through someone's house with a ball-peen hammer. Whose house are you going through and what'd they do to get you so pissed off?

Scott: This is a basically just a response to how the economic "crisis" that has been going on the last few years has been framed. The quality of life for people, more specifically those who are already marginalized, is being stripped away on a regular basis and the excuse is that our overarching economic system made a boo-boo? I'd like to take those responsible and smash their fucking heads in with a ball-peen hammer.

MRR: Another lyrics question. "Wage Slave" is like a mantra for any kid who's bothered to look up long enough to realize that they've got it pretty good. "Daddy was a wage slave/but he made enough/Mommy was a wage slave/oh now I got too much/I am nothing more than a privileged fuck." Is this about feeling a bit guilty about the house you grew up in or something else?

Scott: The song is basically about useless guilt trips. It's also to revisit how people reflect on "class." I mean, the lyrics are pretty straightforward. There's always some snob, usually someone who never takes a real stance on anything, who goes out of their way to question people about what kind of jobs their parents had or what side of the city they're from, before allowing them to have a fucking opinion. I wasn't born on the street, you're right, I'm nothing more than a privileged fuck. Write a blog about it, clown.

WRONG

MRR: This past summer, you toured the East Coast and dipped down into the U.S.—you got to open for Neo Cons and play ABC No Rio. Tell us about your favourite show and why?

Scott: Yeah, we went down as far as the Maryland area, up the coast, and crossed into Quebec, then home. We played a lot of house shows and small venues which was awesome...I don't know if I could pick a favorite...the ABC No Rio show was crazy, Living Eyes and Punch are really intense and really rad people. Cloud City in Philly was a really cool house venue. We played with a wicked band, Ancient Filth, at the Democracy Center in Cambridge. I was really impressed with them. Playing with Neo Cons at Death House in Montreal was one of the most fun shows I think I've ever played. I don't know, it was all really good.

CJ: I think Montreal was my favorite time on the last tour. Playing at Death House with Neo Cons was wild. And we got to stay at a friend's house, who happens to live near a bottling plant. We were all pretty trashed by the end of the night and woke up on a hard wood floor to the sound of bottles smashing outside. It was infuriating, but in hindsight, was fucking hilarious.

MRR: Notice any differences between the hardcore communities you've visited in Canada and the States?

Brandon: I didn't notice any crazy differences, but I did notice how friendly everyone was. Everybody we talked to was great, they all had kind things to say and were willing to help us out when we needed it. We were never short on offers of places to sleep.

CJ: I think the punk communities in Canada and the U.S. share a lot. As a touring band the U.S. is pretty amazing. You can drive a couple hours in pretty much any direction on the East Coast and arrive in a huge city with at least one punk venue and some cool people to hang out with.

MRR: I heard a fellow named TJ showed your drummer Brandon his first handgun in Virginia, what are three other firsts that happened on that tour?

Scott: It was the first time I was near a bunch of really significant historical landmarks and didn't give a shit. I just wanted to keep playing shows and seeing bands.

Brandon: Every place we played was a first to me. I barely left southern Ontario before the tour.

CJ: The first time I had ever been freaked out while camping was in Maryland. We found a state park and when we got there it was really late. There were a couple of deer on the gravel road and everyone in the van was ready to get out. We kept driving deeper into the bush hoping to see campsites. It seemed like the road never ended. Then more and more deer just started appearing. There were deer everywhere. There must have been 30 along the road just staring at us. It was cool at first, but it eventually became terrifying. There were so many just standing there motionless, looking right at us, and the road never seemed to fucking end. We got the hell out of there.

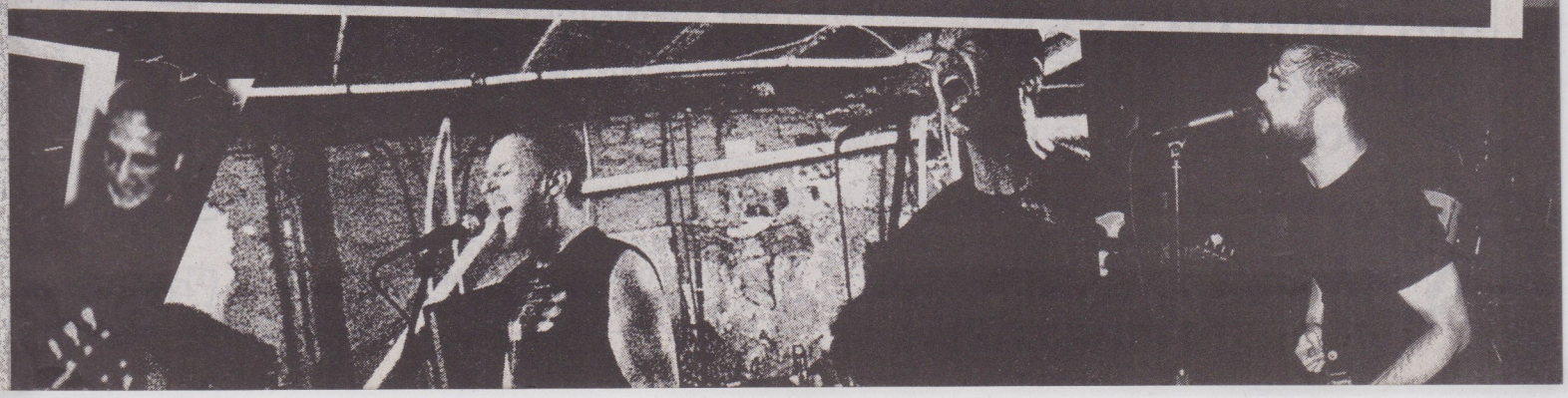
MRR: It seems like you had a good time stateside, where will you haul the Born Wrong to roll out this new 7-inch?

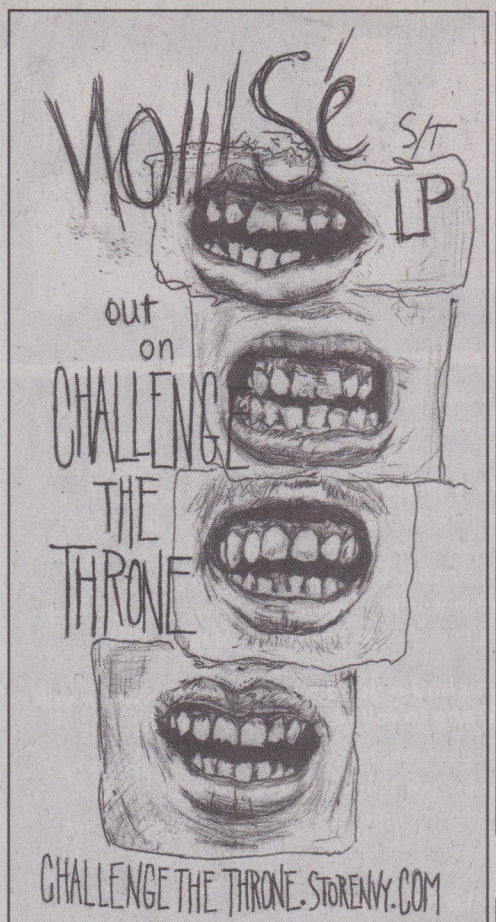
Scott: Back to the East Coast from May 3rd to the 19th, maybe stay one extra day. Going to go to a couple places in Ohio which we didn't get to last summer. A bunch of shows between D.C. and Boston and then home.

Born Wrong's May 2013 tour dates are:

03/5- BUFFALO, NY
04/5- CLEVELAND, OH
05/5- DAYTON, OH
06/5- COLUMBUS, OH
07/5- COLUMBUS, OH (IN STORE)
08/5- WINCHESTER, VA
10/5- WASHINGTON, DC
11/5- BALTIMORE, MD
12/5- PHILADELPHIA, PA
14/5- TRENTON, NJ
15/5- ATLANTIC CITY, NJ
17/5- NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ
18/5- BROOKLYN, NY
19/5- BOSTON, MA

Watch for the Born Wrong 7" available on Schizophrenic records this Spring. For more info contact Born Wrong at bornwrongbooking@gmail.com. Check their site at bornw.blogspot.com and hear their recordings at bornwrong.bandcamp.com. Schizophrenic records can be reached at www.schizophrenicrex.com . When in Hamilton, Ontario you can visit Hammer City records at 228 James N. Hamilton, Ontario. The entrance is off Robert Street, down the alley and in the basement. How fuckin' swank is that!?





NAILS

ABANDON ALL LIFE
LP/CD/CS

The second Nails full length:Abandon All Life is 10 tracks of barbaric rage that have no resemblance to the laughable retro party metal that passes as extreme music in todayls world. Abandon All Life brutally carpet bombs the listener with a horrifying brand of Death/Grind/ Hardcore chaos. Nails flawlessly blend the purest and best moments of death metal akin to SUFFOCATION, early NASUM, and CELTIC FROST with their own sadistic aggression. With profound hatred, the howling war cry of ABANDON ALL LIFE shows NAILS as a band without equal in their class.

POWER TRIP

MANIFEST DECIMATION
LP/CD

Drawing from the sacred texts of the Cro-Mags, Vio-lence, Leeway, Exodus, and Nuclear Assault, Texas savages Power Trip have unleashed their debut album with Southern Lord. They leave in their wake a multitude of crushed generic and feeble contemporaries. POWER TRIP don't emulate they properly channel the old-school energy of the old cross-over gods and add their own brand of modern thrash warfare. The recording is absolutely face-peeling and will ensure maximum head-banging from the hordes.

Agrimonia

RITES OF SEPARATION
LP/CD

Agrimonia's sound could be described as the bastard child of the epic, bittersweet sounds of bands like Counterblast and Neurosis, together with the simplicity and murk of bands as Bolt Thrower and Bathory. Thundering death and black metal soaked doom, with hints of crust, as well as atmospheric and epic darkness. The guitars range from devastating heaviness to gloomy acoustic sections, with piercing leads that flash through the darkness. "Rites of Separation" was recorded at Studio Fredman in Sweden by Fredrik Nordstrom in the winter of 2012/2013.

HESSIAN

MANEGARMR
LP/CD

Manegarmr is the debut full length release from Belgiums' HESSIAN. The album was mixed by the infamous Tomas Skogsberg (Entombed, Unleashed, Dismember) at Sunlight Studios in Sweden. Mastered by Brad Boatright (Sleep, HIgh on Fire, Nails). Marked by a storm looming beneath towering guitars and hectic drum patterns, HESSIAN is the sound of the savage howl of the lone wolf to the pack. For fiends of: Converge, Neurosis, Dark Throne, Integrity

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6/24 - OAKLAND, CA @ ELI'S
6/25 - PORTLAND, OR @ RED ROOM
6/26 - SEATTLE, WA @ 2 BIT SALOON
6/27 - VANCOUVER, BC
6/28 - CALGARY, BC @ VERN'S
6/29 - EDMONTON, AB @ RITCHIE HALL
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7/2 - MINNEAPOLIS, MN
7/3 - INDIANAPOLIS, IN @ SINKING SHIP

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FROM OVERDOSE ON RECORDS: SPLIT 7" WITH BRING DOWN THE HAMMER
COMING SOON: NEW FULL LENGTH "IN THE AGE OF CORPORATE PERSONHOOD"

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES

OVERDOSE ON RECORDS

Homicide is a three-piece crust core/grind attack from Santa Catarina, Brazil. Their music is short, fast, powerful and tight. The songs are well structured with killer riffs and superhuman drumming. I first stumbled upon these guys by chance in early 2012 and was instantly hooked by their pinpoint timing and thick sound as much as their refreshing DIY attitude. The band have recently released their debut 18-track album O Que O Cerca Está Morto to wide acclaim, instantly being voted into the top ten new releases in Hell Divine magazine, and also plan to release a split 7" with Malaysian grinders Rotgut in the very near future. A prolific live act in their native Brazil, a tour of Europe is also planned for 2014. Interview by Phil O'Grady, questions answered by Sommer. Photos by Andreia Savaris, Átila Viana, Rafael and Rodrigo, Felipe Winterlord.

MRR: Please tell me when the band started, who is in the band and who plays what instruments?
We started in 2006 and initially our plans were to start a hardcore/thrash band not unlike Ratos de Porão, Sepultura and Slayer. After some line-up changes and new members, we got a little more aggressive, focusing on a more crusty, grindcore approach with some death metal hints. Currently, Homicide is Marlon on drums, Diego on guitars/vocals and Sommer on bass/vocals.

MRR: What do each member of the band do for a living? Do you all have jobs? Is the band a full time or part time thing for you all?
Yeah, we all have full time jobs. Unfortunately this is the only way to be able to pay for recording sessions, instruments, travels, tours, beer, rent and all the other things we need to make this running.

Marlon runs a sound equipment company for mainstream events, Diego works as a clerk in a music instrument store, and Sommer has a desk job on the management field. But other than that, Homicide is our main thing. There's not a single day that we do not waste some hours on it. Be it writing riffs or lyrics, or even making plans. The only downside is that Sommer lives 65 miles away from the rest of the band, so we can only rehearse on weekends.

MRR: What is the band's current discography?
In 2007 we recorded nine songs to release as our first demo, named *Total Decay*; but before we unleash it on the world's ears we got invited by No Más No, a Mexican band, to be part of a three-way split together with them and Subcut. Unluckily this release never got through and those songs got shelved until 2012, when we release it as it was meant to be, the *Total Decay* demo on CD-R though Detesto records. So, even if this wasn't our first release, it is our first record. Some months later in 2007 we participate on a four-way split tape released by a Canadian label called Aggressive Valley, together with the bands: Violent Gorge, SMD and Pureza Genocida. We used four songs from that demo sessions. We have just released our debut album *O Que O Cerca Está Morto* on CD. Eighteen tracks in 20 minutes! It represents our sound as we would wish, a thick production giving it extra grind power! We are also recording right now for an upcoming split 7" with our brothers from Malaysia, Rotgut. This will be an international co-release between several labels including Your Poison (Portgual), Bombs Away (Norway), Imminent Destruction (UK), Scullcrusher (Greece), Exitstencia Muerta (Venezuela), Terrotten (Brazil). It's great to see so much interest and support from DIY labels across the world!

MRR: What are your musical influences? What bands (if any) inspired you to make your music? What bands do all members listen to most days?
Our mainly influences in our early grind days have always been Terrorizer, Disrupt, Napalm Death, Regurgitate, Nasum and ExNxTx. They had inspired us for a long time and they still are big influences on us. Lately we add some crust influences to our music, that can clearly be heard on our upcoming album. A truly "Grind Crust" assault.
The bands that we all listen to most of the days, besides the ones already mentioned, are Phobia, Massgrave, D.E.R., Doom, Wormrot, Uncurbed, Hutt, Anti-cimex, Disclose, Rotten Sound, Unholy Grave, Contrast Attitude, Nashgul, Social Chaos, Massgrav, Whipstriker, Assück, Insect Warfare, Infanticide, Warcollapse, Nuclear Death Terror, Driller Killer, Subterror, Gloom, Siege of Hate, Offal, and a lot of good fucking bands to mention… This is our passion, so we always buy new records on our friends' distros, so we listen to new bands on a regular basis too.

MRR: What are your personal views on the hardcore scene, at home and overseas?
Your band plays crust/grind but also with a hardcore edge, do you find this style is more popular now with a lot of bands "crossing over" and signing to major labels or is it still an underground style?
Well, our local scene is in a good place right now since it was

basically dead some years ago. Nowadays we have gigs almost every month, the bands care and respect each other, the city is, again, a reference for foreign bands to play, gigs are getting a good audience which means we no long have to pay for it to happen. We think this is happening in almost every big city in Brazil. There are a lot of good bands being formed and a lot of good records being released. People are caring for vinyl again and there are labels starting and joining forces with the old ones to make things happen again. We now get surprised by receiving flyers and poster of gigs, and it's not unusual to see some friend's band playing. We really hope that things continue to work that way because it's a long and hard road.

Overseas we had always heard of good and active scenes with a lots of bands, releases, gigs, labels, zines... So that had always been a blueprint for us, Brazilians, to do things. I think we are on the right path but as we said it's still a long road home. Hardcore definitely gained popularity over the past few years, mainly because of the internet. Nowadays it's very easy for a kid to go from the Clash to Repulsion on a couple of clicks. But we think it will always be underground in its essence, because the underground goes way beyond the music. While the kids are downloading albums and popular bands getting deals with majors, who is really responsible for the underground is writing a zine, booking a gig, trading records, buying records, reading its lyrics, caring for its art... For us, the underground is not a temporary thing, but the place we choose to be... the place we will die for. It goes beyond words what it can provide you.

MRR: Has the band toured at all, in Brazil or outside of the country? What bands did you have the best times playing with?
All of them! Be it a gig only, a split record, a series of gigs, a labelmate. When we have holidays and national day-offs we organize mini-tours over some other states and provinces. In November we will play three gigs in São Paulo, where we have so many friends and people who care for our music. It will definitely be a blast and an unforgettable weekend. We have some plans to go and play on the Northeast side of Brazil. We already got the invitations, now we just need to figure everything else.

But, we think that if we had to choose, one of the best times was playing at a secret party together with Onanizer (Czech). There were a lot of friends there and was a lot of fun. But as I said, every gig is special on its own way.

MRR: Have you ever considered or been asked to play big festivals such as Obscene Extreme? Do you prefer to play small shows, indoor, outdoor or is this not important to you?
We had never been invited to play in big festivals or else. But you had to have in mind that we lost almost three years on a hiatus, so we are still a very young band. We came back earlier last year in 2012 and had been playing live nonstop since that. We really hope any crazy fellow invites us for a big gig or festival but since we never played in such conditions we do not know how it will feel and work out. So we do not have any way to compare it. What we can say is that we really love to play and it's really awesome to play in a place without a stage, where there are people all over and around you.

MRR: What are your future plans for the band? Releases? Tour?
We just finished recording and producing our first full length entitled *O Que O Cerca Está Morto*. It has eighteen songs in barely twenty minutes and will be released in Brazil in CD format. We are looking for foreign labels to release it on vinyl. We really hope to make a good starting point with that record. Besides that, this year, we will still be on a compilation LP released by the British label Imminent Destruction records, and all we can say is that it will be a raging as fuck record with a lot of awesome bands!
After all that we will work on a split with our good friends from Necromaster, a new grindcore band from São Paulo including members from Rot, Bandanos, Stench of Death, Under Threat, Mahogany... We are also planning a European Tour in 2013 or early 2014. That's it! Nothing too pretentious but everything will happen with both feet on the ground and much love for the noise.

MRR: Can you recommend any good DIY labels that are currently active?
There are a lot of good, hardworking and honest labels in Brazil nowadays. We respect and admire labels like Terrötten records, Cianeto Discos, Terceiro Mundo Chaos Discos, Carnificina records, Detesto records, Black Hole Productions, Bucho Discos, Insane Noise Distro. There are really a lot of them and it's not even possible to list it all, he he he.
But those are the ones we are in touch with most of the times, the ones that rip off our wallets!

MRR: Please give a message to the world! Thank you for taking the time to answer these questions!
Thanks to everyone that was able to read it all and was curious enough to learn about Homicide. Our first album is just around the corner, and if you are interested about it, just contact us. Actually contact us anyhow! We would like to thank you, Phil, for this interview, ongoing support and endless friendship. Also a hail to everyone around the globe who believes in the underground scene and make it their lives and not only a weekend deal. We will remain playing and believing in grindcore for as long as we live!!
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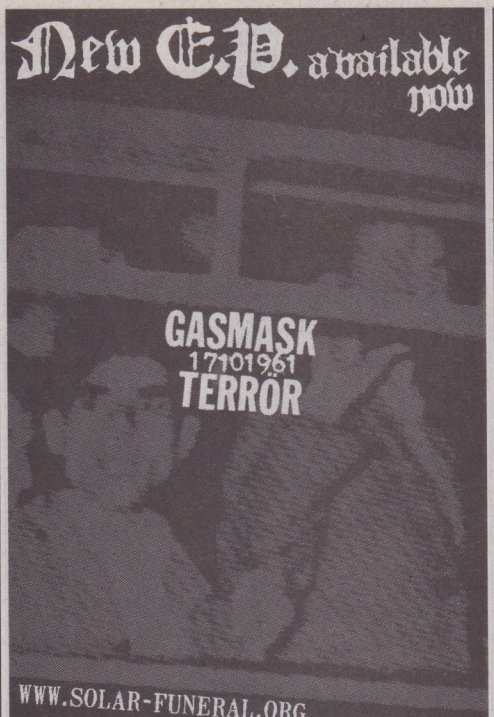

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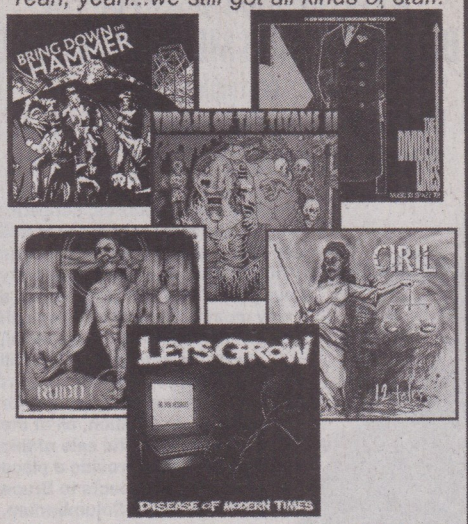

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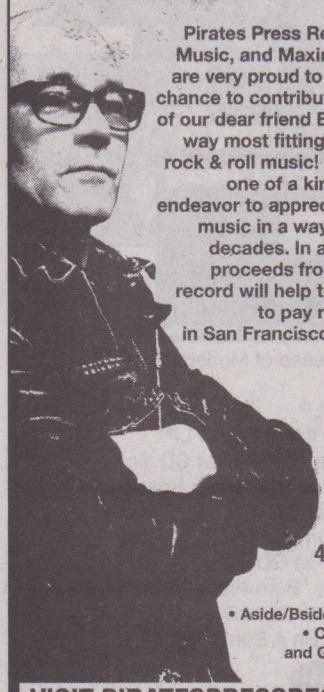

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SHAVED WOMEN

On a clear Sunday afternoon, I was invited into Shaved Women's practice lair at the Lemp Brewery for an interview. After getting lost in the post-apocalyptic-looking industrial landscape that surrounded the practice space, Ben Salyers (vocals) and Johnny B (bass) lured me into their riff fortress. We dumb joked our way back to their room, and narrowly avoided the bad echo of jam bands coming from the other rooms. Chris Eck (guitar) and Tom Valli (drums) let us in the room and we all got cozy. The dark, gear/sound-proofing mattress filled room would have looked ominous, had these weirdos not been in there. Shaved Women is one of the meanest sounding bands I've ever heard: the silly demeanor didn't compute. It was time to get to the bottom of things with these anger poseurs.
Interview by Jimmy Eberle. Photos by Casey Chalmers, Jimmy Farabi and Scott Smith.

MRR: OK, so poseur alert! I didn't catch your guys' set on Monday (Feb 11, 2013). What was the controversy with the knives?
Ben: There was a controversy?

MRR: Well, I saw Luc (of Nrml Ppl/ Black Panties) post online about knives and blood during the set, after I got home.
Johnny B: The blood thing came from me. Our friend was running around diving into people and yelling. So I found some tape and ran after him to tape his mouth shut. I ended up accidentally hitting him.
Ben: Right after that, I hit him in the face with a rag used to clean beer up off the floor.

MRR: So, it was a group effort.

Ben: Yeah. Then Ben Smith (from Doom Town/ Lumpy and the Dumpers) had a bunch of knives he was dancing with. I don't think anyone got hurt besides a stuffed monkey.
Johnny B: Ben had two (knives), and Luc had two. I think maybe one of them was in his mouth.

MRR: So Uncle Grandpa was just posing for Instagram.
All: (Laughs)

MRR: What was all the hub bub around the name last year?
Chris: Well, it was one girl on Facebook. They were just saying it was wrong to have a name like Shaved Women.
Ben: That it objectifies women.
Chris: So all of her friends from Ashville (North Carolina) jumped in, cheering her on.

MRR: Isn't Ashville like one of the national oogle capitals?
Ben: Apparently, Crimethinc started in North Carolina.
Chris: Oh, that explains it all.
Ben: Crimethinc is a joke, man!

MRR: I think I heard a song named that once (referring to the fact that Valli's old band, Civic Progress, used that as a song title). Chris, I remember you telling me about how the name came from France during World War II.
Chris: Yeah. It's from Nazi-occupied France, when women were suspected of helping the Nazis in any way. The townspeople would have this big gathering where they would shave the women's heads, parade them through town, throw garbage at them, etc.
Tom: We're anti-Nazi, just sayin'.

MRR: Psh, one of the *few* bands.
Chris: Soooo many Nazi punx.
All: (laughs)

MRR: So is the tie to the Crass song on purpose or just a coincidence?
Chris: Coincidence.
Ben: Yeah, someone reminded me of that. I went and dusted off my Crass CDs, smacked my head and went "Oh! That's a Crass song. Cool!"
Chris: It wasn't intentional. But I'm OK with that correlation.

MRR: I was thinking on the way here. "Did they pick the name on purpose to attract guys who were about to jerk off? Because who'd be more frustrated than someone like that?"
All: (laughs)
Ben: These guys are not hot, at all.
Johnny B: I was listening to a local AM station one night and they mentioned us. They were like "Ooh, Shaved Women is playing tonight at the Blank Space. Ow Ow! That on the east side with all the strip clubs?"
All: (laughs)
Ben: I'm glad old man radio covers us.
Chris: Our favorite demographic.
MRR: So each of you all have at least one other band, right?
SW: Yeah. (laughs)
Chris: I'm in Violations with Tom.
Tom: Yeah, Violations, Maximum Effort, the St. Louis line-up of Voight Kampf, and Lester Shy and the Shyphonics. The only Dead Milkmen tribute band that I know of.
Ben: I'm in Nrml Ppl with Luc, who's also in Violations, and I'm in Catholic Guilt.
Johnny B: I play drums in Trauma Harness, Lumpy and the Dumpers, and Bad Dates.

MRR: So do you do those bands to like hit all your tastes that "fit under the punk umbrella?" Ugh, that was horrible. Or is it like "well, so-and-so's working on this day and I need to get creative, angry, and sweaty with somebody?"
Chris: I do Violations to do something different than Shaved Women.
B: Yeah, Catholic Guilt's more free-form improv, less punk. Totally different thing.

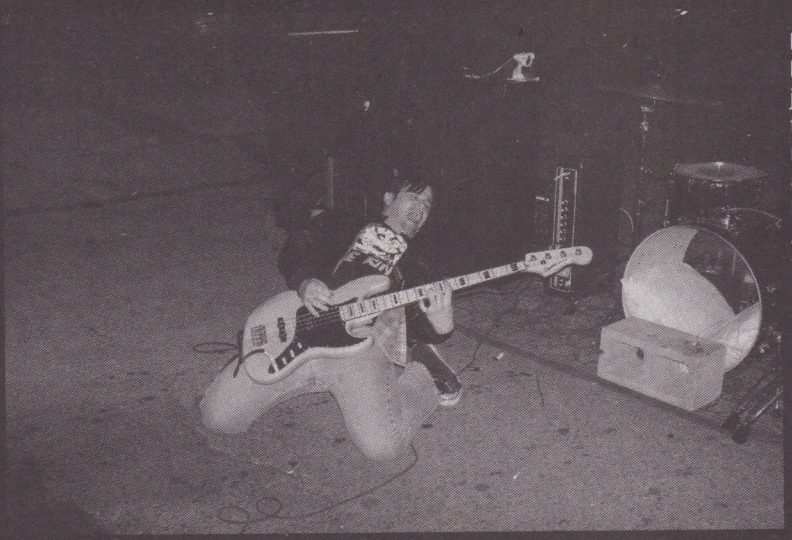
MRR: Do you guys consider this to be the main "project," since the other bands don't have records out?
All: Yeah.
Ben: Well, Catholic Guilt has an LP out and, I guess five cassette releases, and material for like 30 more tapes, if we want to.
Chris: Our schedules work out to do all the bands just fine.
Ben: Yeah, we're only playing one or two shows a month right now.

MRR: Was that a conscious decision?
Ben: Well, in St. Louis there's what, like 50 people who go to shows?
Chris: Regularly.
Ben: Yeah, so we don't want to play everything and have those same 50 people get sick of us.

MRR: This is kind of a dumb question. But you are all kind of silly and goofy when we hang out. But your songs are really creepy and mean. Which begs the question, are you guys a bunch of anger poseurs?
All: (laughs)
Ben: Let me direct you to the Suburban Smash/God Fodder tour for my hate credentials.
Chris: Ah, yeah.
Ben: After that it's like a lifetime pass.

MRR: I didn't know you went on that.

Ben: I broke my hand after three days 'cause I hated them.
All: (laughs)
Ben: Since then I've mellowed out. I also feel like, at least for me…and maybe Chris, that this band gets the hate out. I feel like if I didn't do this that I would fight people, randomly.
Tom: However immature it is, doing this calms down the urge to attack people I hate.
Johnny B: Yeah, like playing the shows and letting it all out, going nuts before I reach the boiling point. Then there're also times I'm just like air humping.
Ben: This is a good outlet for keeping it under wraps. Letting us be normal people...or as normal as we can be.



MRR: Yeah, that's one of the reason I love watching you guys so much. I just keep thinking "these guys are a bunch of creepy weirdos." I think back when Blank Space was still Cranky Yellow at Suburban Smash's last show. You (pointing at Johnny B) duct taped your bass to the support pole in the middle of the room and shoved it up into the ceiling, and just kept punching it to make noise.
Johnny B: Yeah, then everyone looked at me like "Dude, we have more songs left."
All: (laughs)
Chris: That happened at Apop (records) too, when you got your headstock caught in the chain-link fence on the wall.
Ben: We just kind of figure when you enter the rage cage, it's going to be a negative space.
T: Ha!
Ben: I can't count how many times I've just been mad and caught up in a set and punched someone. There was that day where I cut a kid's face with a beer can on accident.
Johnny B: What? I didn't know that.
Ben: Well, I smashed it and threw it. Then what happens, happens.

MRR: That's the power of tasty jams, man.
All: (laughs)
Chris: Yeah after a set I need like fifteen minutes to power down to get calm.
Ben: When we're on the road, I usually just go do merch and people ask me stuff. I'm like *"I don't fucking know! Five dollars, you wanna buy it or not? No? OK!"*

MRR: Did any clubs or promoters take issue with you guys out of town?
Chris: No, besides sound guys telling us to turn down every night.
Ben: Just don't mic the amps. Make me loud enough, it's fine.
Chris: We usually try to play more DIY spots. The sound guy in Buffalo was thrown by John having a distortion pedal. He was throwing a child-like fit about how loud we were.
Ben: Let it be said the show in Buffalo was a fun time and Patrick from Gas Chamber is a great dude.

A loud, indie rock song bleeds in from a practice room down the hall.
Tom: Hold on, I need my Muscle Milk.

MRR: Is that who you're sponsored by?
Tom: "I do my best rocking after chugging a Muscle Milk."
All: (laughs)
Tom: I've never actually had it. Their viral marketing campaign must've worked on me.

MRR: What's your opinion on drum shoes?
Tom: Retarded.

MRR: Yeah, I've probably seen like five local bands that use special drum gloves and other weird sponsored shit.
Tom: Yeah, that's dumb. Just play them, be a man...or woman.
All: (laughs)

MRR: Are you guys happy with the new 7"? I know it took a while to come out.
Chris: Yeah, we did it through Apop records.
Ben: We recorded it at the same time as our last record. We wanted them both out in time for our tour in May or June last year. One was done. The vinyl showed up for the other one three days after we left and the artwork didn't get done until January. But it turned out great.
Chris: Yeah, I'm really happy with it.

MRR: It sounds awesome. When I listened to it, I was surprised to hear a song that I only remembered you guys doing live once. I think it was when you opened for Coliseum.
Ben: Yeah, there are a lot of songs like that. We'll write stuff and not play it out or forget it.
Tom: We need to go back and learn that last one on the record.
Chris: Uhh...
All: (laughs)

MRR: Does it seem like label support has helped make booking your own out-of-town stuff easier?
Ben: I don't think label support has anything to do with it. It's just that now people are starting to know we're a band. Our records are out there. People are more inclined to book a band that they've heard of. At the same time, on our last tour we couldn't get shows in Providence or Boston.
Chris: There's always going to be cities where people can't or aren't willing to help.

MRR: Or half the time, the people you're trying to get a hold of are on tour themselves.
Ben: We were on tour at the same time as everyone else was.
Tom: Yeah, usually there waseither a competing show or ours would have another touring band.
Chris: You're talking about the PoisonxPlanet/ Sectarian Violence show. We played with them in DC, the same night but a different show in Western Mass, and then unintentionally followed each other city to city for a few days after.
Johnny B: We played with Mean Jeans.
Tom: That was so cool.
Ben: Let the record say that this half of the band loves pop punk (Salyers motions to Valli and Johnny B in a way to signify the BFF unity of their rhythm section).

MRR: You mean the heartbeat of the band? You two (motioning at Salyers and Eck) are like the tattoos on the bicep of the band.
Johnny B: Yeah, all image!

MRR: Is there anything about St. Louis that you love/hate right now?
Ben: St. Louis is a pretty awesome place to be a band. It's small enough to get what you want done. People aren't competitive here like they are in bigger cities like New York or Chicago. Less cliques, shows crossover. We're on the way to almost anywhere a touring band would want to go. They come through pretty often. I can't really think of anything super negative about it at this point.

MRR: Yeah, good point. Before I go, I know John has been wanting to premiere a certain nugget for you guys.
All: Oh shit.
Johnny B: Ha, alright. So I was reading the newspaper the other day and read that the Mentos factory is going out of business. So I said to myself "I guess it wasn't *ment* to be!"
All: Ha!/What?/etc.
MRR: (laughs) God dammit, you were punching me in the chest last night in anticipation of telling this. Good note to end on.

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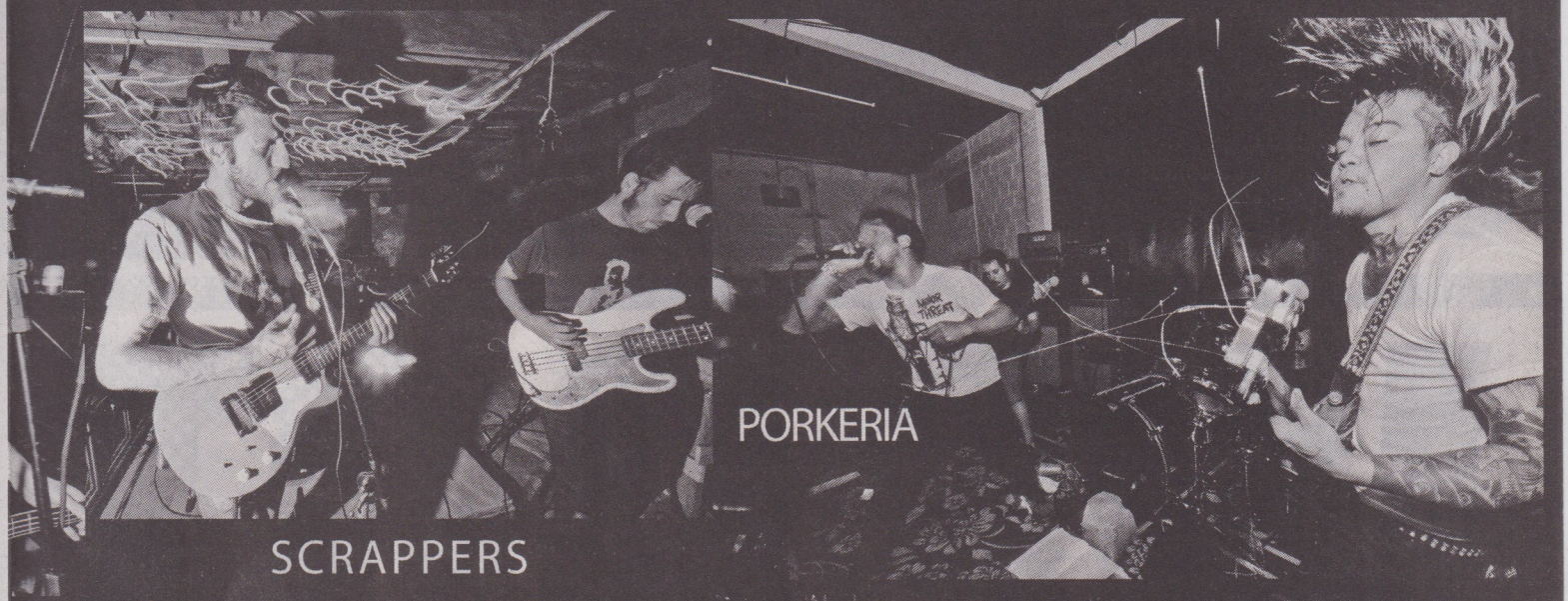

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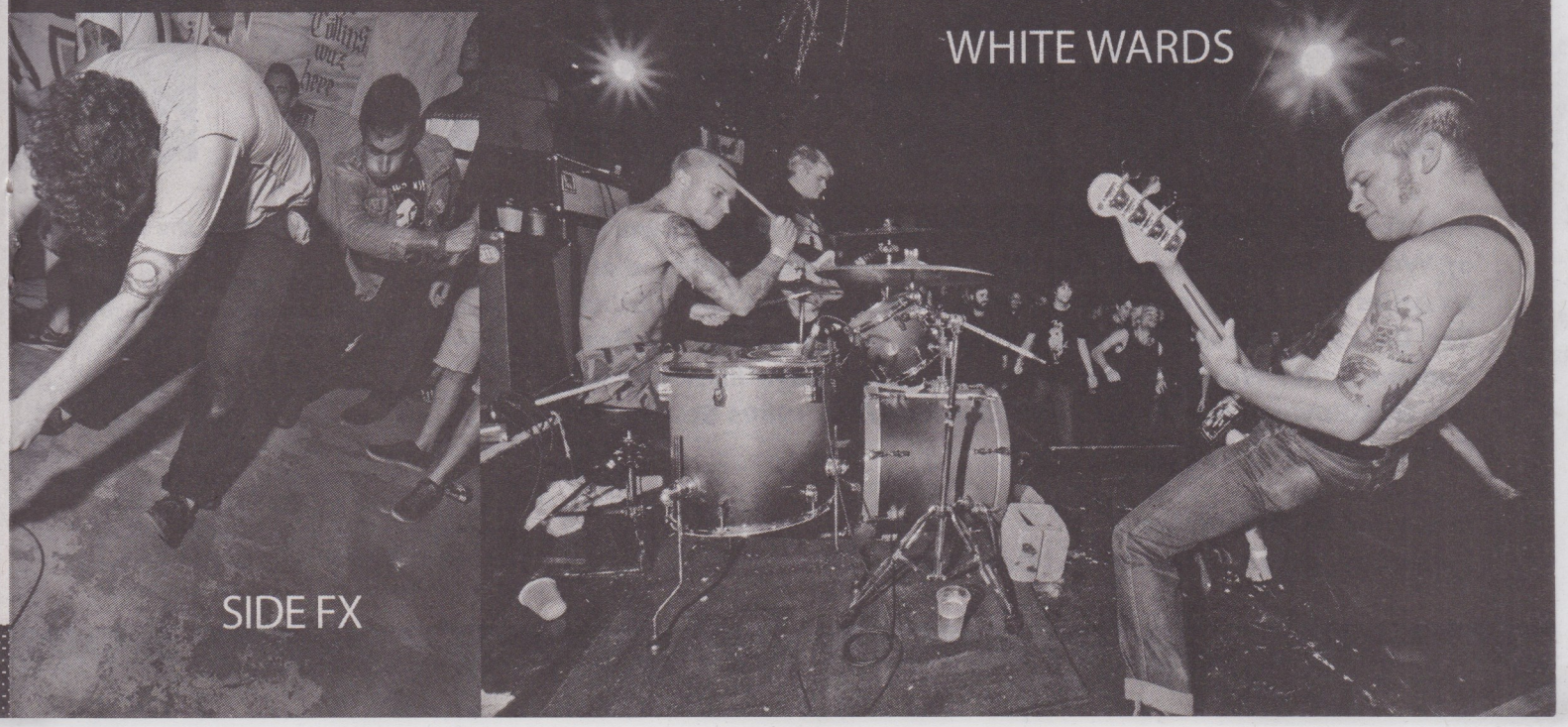


WHITE WARDS

SIDE FX

The Descendents, 1982. Photo by Jordan Schwartz

WE GOT

***Part two of an interview with Dave Markey and Jordan Schwartz of* We Got Power *fanzine. Bazillion Points recently collected all six issues of the zine, along with more photos and essays from folks like Chuck Dukowski, Henry Rollins, Jula Bell, Jack Brewer, Dez Cadena, Janet Housden and more into a 305 page book called* We Got Power!: Hardcore Punk Scenes From 1980s Southern California.**

Interview by Matt Average.
Photos by Jordan Schwartz and Dave Markey

MRR: Did *Slog* happen before the fanzine?

Dave: Both were concurrent, hand in hand. Now it's nothing for someone to document...You go to a show now and everyone's got their Super 8 app on an iPhone photographing the bands.

Jordan: Back then maybe one or two people maybe actually had a camera. You would be lucky if there was one video camera at every fifth gig. Flipside started video taping gigs at some point.

Dave: If I would have known, I would have never stopped shooting Super 8 film back then. I kick myself when I think of all the bands I didn't document on film like...

The Minutemen, Grandia Room, Hollywood, CA, 1982. Photo by Jordan Schwartz

POWER

Jordan: Minor Threat!

Dave: Yeah! We were at those shows! I filmed the back of their van at Dancing Waters, it's in the *Slog* movie for a second. I had the camera, I could have filmed the band live but..

Jordan: They wouldn't let it in the fucking club! "No Cameras!"

Dave: I didn't shoot Dead Kennedys with Jello. I have no Super 8 footage of the Minutemen playing live. We saw the Minutemen hundreds of times!

Jordan: Back in those days, Minutemen and Saccharine Trust would play two to three times a week. It was fucking great.

Dave: It was like house parties.

Jordan: Or little clubs.

Dave: Maybe because it was so prevalent, or at the time you didn't think... But then again, Super 8 film cost money. It was ten bucks a roll, which only lasted a few minutes, and it cost $2.50 to process it at Sav-On.

Jordan: Another thing is, I didn't always bring my camera. For my camera I would buy 35mm film in bulk. I would develop and print it myself, so it wasn't really a monetary thing, but I didn't bring my camera to some gigs because I just wanted to get fucked up.

Dave: Or have a good time experiencing the show. Because when you're at a gig documenting something, the camera puts you between the show and the event. Sometimes those shows were so great you didn't want anything to get between you and the show. You knew the show was special at the time, and the experience really is what it was about.

MRR: What was this about using press passes to get into the gigs?

Jordan: There are certain concepts that both of us, we would have to run with. I got really into it, and when we started *We Got Power* that's when I first started really shooting photos. My dad got me a camera when I was younger and

I kind of fucked around with it a little bit, but wasn't really into it. After I met Dave, Dave was shooting photos...

Dave: I got into photography at John Adams Junior High in eight grade, 1977. I took a photo class I wanted to learn the process. From a very early age I liked photography and film making.

Jordan: So Dave, said, "Hey dude, take the photo class at Santa Monica High." So I did that, and then at my graduation my dad got me the camera. That was around the time when we were going with *We Got Power* magazine. So now I had something to shoot. Something that I was into, now I'm fully into it, on a mission. I have something to shoot, and a couple pics would get into the *We Got Power* mag. Part of that was seeing those old movies in the Forties, where they have the press guys with the trench coats, and the big cameras with the flash bulb things,and they have the fedora hats with the little cards that said "press", and it was like "Hold for the picture" and 'poof'! the big flash would go out. I was into ska stuff, and my mom got me this fedora - pork pie hat. So I took that hat and made these cut out letters, like Sex Pistols ransom note style letter from a magazine that said 'press', put it on a white card and stuck it in the hat. With my camera I had a rig for a big ass flash, it had four double A batteries in this big ass thing. I could kind of reenact that part. Big trench coat, the hat with the press thing and camera with a big flash. That was the trip. If it helped me scam into gigs; cool.

MRR: I can't see a punk club having a problem with that. More of the mainstream clubs...

Jordan: I wasn't as good at finagling like Mouse (Alison Braun), who also shot for *We Got Power.* She was better at calling up Gary Tovar at Goldenvoice and finessing and getting the pass and all that stuff. I didn't really work that stuff too well. I would just try to bum rush.

Dave: A lot of it was just trying to make due with no money. Everything cost money, and we were trying to figure out how to maximize with what little funds we had, to make it go far. Of course, that sort of became an aesthetic. Really, as a side bar to what it is that we were doing, really what we were doing was documentarian. Sometimes with parody involved. Mostly it was just a way to try to have a good time.

MRR: In the book you talk about being latch key kids. It has been said that part of the explosion, or the reason hardcore caught on for certain groups of us, was because we were latch kids at that time.

Dave: Just about every kid I knew came from a broken home. Mom was at work, Dad was gone... there was this real sort of disconnected family life. In my case, my dad died when I was 13. So things were kind of dark in my household. I probably, subconsciously was trying to keep myself busy and doing stuff.

Jordan: Kids, in the mid to late Seventies, were brought up different than they are brought up now. A lot of the parents were divorced, and both the husband and wife had full time jobs, Whereas in the Fifties or the Sixties, you still had a lot of stay at home moms. TV was more prevalent, so in the afternoons the kids got home and let themselves into the house and they just hung out until mom got home at six or seven. But that shit doesnt happen now. Now it's "soccer mom" era. Even if the parents are divorced, the dad is taking the kids to school, and the mom is getting off early to pick them up and take them to soccer practice. They're watched over a lot more.

Dave: I think it depends on what neighborhood you live in. [laughter]

Soccer moms and the internet killed hardcore. [laughter]

Jordan: I think there's a lot more of that. I think it's now unacceptable to let your kid have unsupervised play time all afternoon.

Dave: We did run wild. If we didn't have that set up there's no way we could have done all this.

Jordan: That's the cool thing with D. Boon's mom. She said, "Hey you guys can hang out here. I'll give you music to play. At least I'll know where you guys are at." That's like the ultimate cool thing.

Dave: To contrast that, my mother was not really supportive of my artistic endeavors at all. She didn't really understand it and was opposed to this music. I think that really fueled me too. That made me write some of the songs that I wrote, like "Children Shall Not Heard" for Sin 34, for example, about her being this shut down non-communicative Catholic old world European person that this sixteen or seventeen year old me - it gave me a really good place to come from to write these lyrics... I don't know how I else I could have came to those conclusions at the time.

Jordan: My mom was, more or less, into her own trip.

MRR: I kind of saw hardcore as this extended family. You find other misfits and fuck-ups like yourself and you glom together. Through that you find your strengths and utilize those strengths.

Dave: That's the great thing with the book. When we started scanning the negatives from our archives for this, enough time had gone by to where we were caught by surprise by these images. We're also lucky that we had almost a couple thousand images to chose from. What we were looking at was slightly different. For us it wasn't just about the money shot. It wasn't just about Henry Rollins screaming into a mic, we were off taking pictures of the kids in the corner, what they were doing. We were looking at all this stuff that was going on around it.

MRR: It takes it beyond just the show. It shows the lifestyle. Some people see punk rock as just music, and then there are people who immerse themselves in it, and for them it's a lifestyle.

Jordan: Sometimes the lifestyle is a fucking trap too. Like, for example, a Facebook posting talking about Phranc, and somebody from one of the pictures is like, "Why did you have Phranc play with Middle Class and the Meat Puppets?" And I'm like, C'mon... [laughter] Just because she's playing an acoustic guitar she can't play with punk rock bands?

Dave We've never ever been that way. We always fucked with those kinds of people. These small minded militant types.

MRR: My view point of L.A. hardcore was fed to me by *Flipside*. *Flipside*, to me, was a very encompassing magazine.

Jordan: Some of them were there from the Masque era, so they saw the whole picture. They also picked up a lot of staffers once hardcore happened. That's where they really came into the light.

MRR: Who was Serena Dank?

Dave: Serena Dank was a psychologist...

Jordan: TV psychologist.

Dave: Well, she made a name for herself going around to talkshows. She was the 'punk rock deprogrammer'. She was like, "Parents, are your kids coming home with green hair? Call me."

MRR: Was she local?

Dave: Yeah, L.A.. She was really good at working the media. She got on a lot of day time talk shows. She became this counselor. She actually counseled people that I know. It was just trying to bring kids with rough relationships with their mothers back.. [laughter]

Jordan: The local news shows would have episodes about the "Hardcore Plague", and they would have her on there talking about how these kids can be controlled. Parents ate that shit up! It was too fucking funny.

Dave: The local media, here... You've got to realize all the negative press was working against the hardcore scene at the time, which lead to Chief Daryl Gates' LAPD open war on punk. More often than not, they were the ones that were causing trouble. I saw LAPD cops breaking store windows because they knew they wanted make it look like it was a riot. But no riot had occurred. So by the time news media cameras show up there's all this vandalized stuff for them to photograph, that wasn't even done by punk rockers. It was done by cops. I remember just being shocked, being a kid going, "This can't be happneing, this really can't be happening". It was like out of movie. There it is, happening right in frontr of your eyes. It was so corrupt. It wasn't even hidden. It was right in front of your face.

MRR: Why did the LAPD target punk, from your perspective?

Jordan: I think some of it is they wanted to kick it back. Definitely with the sheriffs. They train the sheriffs in county jail...

Dave: It wasn't primarily the sheriffs that was causing the problems. It was the LAPD. It was fucking Rampart. The West Hollywood sheriffs were arrogant pricks, but LAPD were the real motherfuckers. These guys were just thugs with badges! These guys were worse than the punk rock gangs!

Jordan: Ask Gary Tovar about that too.

Dave: This town, Los Angeles, has a real sordid history of these corrupt cops coming in. "Forget it Jake, it's Chinatown"... [laughter] I think it's sort of indigenous in this culture here. You know, it's funny too, this is the only place this sort of stuff would be going on. Cops in other cities just didn't do this. Meanwhile, the hardcore scene busts out nationally, and people would be amazed to hear, read in the pages of Flipside about this police brutality here. It got so bad I actually wrote reviews of LAPD punk show raids in *We Got Power.* Rated it like a movie rating system, on a one to five star system. Because it got to a point where you just expected the show to get shut down by the cops. Because that was just the way it was. Then to have someone harass you wherever you went. After the show you went to Oki Dogs and the Sheriffs would run you away from there. Then you went to the park around the corner, and they showed up there. Then you went Eroll Flyn's abandoned estate and the cops came up there with their helicopters and German Sheperds and chased you out of there. It was almost like being in a woman's prison movie! [laughter]

MRR: Maybe they were training.

Jordan: Yeah, it was Sautrday night and they wanted to fucking get their rocks off too.

Dave: Those orders were coming from higher up. You can't mobilize a three hundred riot squad thing to come shut down an organized event without major inside political shit going on.

MRR: One of the theories I had heard was they were wanting to clean up the city for the 1984 Olympics.

Dave: This was years before the Olympics though. This started in '79, the Elk's Lodge Riot. From that point on, they were just out... They saw some kid walking down the street with a mohawk, they would go and harass that person. You had a Black Flag bumper sticker on your car, you would be getting pulled over. It was really bad in Orange County, where cops would just go around photographing punks.

MRR: My wife told me some stories about going to shows at the Olympic. She said you would come outside and the cops would just be waiting for you. She said you would walk outside and there would be a riot. She said they didn't care if you were a woman or man, they swung at you.

Dave: I saw them hit girls. I recall a fifteen year old girl, defenseless, laying face down being swatted by batons... It was like Rodney King, years before that happened, except no one saw it. The media wasn't covering it like, "Look at the LAPD abusing their power". The media was saying, "Look at these crazy punk rockers"! Then you got CHiPs, then you get Quincy. It was the same shit that Dragnet did to the beatniks and hippies in the Sixties, just trying to paint this all a certain way.

Jordan: Negative shit.

MRR: Why did punk gangs happen? I can see forming a gang if your under threat from some greater force...

Dave: I think a lot of the punk gangs started, originally, as a reaction to that. Like punks getting beaten up, and they were like, "Okay, we gotta come together". Maybe the original idea for punk gangs might have been a noble one, perhaps. But once again, it just becomes another corrupt organization, then it becomes no different than the LAPD and their thuggery. It's thuggery none the less. We never really were proponents of thuggery. We were more into fucking shit up in a creative way. We were just doing it through music, or films, or whatnot. Just being able to experience all that through art, as opposed to going out and kicking someone's ass.

MRR:Who organized Red Cross and Sin 34 show on the (Santa Monica) pier?

Dave: That was a random weird thing. Red Cross had somehow played near (lifeguard) station twenty-six, so they sort of had their foot in the door with the city. Santa Monica had something called the "Beach Litter Walk", it's in the book. The pier show came on the heels of that. Somehow we (Sin 34) got in there as being locals. There really were no bands from Santa Monica, except for half of Sin 34 and a couple members of Symbol Six.

Jordan: But the good thing was Dave brought his camera and it's in ***The Slog Movie.***

MRR: In the commentary track to *The Slog Movie*, you (Dave) said Circle One defined hardcore. Why did they define hardcore?

Dave: Probably by their sound and their stance.

Jordan: Intense anti-social lyrics and short songs.

Dave: The thirty second blast of the hardcore song. It doesn't even go to the minute length.

Jordan: "One Chord", "In This City", "High School Society"...

Dave: The Circle Jerks were fifty-six seconds. Circle One were like twenty-eight seconds. Maybe that's what it was.

MRR: Why was Tim Yohannon in Santa Monica playing air guitar with you guys? (first *Flipside* video) [laughter]

Dave: He just came down a couple times to hang out with us. He showed up at Jordan' place once. Jordan's mom met him and freaked out.

Jordan: My mom opened the door.

Dave: "What's this old guy doing here?" [laughter]

Jordan: "Oh, your friend's here." He was probably thirty years old then.

Dave: I first met Tim...

Jordan: When you were playing up in San Francisco.

Dave: I met Tim when Sin 34 went up and played a *Maximum Rocknroll* night so I sort of already had a relationship with him, and I guess he liked the 'zine.

Jordan: Yeah, *We Got Power,* our stuff was goofy. *Maximum Rocknroll* was very serious, but Tim Yohannon obviously had a good fucking sense of humor.

MRR: Not many people realized that.

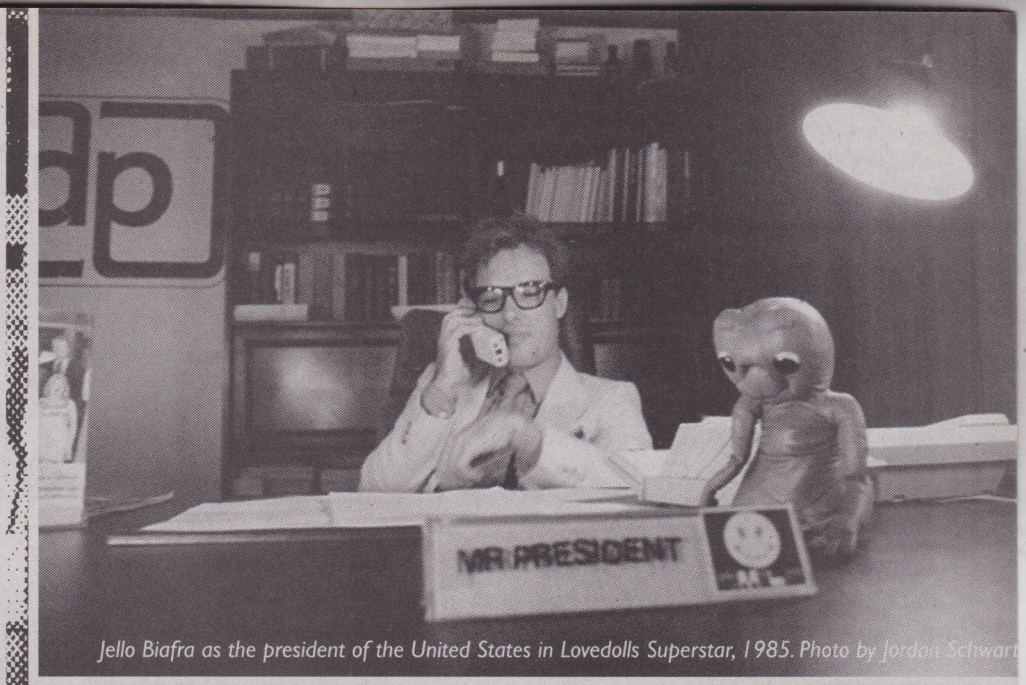
Jordan: Some of those other guys can't take a fucking joke.

Dave: He just showed up.

Jordan: We're hanging out in my room, and he and Dave are throwing a football back and forth, it's like an episode of *My Three Sons*, or *Brady Bunch*, or something like that. It was like, Fuck, we gotta go fucking do something. Hey, why don't we go to Al Flipside's house. So we all get in the car and drive out to Whittier; that's where Al and Hud were living. Al shows us he's building this weird half pipe in his garage, and then he's got his video camera, and it's like, "Let's lip synch to "Rise Above". I'll be Henry", and I think Dave was Robo, and Tim can be Dezo. Mike Geek was Ginn.

Dave: You remember more of this than I do! [laughter]

Jordan: So then we thought Tim can be Dezo, and we'll get a garbage bag, and that will be De-



Jello Biafra as the president of the United States in Lovedolls Superstar, 1985. Photo by Jordan Schwartz

Mike Muir of Suicidal Tendencies with skanker on his shoulders. Photo by Jordan Schwartz

zo's long hair. [laughter] That's why Tim Yohannon has the plastic bag. Then we got a marker and drew the Black Flag bars on my arm. There's the tatoos, okay, start the camera, let's go.

Dave: Then Al put's it one of those *Flipside* videos.

Jordan: It's on volume one. It's Blaaack Flaaag, three 'a's.

Dave: Al was one of the first few people to have a video camera. It was like this novel thing. Public access. We used to sit in front of public acces, Jordan had cable.

Jordan: That's how we got clued into *New Wave Theater.*

MRR: Going back to the fanzine itself, would you plan the issue out, or was it spontaneous.

Dave: I don't know how much planning went in to it. We did have some sort of discussions. A lot of it depended on who was coming to town. Like if DOA was coming we were going to arrange an interview. Dead Kennedy's are coming to town, okay, we gotta make this happen.

Jordan: We didn't get a Bad Brains interview.

Dave: It didn't work all the time.

Jordan: We went to all the fucking gigs!

Dave: I remember being there when Flipside interviewed them. Sitting in the same room.

Jordan: I didn't even get photos. Those are the gigs where you left your camera at home.

MRR: Were you guys getting a lot of records in the mail?

Dave: That became a good reason to argue.

Jordan: We had to split them up. Especially the SST records; who got the Hüsker, I got the Meat Puppets, he got Metal Circus, I got the first green Meat Puppets LP. Then when *Double Nickles On The Dime*....

Dave: But you got the Zero Boys.

Jordan: I got the *Double Nickels*... and he got the *Zen Arcade*.

Dave: But you got the Zero Boys and I got *Rat Music For Rat People, Vol. I*...

MRR: So who got the Necros?

Dave: I got the Necros.

Jordan: We would tape the other's records.

Dave: I became penpals with Tesco Vee, and he sent me all the Meatmen singles, the *Process of Elimination,* The Fix. He just put it all in an envelope and mailed it out, because that's what you did. Before there was an actual "real" record label for *Touch & Go*.

MRR: What about the demos? You said you have the Void demo.

Dave: I have a box of cassettes, I still have them in an old Vans tennis shoe box. "Shoebox Punk". A lot of it was just demos that bands would send to the magazine, or mutual friends would dub.

Jordan: We went to Santa Monica College and he went into the language library and stole all the Spanish language cassettes and dubbed the Sin 34 demo on Spanish language tapes! [laughter]

Dave: That's how I got the Sin 34 demo out to all the fanzines. There was some crime behind it. The music would stop and all of a sudden this voice would come on in Spanish.

Jordan: "La biblioteca es muy..." [laughter]

Dave: Someone somewhere probably thought it was all concept.

Jordan: The Necros tripped out on Sin 34, rumor has it.

MRR: Sin 34 predated We Got Power right?

Dave: Just by a few months.

MRR: Not everybody in the band was from Santa Monica?

Dave: No, I was and Mike Glass wasn't originally in the band at first. He joined towards the end of the first year. Phil and Julie were from Beverly Hills, and we met them because Jordan and I took an after school ROP class at Beverly Hills High (Regional Occupation Program), and we took this television production class, because Beverly Hills Highschool had its own fucking TV studio. So we went there and did a student run TV show together that played on public access. Through that we brought a lot of bands in, like Gaudy Trash, the Alcoholics...

Jordan: Smog Marines.

Dave: Sizzegy [laughter] It was just a thing we did in high school. We were going up there, and okay you look around you would see their school has four or five punk rockers, and immediately you become friends with someone right away because they had funny hair. It was like the weirdest thing.

Jordan: Like Fat Mike. You all know him as Fat Mike, we knew him as Skinny Mike from NOFX. He said Julie from Sin 34 was the first punk rocker he had ever seen. Who did you meet first? Phil or Julie?

Dave: I met Julie first. Then I saw her in Westwood once when she was with Blainey. She introduced herself as Ann Archy. She introduced Blainey as Dee, "This is Dee. Dee Kay". [laughter] Then I saw her at the Starwood, and we decided to start the band. That was June of '81. Class of '81. None of us knew how to play. I didn't even have a drum set. I think the reason why I formed Sin 34 was because Julie was able to steal a drumset for me from one of her neighbor's garages. So all of a sudden there was a drumset in front of me, and I was like, "I guess I gotta learn how to play these now". Then next thing you know, like a day later, you have a show. Then you have to come up with an entire set of songs. Not only that, you don't know how to write songs that you're going play but you're going to do it anyway. It was very parallel to the Germs, early on it was very musically incompetent.

Jordan: And Dave started with one drum stick. That was how he became a drummer.

Dave: Yeah. I used to kick the kick drum (with my foot) because I didn't have a pedal, I couldn't afford a kick pedal.

Jordan: You couldn't even afford a second drum stick!

Dave: I thought the kick drum you were supposed to kick it because it was called a kick drum. So I would kick it. I had a big metal lamp shade I would use for a cymbal, and it sounded really cool. You know the lamps that used to be on the side of buildings? I took one of those and made that a cymbal. [laughter] So it really was about making things work that were within your reach, and I think that was pretty much across the board; whether it was in the bands, in the films, or in the zine. It was making something from nothing. How do you make something from nothing?

MRR: For me, that was part of the idea of hardcore. You worked with what you had, and tried to make it better than what's out there. If you're going to rebel against society, then you need to offer something that is better. I don't buy into that mentality of "I only have five bucks so it's going to look like five bucks". Make it look like it cost a hundred bucks, make it look fucking awesome.

So after Sin 34, you did Painted Willie, and then Anarchy 6?

Dave: Anarchy 6 wasn't a real band. It was a one off comedy band. Played one gig, recorded one album, in a few days. It came out of a sketch in *Lovedoll Superstar.* A lot the stuff was stuff we created for the films and ended up being this other musical project and ended up taking on a life of its own.

Jordan: So by the time we were doing *Lovedoll Superstar,* which was the sequl to *Desperate Teenage Lovedolls,* hardcore punk had fucking died. It was dead for all intents and purposes.

Dave: I think that's why we called the album *Hardcore Lives.* [laughter]

Jordan: And yet, Suicidal were still big, so we just had to goof on that.

Dave: "Institutionalized" became an unlikely hit. They was all over KROQ, then they were all over MTV.

Jordan: Steven McDonald.. His character evolves from this hippy kid coming from the Freedom school in Mexico to find out who killed his brother the record producer. He gets polluted by the city, so he becomes this hardcore kid Chemical Warfare. Then the Lovedolls, he tries to kill the Lovedolls, but they're tougher than he would ever be, and they create a little band for him; Anarchy 6, to take on tour. To be the opening band for the Lovedolls.

Dave: At one point in the film he's referred to as Bacteria Warfare. At another point in the film I think he's referred to as Germ Warfare, and that comes from someone we knew named "Germ Warfare", that old punk rock friend of yours from Crossroads School in 1980. When I first met Jordan, he was going to Crossroads and I was over at Santa Monica High, "Hey you gotta get away from that. You gotta come be with the people". So I dragged him to Samohi. Meanwhile everyone else in Jordan's class went on to be whatever, you know, like Jack Black...

Jordan: He wasn't in my class. He was a few years younger.

Dave: But then again, at Samohi I was going there with Rob Lowe, Emilio Estevez, Chris Penn, Robert Downey Jr.. Lenny Kravitz was a good friend of mine in junior high. It's just what happens when you grow up in a town like L.A., you're going to watch friends of yours become rock stars! [laughter]

MRR: It's bizarre.

Dave: Or movie stars. It is bizzare.

MRR: When I first moved out here I had house mates who would see friends from their highschool on some commercial. To me, I just couldn't put it together.

Dave: Imagine having the experience of it.

MRR: Who's idea was it for the Black Flag board?

Dave: That's Jordan's.

Jordan: I used to hang out at Rip City Skates. I was a street skater, and all that shit. Skating was playing off of punk rock. They were two things that kind of played off of each other. So then I started working at SST, and I was good friends with Jim and Bill at Rip City. "Hey Jim, you guys should do a Black Flag skateboard". So I went and talked to Chuck, and then talked to Pettibon, and the thing just happened. Basically Rip City, Jim and Bill from Rip City would deal with Pettibon, and Pettibon would flow him artwork, and they would put another board out. I think they did about four different boards. "No net ever" was the first board, there was like a demon on the trapeze, the next one was "Mommy Dearest"; this Joan Crawford-esque board, which is kind of funny for hardcore skate punks to be skating around on. Then there was a *Loose Nut* board, and a *Process of Weeding Out* board. Towards the end it just kind of got towards more standard Black Flag things. The first two had the more interesting Pettibon artwork.

MRR: SMA manufactured them?

Jordan: Skip did the screening for the first boards. In the first run he got, the bars are on the tail, and he got those backwards, and had to re-do it.

Dave: How much are those things worth now? [laughter]

Jordan: Who knows. I don't have one!

Dave: Hundreds if not a thousand dollars!

MRR: In the book, Dave, you talk about punk being in the mainstream. Shortly after punk blew up in the Nineties, your movie came out, *1991: The Year Punk Broke*.

Dave: *1991: The Year Punk Broke,* came out in 1992, then like Green Day and The Offspring happened in 1994. So, somewhere in there the joking ironic title of 1991: The Year Punk Broke, I think had some sort of cause and effect, ripple effect of this happening. I'm not saying I'm responsible for fucking Green Day. It was just something in the air that got into a larger part of pop culture lexicon. On the other hand, there's a bootleg Offspring disc called *1994 The Year Punk Broke.*

Jordan: Before it was going to happen, you saw it.

MRR: This was made before *Nevermind* came out?

Dave: Well, it was titled before *Nevermind* was released. The album dropped a few weeks after the end of that tour that I documented... It was something that, once again, came out of an inside joke, like so many of my things. Something that sort of comes off the cuff, and then people really trip out on it, they miss the context of the title. People go, "This is not punk rock!" Then you get the same old arguments you were dealing with a decade prior to that.

MRR: The media latched on that (title). That became the headline to any article about Sonic Youth or Nirvana, or anything that talked about "grunge", they would write "The Year That Punk Broke".

Dave: I like to think I was partly responsible for injecting punk back into grunge. Post Nevermind, The 'G' word was getting really bandied about by the media. I think that was maybe my karmic place in the universe; was to be that guy [laughter]

Jordan: Reminding people that grunge had a root in punk rock.

Dave: I don't think those bands ever even called

themselves that (Grunge). That was something that was...

Jordan: Labeled. But Kurt said Nirvana was like the Knack being molested by Black Flag.

Dave: Kurt Cobain was a punk rocker. He was also well informed by other things; Lennon and McCartney, and the Pixies. His real real thrust to do it all was watching his buddy Buzz Osborne play. Buzz Osborne came out of his adolescent love for Black Flag. I don't think the Melvins would have been a band. So many of those Seattle bands were all tuned into and inspired by the SST collective.

MRR: That stuff had started bubbling up around the late '80s.

Dave: Things had really died away here in LA in the late '80s. When you look at this book, and you see all the stuff that was going on at this subterranean level in the early part of the decade, and you see the diversity of it, you see the ingenuity of it, just the weirdness of it. It was all brewing for a good decade before Nirvana came along. I think Nirvana was just the band. The stars were all in line for them.

MRR: Hüsker Dü signed to Warner Brothers...

Dave: That was a complete failure. Ditto for The Replacements.

Jordan: They signed in '86.

MRR: And Sonic Youth put *Goo* out in 1990. But they were too far out for mainstream America.

Dave: They had the one sort of off hit with "Kool Thing". They were able to take their thing up a notch; they went from playing smaller venues to larger halls. They went and toured with Neil Young, and then, then they brought Nirvana to Geffen, as if you didn't already know this.

Jordan: The other funny thing is, when Sonic Youth toured with Neil Young and Social Distortion, and Thurston had a tape of old hardcore tunes that they would play before Sonic Youth went on...

Dave: In these arenas.

Jordan: In these big arenas! And Dave and I were just freaking out! Dave had a copy of the tape, "Oh my god, I can't believe they're playing all that!" Because back then it was mind blowing that people would hear this.

MRR: The funny thing is, if you sit down and listen to Sonic Youth and to Neil Young, they both use feedback...

Dave: Neil Young, how fucking cool is Neil Young? Besides the fact that he made a movie with Devo, called Human Highway, there's plenty of things Neil Young has done besides that, that is awesome.

Jordan: Like getting sued by a record company for making non-commercial music.

Dave: Neil Young is more of a punk rocker than a lot of these so called...

Jordan: Still! To this fucking day.

MRR: Everyone I met who has worked with (Chuck) Dukowski, it seems like he has effected them in some sort of profound way. Did he have an effect like that on you guys?

Jordan: Definitely for me. Because I worked with him, and we were room mates for three or four years.

Dave: I remember seeing early on, this 1980 TV special, Rona Barret does the punk scene, and she had this interview with a few punks, and Dukowski was one of them. I remember seeing that on TV as a kid and being really struck by... He was articulate, very intelligent. He was really the voice behind Black Flag.

Jordan: You can see it in *The Decline*... He has bits of interviews in *The Decline of the Western Civilization*. To me it was, I saw Dukowski and Ginn; Ginn wasn't as vocal, but those guys were what I call heavy conceptual thinkers. They had these different concepts and kind of wield them together. A lot of the concepts were about music; they're ideas about music were completely different than anybody else that I would talk to about music. With Dukowski, we would just get into all these fucking wild discussions at gigs, just watching some other band, we're talking about all this crazy shit. Back then you could call SST and whoever picked up the phone you could chat with them, and half the time it was Dukowski. One of the days I'm talking to him, he's like, "Hey look dude, we need a press agent, You can crash here". My mom was trying to kick me out of the house anyway. "You can crash here, we'll give you ten bucks a day. C'mon down". His style of thinking was very heavy. The other influence was dealing with corporations and stuff. He kind of got me ready. I worked in a few big corporations. That's kind of where they get into the whole cult thing. He understood the cult aspects to corporations and stuff like that, how businesses work. He's a heavy dude. Ginn was intense as well.

One time it was Ginn, Dukowski, Watt, and D.Boon, all just talking about music, all their theories about Hendrix, the Dead, and whatever, and I'm just like, "Whoa! This is too gnarly!" Once we stopped doing We Got Power, I took a lot less photos. I was working at SST, and there was a lot of cool photos I could have taken. There was a few things that ended up in the book, but there was a lot more shit I could have shot. There's something to be said for kind of keeping it going and working it all the way past, perhaps, it's logical conclusion.

MRR: So when you [Jordan] were at SST, was that for Global Network?

Jordan: I started at Global Network booking agency, which was Dukowski's booking, press, and practice pad. Black Flag was out on a *My War* tour up in Canada, and Chuck needed some extra help. So I was able to crash in broken down bus in the back of SST, and get paid ten bucks a day, and work as a press agent. Doing the advance for bands on tour, calling ahead, sending to the press outlets, sending them records and trying to get interviews, and sending stuff to radio stations. Then I was also able to do press for the Minutmen and Meat Puppets, who were touring at that time as well. I think Hüsker Dü, maybe, for a little bit. Chuck was booking SST bands and a couple other acts. Eventually I was promoted to a booking agent until '88, or something like that.

MRR: Did he [Chuck Dukowski] fold it up at that point?

Jordan: No, he kept going. Ginn was kind of culling the older people out of there. Then eventually Dukowski got weeded out as well, by Ginn.

Dave: Everyone eventually got weeded out by Ginn. Even Ginn got weeded out by Ginn.

MRR: Something I remember from back then is Rollins being blamed for Black Flag's change in sound. "Aw fuck, ever since he joined the band it's been down hill!" But it was Greg Ginn who called the shots.

Jordan: It was all Greg. We thought it was the famous South Bay Duo, and it was just the famous South Bay Solo Artist.

Dave: Time marches on, and you and everyone you know ends up being screwed over by the guy. Then you learn another really big life lesson. [laughter]

MRR: *Reality 86'd* was never released was it?

Dave: No. It was completed five years after I shot it. Greg was opposed to it ever being a project to begin with. But I still eventually completed it, and went to him and showed it to him, and offered it to him for distribution. This was in 1991. At that point in time, which was also five years after the demise of Black Flag. Greg was way over Black Flag.

Jordan: That's probably why when he quit in 1986 he gave the band to Henry. Greg quit Black Flag on Henry.

Dave: I really, personally, don't have much good things to say about Greg Ginn. I do have respect for Rollins.

Jordan: We had crappy dealings with Mystic Records too.

MRR: You (Dave) say Doug Moody killed the zine. Why is that?

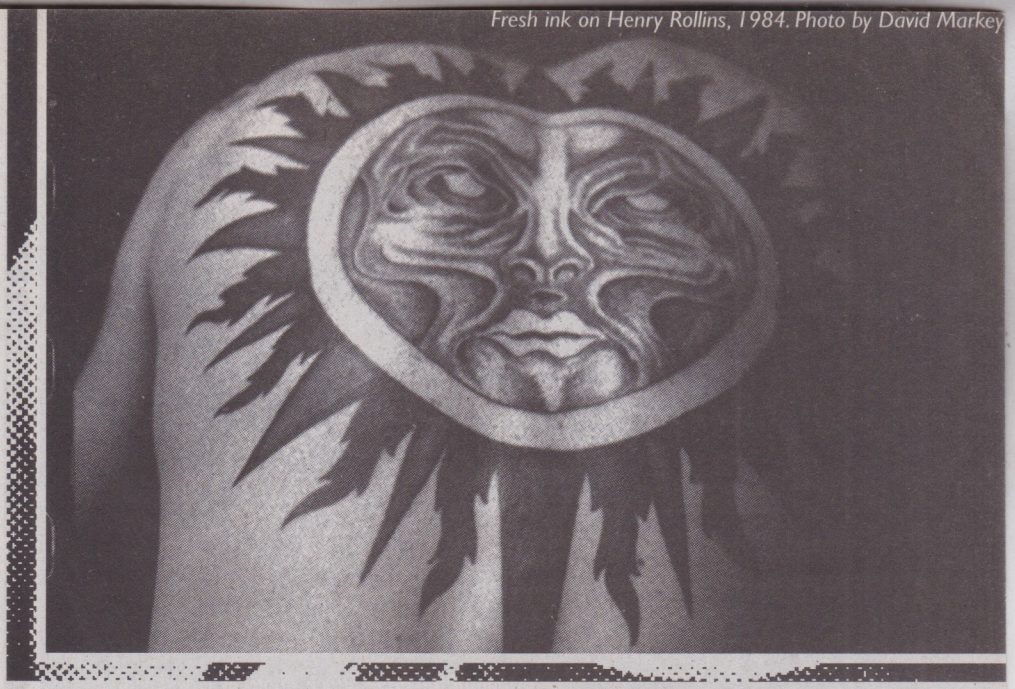
Dave: Well, that was my take on it. He killed it for me, which killed the zine.

Jordan: He sucked the fun out of it.

Dave: We were in the process of producing the sixth issue, and Doug wanted to make it an insert for the *We Got Power* compilation. Which it wasn't finished in time for. So he was like, "Okay, we'll put it in the second *We Got Power* record". I'm all of a sudden going, "Wait a minute! What second *We Got Power* record?" Doug Moody is just taking our idea and running with it. Jordan was buddies with him, I maintained a distance. I didn't trust him, so I wasn't really into it. Then he started trying to give me orders of what to do with the zine.. He's trying to give me editorial input. Like, "You're going to write about this and that". The minute someone told me what I was doing with my 'zine I was out. Maybe I was sort of done anyhow.

Jordan: We were getting into different stuff anyway. I don't even remember where Kim (Pilkington) was at.

Dave: That's the story of what happened with *We Got Power* #6. It never got finished, I never completed it, Doug Moody started hiring these


Fresh ink on Henry Rollins, 1984. Photo by David Markey

people to write these ridiculous articles for it, and I didn't want my 'zine taken over by that guy.

Jordan: He had Philip Raves, who was his production guy, trying to edit stuff.

Dave: Those guys weren't punk rock. They were just trying to capitalize on it in a really lame way.

Jordan: At least the Nardcore guys got to record shit.

Dave: The big bummer in retrospect, that *We Got Power* compilation just gave that guy a whole cache to just come in... our record was the calling card which allowed Doug meet all those bands, to do all those records. That gave him an in. First of all, at the time he was what, already in his Sixties, or close to it.

MRR: Then you start seeing all these reissues popping up, and you realize he's still alive.

Jordan: He took the two records and mixed them together as a CD and wrote a bunch of fucking shit...

Dave: He wrote these liner notes that were just totally delusional and offensive. He didn't mention me because I wrote him and told him I would shut him down if he used my name or the *We Got Power* name again. Jordan neglected to do that. He took that as an in to trash Jordan in his liner notes for the unauthorized reissue of the *Party Or Go Home* record, which was poorly done, it sounds like shit. He never paid anybody a penny from that. He just ran a shady business.

Jordan: He's doing all these Mentors reissues.

Dave: He' still not paying any of his artists either.

Jordan: The lesson learned there is, if you can do it yourself, fucking do it yourself! Own it all.

Dave: Once business comes into play, and you have to end up trusting people, it's over. But then again, not everyone's an asshole. I think Ian MacKaye is honorable.

Jordan: He's more of the exception.

Dave: There's a difference between running a business legit and not legit. There are independent labels out there that run their business legit. And if you're not legit, the truth is going to come out eventually.

MRR: Spinhead Records on Westwood [Boulevard]. Was that a storefront?

Dave: Phil Newman (Sin 34 bassist) was Spinhead Records.

MRR: When I first moved down here I went looking for the building.

Dave: You would have just found a PO box there. Spinhead was eventually a studio in North Hollywood on Burbank Blvd. First an 8-track studio, and then 24. I used to live there. A lot of punkers used PO boxes and assumed names. That was a really big punk rock thing, assumed personalities, fake last names. Nobody was really who they were. So many of our friends even, that's not their real name. They're just creating these characters. They can say and do whatever they want. That's one thing that I think distinguished us. Jordan and I, we were who we were. We didn't hide behind personas.

Jordan: We didn't dress up too much.

Dave: We cared deeply about this music. We knew it was special. We dedicated all our time into promoting it! Then we started creating this stuff. It all came out of that very creative time.

MRR: Popular misconception about LA punk rock? My perception was it was the mecca of punk rock in the Eighties.

Dave: I think it was! [laughter]

Jordan: Oh fuck yeah! There was shit loads going on. It was easier to crash here, the weather was better.

Dave: Let's face it, the national hardcore scene was fixated on Los Angeles. It just wasn't us being here. You got to realize, everyone; from the people in the Midwest, to the people in Boston, to the people in DC, they're looking at this and they're just on their fucking knees.

MRR: I felt like Southern California, everybody looked to it for the sheer number of bands, the style...

Jordan: Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Social Distortion, Adolescents, it was just the concentration..

Dave: There was also a lot of really good sub strata bands. The recorded output and what came out of it, it just was what it was.

Jordan: You had *The Decline Of The Western Civilization,* and you had X, and the stuff before that.

Dave: I think what it all boils down to, it was just good music.

Jordfan: And a shit load of it! DC is cool. The Bad Brains are fucking gnarly. Two of my top five American punk bands..

Dave: I think Minor Threat are the superior band.

Jordan: Yeah, but the two of them together in that same city.

I also think this place was more musically diverse as well than it was in other places.

Dave: I think diversity was the key to L.A.. I think that was the hidden secret.

Jordan: And we didn't get hung up in all the political bullshit like they do up Northern California, though there were great bands up there too. Flipper, Dead Kennedy's.

Dave: You could have a show with Christian Death, you could have a show with, on the same bill Social Distortion, and on the same bill Redd Kross, and on the same bill Suburban Lawns. It didn't matter, it was just you were in for the total experience. The reason why the scene here was so happening is because all these other bands were all inspiring these other bands in, I think, in a way that made these other bands want to stick to what they were doing. That's why Saccharine Trust does not sound like the Minutemen. So many of these bands have their unique... The original L.A. punk was really like that too. You go back to the Masque era and you look at...

Jordan: It's not like everybody sounds like the Middle Class.

MRR: When all these bands and scenes were happening, did you guys ever stop and think you were witness something special? Something historic?

Dave: I think so. That's why we did what we did. Actually, we joked about it. We joked about being punk rock historians. We were making fun of something that hadn't happened yet. [laughter]

Jordan: We were planning out a tour, like how the tour would go. We would start in Hollywood, and you would go by the Masque, and then you would go over the the Cathay (de Grande), and then the Palladium. Then you would go down to the South Bay and go by the Church. Then, maybe out to Fullerton to the Black Hole, or whatever. We used to goof on that shit, and try to remember where all the addresses were.

Dave: I think the reason why we started the magazine was because we knew there was something heavy going down.

MRR: What was the most enduring thing you learned from that time period?

Jordan: Don't be afraid to pogo.

Dave: I learned that if you want something done, you have to do it yourself. I know that's like a

Demolition of the Punk Shack. Photo by David Markey

hackneyed cliche at this point, but it's a simple matter of fact. No one is going to do this work, if you don't do it yourself. Much has been made of DIY culture, an this and that, and the next thing, but you've got to realize that this was just something that had to be done in a way that it had to be done. None of it happened by accident. Maybe some of it did. There was a few happy accidents.

Jordan: Running into John Macias' dad, and him doing our printing, that was a happy accident.

Dave: I think that when you have a really healthy scene going on, or a collective, or a group of like minded artists, or film makers, or poets, or writers, or what have you, something magical happens that is larger than anyone individually, that creates this energy that allows for things to happen that are larger than any one person. It's inspiring, people inspiring other people, and there was a lot of that going on in those days.

MRR: What did you learn most from hardcore then? What's the one thing that you still apply to your daily life? Work ethic?

Dave: More about a sticking to your guns kind of thing for me. Integrity, and a good sense of humor. If you can't laugh, then why bother?

Jordan: One of Dave's raps, pre-hardcore, when we were pool hopping, was "When opportunity knocks, you open the door". So it's always go for it! You just gotta go for it. For me, I think, the big regret was when I stopped shooting photos. What the fuck did I stop doing that for?

Dave: Who were you going to document at that point? Guns & Roses?

Jordan: No! The SST stuff!

MRR: Zoogz Rift?

Jordan: No! The first Dinosaur Jr gig at the fucking Anti Club! That was fucking awesome! Dinosaur Jr doing breakfast with Ginn, it was just funny shit. And all those other bands, Das Damen...

Dave: I think things become different once you have a job and you're working for someone. Yeah, you're making ten bucks a day, but you're head was probably in a different place at that point.

Jordan: Yeah, but still, there would have been some interesting photos.

MRR: How did the book come about? Because at the back of the *Enter Naomi* book Joe Carducci has you listed as doing a book called *Party With Me Punker*.

Dave: We had a previous book deal that fell apart. It was a totally different layout, a much smaller selection of our photos. It was something Thurston Moore was going to publish...

Jordan: Thurston's version was just going to be pictures and no text or fanzines, with, you could say, a very artistic interpretation of the pictures.

Dave: Fortunately with Ian, he got my vision of the project. He wanted the essays, and the zine's too.

Jordan: The book came about, I think it was eight years ago, over Christmas vacation. Dave had a digital scanner that had a 35mm negative attachment, and he started running some of his negatives through, "Hey these are pretty cool". So he gave me a call because I had fifty sheets of the old negatives that I shot from *We Got Power,* and maybe ten or twenty of those had been published. Many never made it bigger than a proof sheet. So, we're pulling out all these crazy photos.

Dave: The process went on for several weeks if not a couple months.

Jordan: And as we're doing this, it's like, "Hey, why not have these people who are in the pictures write these stories about what was in those photos". So, Dave started flowing some of the images around, and Thurston immediately reacted to them, "Hey let's do something".

Dave: A lot of them also ended up in the movie *American Hardcore*.

Jordan: Thurston was putting out all these other books, and by the time he got ready to do our book Ecstatic Peace was over.

Dave: I bought the *Touch & Go* book, got the address and I wrote Ian, and eventually talked to him, pitched him the concept and he was on board. It took about a year or so from that point for it to get the book out. It was the end result of eight years of work, and then finally having something be a project, then fall away, then come back.

Jordan: There were dark days for sure.

Dave: It did die! Then it got reborn. It really is something to see this unleashed into the world eight years after it was conceptualized. Usually I get my stuff out, usually, in a pretty timely manner, but this one just took its own time. Once we got involved with Ian at Bazillion Points, we already knew what we wanted to do, I like to think that getting together with him was just the final layer on it.

Jordan: Ian rescanned all the negatives, and by doing that it forced him to look at every image and name it and then he started learning about the people in the pictures, and then he would get to the point where he would make inside jokes about the different people. He really studied the material. He laid it out, we provided the details and feedback, and he did an amazing job. The other thing is, I'm hanging out a Raymond Pettibon opening at a gallery in West Hollywood talking with some other former SST graphic artists, and they're with somebody from a gallery that is interested - "Oh, you have some punk rock photos? Would you like to show them?" That was Laurie Steelnick, at Track 16 in Santa Monica, and that gallery just happened to be three blocks from where Dave and I grew up. So it all started with this faux gallery thing at the Punk Shack, and then you fast forward a few decades, and now we're doing a real show with 140 prints on the wall, plus Adolescents, Saccharine Trust, The Last, White Flag, and Dead Issue playing live in the gallery for the opening. Then Phranc, the Middle Class, and the Meat Puppets playing the closing. It was just this amazing thing. The book coming out at the same time, and, oh by the way, Dave's new Circle Jerks documentary, *My Career As A Jerk* screening in the middle of that, along with all our other films. All the pieces falling together at the same time.

Dave: 2012 is a very prolific year. What can I say? After thirty plus years of being involved with this music to have all this stuff, to have all this stuff hit at once is pretty interesting.

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A CONVERSATION WITH

TRUST

DOLF HERMANNSTÄDTER AND JAN ROEHLK

If you're an older punk, you might relate to this: you have a friend who you knew as a younger punk in your scene—they were, maybe, 14 when you were 19, or whatever. But now, years and years later, you still think of that person as a little punk runt teenager. They're, say, 35 years old now, fer fuck's sake! So it is with MRR *and* TRUST *zine. Even though we had a few years' head start on them, we grew up together as peers, and the time has come when we must hereby acknowledge that* TRUST *is not* Maximum's *li'l German nephew, but a grown-ass 27-year-old mag with a rich history of its own, run by some of the most righteous (an old!) punks you will ever meet... But remember when they were that little thrasher in the pit with bandanas wrapped around every limb, wearing too many flannels? Yeah, those were the days...*

A few months ago, in semi-commemoration of TRUST's *25th anniversary and* MRR's *30th, we interviewed* TRUST's *Dolf Hermannstädter and Jan Roehlk. We took a look back at our two zines' collaborative photozine,* Welcome to Cruise Country, *published way back in 1986, and along the way we reminisced about our history together, the present state of covering DIY punk, and what lies ahead. We must give huge props to everyone involved in putting together* Welcome to Cruise Country, *especially Helge Schreiber and Martin Sprouse, but mostly to Dolf, Jan and the rest of the current* TRUST *crew for their continued hard work and support. You can download a complete PDF of that historic photozine at www.maximumrocknroll.com/mrr-archives-cruise-country.*

Intro and interview by Paul Curran. Photos provided by TRUST *and Helge Schreiber, Paul May, Hanz Vermaas and J.P. Inkinen*

MRR: How did you first learn about *Maximum Rocknroll*?

Dolf: It was back in 1983. Dave Dictor of MDC sent me an issue after I wrote him a letter; he also included a copy of *Ripper*. If I remember correctly I was more turned on by *Ripper*.

Jan: I got to know *MRR* through a review in a local fanzine in the beginning of the '90s. I had a subscription, then canceled it and only read it once in a while because I was a little tired by the millionth crust band interview (sorry!) but renewed a subscription again and this time kept it.

MRR: Was *MRR* an inspiration for starting *TRUST*?

Dolf: Yes, definitely. We were very impressed by *MRR*, *Ripper* and *Flipside*! I have to say that I don't really like the open submission concept concerning the interviews. I like it more when a core writing staff conducts the interviews, if only to avoid people sending in faked interviews or made-up scene reports. Like with all open source media, it is the same problem: It is cool that all can submit, but who controls it? Maybe it is just a matter of taste. Some people like it, some don't, and hey, it clearly works for *MRR*...so, all is good!

Jan: German Wikipedia writes about *TRUST*: "Taking the American *MRR* fanzine as a role model, the first issue of *TRUST* was published in 1986 by the founding members Thomasso Schultze, Mitch Alber, Armin Hofman, Dolf Hermannstädter and Anne Ullrich. Just like *MRR* was connecting the worldwide punk scene, *TRUST* started with the aim to connect the German punk and hardcore scene through a regular published print-fanzine, a back-then totally new thing for punk fanzines." These came out only locally, once a year or so and were kind of harder to find.

So, yes, *MRR* was a really huge influence. And for me it will remain an inspiration for continuing my writing for *TRUST*. *MRR* offers a really good worldwide view of the punk scene, and it is still great to have all the news, columns, record/movie/book reviews and shit collected every month on paper, at least for me. For a while, *Flipside* matched my musical taste more, but really, I like both a lot.

I always like to do something for/with the people of *MRR*. *TRUST* asked *MRR* years ago if we could support each other by exchanging ads, and we do so to this day...and it always felt good to contribute; I did scene reports in 2004 and 2010. One special thing about *MRR*, which blew me away and still keeps me inspired when I think of it, is the spirit of the coordinators and their serious dedication to the labor of love for the DIY-punk scene and the mag. I twice met different coordinators for an interview

for *TRUST*, and they were like, "*MRR* gave us so much when we were young, so I give it back now with my *MRR* involvement." Both times it was a truly good experience to meet the coordinators in person and see how "it" all works in the house.

MRR: How did the idea come about for a *TRUST*/*MRR* photozine?
Dolf: We just thought it would be a great project and that it would help the global scene to connect.
Jan: Helge Schreiber had the idea. He also stayed for some months at *MRR* and pulled it together. His involvement in this issue came from his writings for *MRR* about European bands.

MRR: Who decided which photos to use?
Dolf: As far as I remember, it was a co-op of people from *TRUST*. Anne Ullrich, Thomasso Schulze, and Helge Schreiber was also heavily involved.

MRR: Was all of the production for *Welcome to Cruise Country* done at *MRR*? Did any of you actually come to *MRR* to work on this? If so, what was it like to meet Tim Yo in person?
Jan: In the beginning of 1987 Helge finished his civil service and with the transfer money, he flew out to San Francisco. Together with *MRR*, he put together the zine. He collected all the photos from of a lot of photographers from all of Europe. Later the same year, the special photo issue between *MRR* and *TRUST* called *Welcome to Cruise Country* with photos only of European bands was released. Since the publishing date it has sold ten million copies. No, it is for sure sold out.
Dolf: Yes, it was all done there. It was great to meet Tim. He was a fun guy to hang around and had a lot of life experience and good ideas and arguments. What impressed me the most, this was in 1987, that there was an older guy who was still cool. Since most of our peers were our age and usually older people become adults, but Tim was still cool. I liked that since I hardly knew any other older people who were like him.

MRR: Were there separate European and US printings of the photozine?
Dolf: Yes, the US version was on shitty newsprint and the Euro version was offset. They were otherwise identical, only the cover was a bit different. The names of the zines were in different order.

MRR: Do you want to explain the title for our younger American readers? How big was the cruise missile issue, and was it seen as a uniting political issue for European punks?
Dolf: The historical-political background concerning the title of the photo issue had to do with the Cold War times and politics. In 1980, NATO planned to react on the deployment of Russian intermediate-range missiles with the deployment of American cruise missiles and Pershing II intermediate-range missiles. Parallel to that, NATO wanted to make a disarmament offer to the Soviets. That double-strategic plan—install weapons while talking about disarmament—was called the NATO Double-Track Decision. This decision was the re-enforcing point of a whole bunch of anti-war protests in Europe, and a lot of people in the punk scene were against the Double-Track Decision. All of that emerged later in the title of the photo issue. Uniting political issue for European punks? Hard to answer...
Jan: I'd like to add one more thing may need some explaining—the very origin of the name *TRUST*. Sometimes people don't understand or just don't know what the original intention was. One of the founders of *TRUST*, in 1986, had the idea for the name. It has nothing to do with the 7 Seconds song title, and also nothing to do with the French band by the same name. It was intended to be a play on words—"trust" is an old expression for "huge, monopolistic corporations cartel which dominates the market." Besides the obvious, trust, that was the intention, to claim in an ironic way, like, "Trust us. Obey us 'cause we rule."

MRR: As you look through the photozine now, is there anything that surprises you, makes you laugh, makes you embarrassed...?
Jan: Fuck you big time, you old punks over forty. I am jealous. Seriously, this remains amazing on several levels. First thing that comes into my mind: Great cover shot. And how young all these bands were. So enthusiastic. So serious *and* joyful *and* powerful *and* full of good *fun*. A few of my favorite shots include Negazione and the crowd shots in Italy. And the Lärm guys who seemed to have lost contact to earth: how high can you jump with a bass in your hands?! Guess they took that from SNFU, I assume... Look at that Tu Do Hospital pic. No barriers between the band and

audience and these happy faces. In the pic of Everything Falls Apart you can see the singer Thomasso, back then one of the main driving forces for *TRUST* fanzine. For today's sixteen-year-old kids, this issue must look like an artifact from a long gone civilization. Does that all mean that the past was better than today? Fuck no. It was just...different.

But the *Cruise Country* issue is also an interesting document to understand the transformation of the European scene. Most of the people in these photos were punks before US Hardcore landed in Europe. They then combined the new sound with British anarcho-punk values and that was back then the new "movement" of European hardcore. Some older punks dissed that new breed as *Stirnbandwixxer*, which means bandanajerks, and the younger punks of course dissed the old punks as *Nietenkaiser*, which means spike emperor.

And, fuck, then there are those old ads I love looking at so much. The ad from Alternative Tentacles announcing the *Give Me Convenience* Dead Kennedys collection (one of the first punk records I bought, but only in 1991, ha ha) and that says that *Sex Mad* by No Means No is soon to be released. Alchemy records stating that something from RKL is coming soon, which surely meant the great *Rock'n'Roll Nightmare* record. Man, Starving Missile records are also inside. Taang! announces *Hate Your Friends* by Lemonheads. Well...maybe a reprint on good paper quality would also make sense?

MRR: Over the years, punk has become bigger and more fractured, harder to define. Does *TRUST* have a hard time deciding what is and isn't punk?

Dolf: There is no definition of punk. There is no rulebook, so punk can be almost anything. *TRUST* continues to come out bi-monthly as an info medium for the active-not-stupid, progressive, open-minded punk scene and has good, stable, professional distribution through scene structures like record stores, mail orders, selling at gigs(okay, rarely these days as opposed to in the past). For many years, *TRUST* also has been available at all major German train stations' newsstands.

TRUST is a labor of love "biz idea", which means that no one gets money for contributing to the zine, and the content should consist of good music and interesting social-political ideas. Like, for an example, interviewing authors who write about animal testing, environmental destruction, war, military critics, etc. We don't always manage to bring these two principles together, but the ideal remains the same: to feature music and politics, or at least always try to bring across that hardcore punk, as we understand it, is more than just music.

Jan: What was the sub-line in the [long gone] *MRR* classifieds section again? Like, "Be careful who you send money to. The punk world is not a perfect world." Punk can mean totally diverse musical/fashion/drug, etc. tastes and styles, and the connection from these different surface issues lays in the same feeling, a certain "misfit" alienation from mainstream society and with the punk scene.

TRUST makes total sense to me, like having an open minded view on punk, and at the same time, being totally clear about the not defined definition of Punk. We sure have our favorites, like the punk music we agree on is the kind with great music and strong humanistic-emancipate lyrics, so the consensus band is Fugazi. You could say that we like content-punk more than the fashion-punk.

A good example of a typical open-minded punk issue is *TRUST* #19 from 1989 with NWA on the cover. I love the cover, which is why I mentioned this issue. Other features besides NWA were interviews with Nirvana, Bad Religion, Sub Pop records, Blitz youth center in Oslo, Snuff, Soulside, Uniform Choice, Gwar, Victims Family and Cable Street Beat Londoner, an anti-fascist organization.

There were certain issues that were responsible for a few people beginning to read *TRUST* in 1986. They were fed up with the violent, druggy and macho first waver "Deutschpunk scene" of the early '80s and of course with "society." And the issues old bands like the Dead Kennedys or Crass sang about did not go away. Dead Kennedys had this wonderful one-liner, "All religions make me wanna throw up." And what happened then? Krishna-Core came in, Christian punk, Taqwacore-punk, hell, even conservative punk?! Not to mention racism, environmental destruction, world hunger, wars, poverty and so on.

But you can't do a critical zine for so long, scene- and society-wise, when it is only lamenting and being self-hyper-critical in a dogmatic way. So, "Party for your right to fight!" It is *fun* to do *TRUST*, write for the zine and shit. You meet a lot of people who are involved with punk music, you can interview good bands and interesting labels, you meet other music and politics writers, and you get to understand the functions of punk "behind the curtains."

It is strange with punk these days, especially with the circles of retro sounds and styles. It seems that every two to three years a new "groove" reappears: the return of Deutschpunk, Oi!, doom, early '80s hardcore, thrash punk...

And I really don't know how to "judge" certain aspects of the punk culture. When you have these seventeen-year-old kids who play 100% like Ill Repute, and you get their record for a review, what would you say? Is the band a sign of talent or lack of creativity? And would you rather interview the original band who, kind of, pioneered a certain sound, or would you tend to say, "Fuck those old farts. Their time is long gone. Don't reopen the

DOLF HERMANNSTÄDTER

JAN ROEHLK

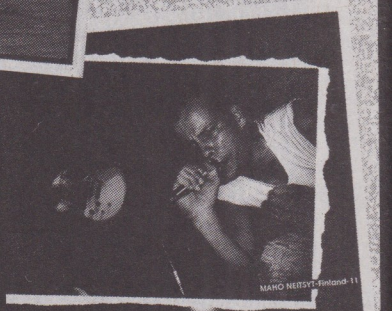
coffin! Here is fresh blood from young people?"

Personally, I love Bikini Kill, and I love AC/DC. I love Black Flag in all their incarnations from 1978 to 1986, especially the older I get, their last "process"—no kidding! However, I love the Ramones, the band "with just one song." Contradictory? Yes, it is. To quote Janis Joplin, "...the same old fucking thing." How can you define punk when punk itself refuses to be defined? Punk will probably remain a paradox. Which is good. And which is bad. But we must deal with that ambivalence.

MRR: It has become harder and harder financially to do a magazine. How does *TRUST* survive, and how long do think it will last?

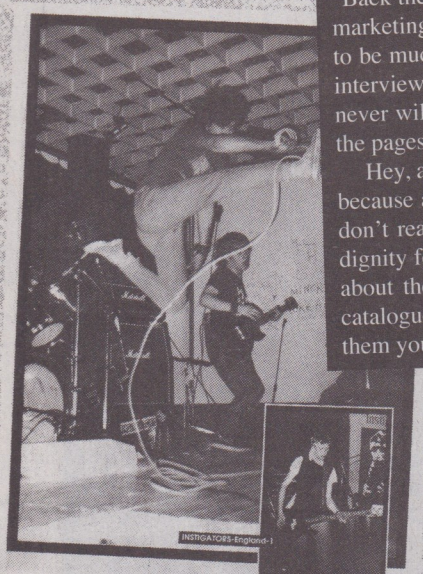
Dolf: Yes, it is hard. At this point we are going strong, but that might change. Things change very fast nowadays. How long? We don't know, but there is no plan to stop the mag.

After 26 years, *TRUST* is still around and is the second oldest regularly published punk fanzine in the world. We have a good mixed staff, a good layout person, and our readers appreciate our content policy. That means "outgoing journalism" and the clear separation of content and advertisement, which should be the norm. Our content is determined by what the staffers want to see inside. It is not planned along the release schedules of the record labels and band tour dates.



We do intensive interviews that you will have a hard time reading online, probably like this interview. There is nothing wrong with the internet...well, of course there is a lot wrong, but that is another story...it is good for short news-info. But older people who remember the shift between writing letters and sending emails will never get used to reading long texts online. That is supposed to change with the new "digital native" generation. But in which direction? Why do young people still buy vinyl?

Jan: Dolf works hard to get ads inside. He does all the shitwork alone. Sometimes other writers help, of course. For example, I try to help with searching for possible ad buyers, but then again, this is a very frustrating task. You often realize that even the small fanzine world and the punk scene have changed a lot in a negative way. "Back then" adverting was 60% a way to support print-media counterculture and 40% marketing tool. Today the ads seem like a 110% marketing tool. Bands and labels tend to be much more like, "I get an ad when you give my records good reviews or do an interview with me?" That happens more and more, but we never did package deals and never will. It is the death of journalism, as you can clearly see when flipping through the pages of music mags.



Hey, always the same artist on the front cover from the same "media partner?" Is it because all their bands are so fucking good, or is it that they paid for the cover? You don't really know the details, but it seems like a made-up thing. Please, show more dignity for your writers, and don't treat me, as a reader, like this shit. If I want to read about the greatness of fucking bands of a certain label, I would fucking read their catalogue online, right? And why write then at all? Let PR people write for you. Give them your content...

We had a big reprint project in 2010: a book about our first ten issues (facsimile reprint with all old issues, ads, 640 pages). We did 100 copies, all sold out through pre-order. It generated a little profit, which went back into the zine. We'll do it again now with the issues #11 to #20.

MRR: Wanna do another photozine with us?

Dolf: Why not? It should be much easier nowadays then it was back then. Then again, it might involve much more work, since it so much "easier."

Jan: Yeah, but this time about American bands? There was this *MRR* issue in the '90s about "Punks over 30." We should re-ask them what they are doing now, like, "Punks over 50?!" I like special issues. Let's see what *TRUST* had. After the *MRR/TRUST* issue came the drug-issue #78, published in 1999. Then issue #116 in 2006 about "sex and music." That was followed by issue # 126 about "work" in 2007. And the last special issue was issue #149 in 2011 about "30 years of Dischord records."

Dolf/Jan: Paul, thanks very much for the interview. It is wonderful that *MRR* turned 30 in July 2012. We wish *MRR* all the best for the future! May it last and continue to pollute people's minds with punk and good ideas. Long live *Maximum Rocknroll*!

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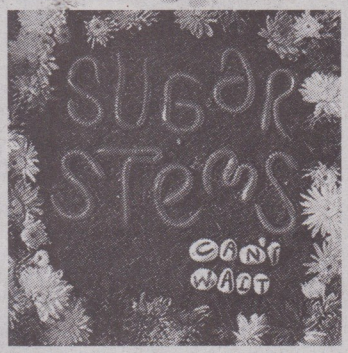

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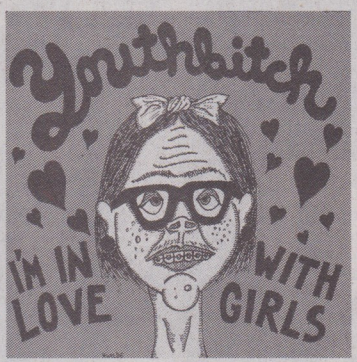

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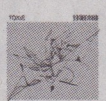

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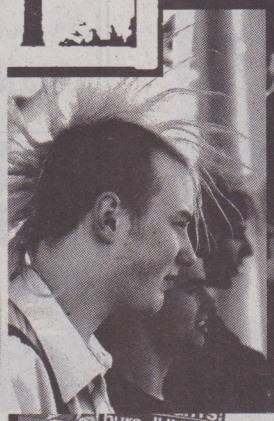

When Jeffrey Paul, vocalist for Portland's Final Warning and Trauma died on March 3, 2013, the punk rock community lost a pioneer and true believer. Jeff Paul began his musical journey in 1983 with Final Warning and finished it with Trauma in 2013. Band mates Dan Cunneen from Final Warning and Todd Burdette from Trauma share their thoughts and memories of JP.

It's not easy when you lose a comrade, but Jeffrey Paul's death hits particularly hard. In addition to being a much-admired musician, Jeff Paul was a successful and gifted graphic artist and an avid motorcyclist - so he definitely didn't fit the mold of the overindulging nihilist. Simply put, Jeff had his shit together in a big way. He also had a tremendously wide circle of friends that loved and respected him very much. All this makes Jeff's passing especially tough to take.

Final Warning got together in 1982 and recorded an unreleased demo, but we were pretty much a derivative mix of G.B.H. and Minor Threat. In early 1983 our singer Tim switched to bass and Jeff Paul became the Final Warning front man. Jeff was a few years younger than the rest of us, so his "youthful enthusiasm" was contagious. (When you're 20 and your band-mate is 17, three years seems like an eternity.) With Jeff's addition, Final Warning gained new energy and motivation - and we found our sound.

Of course being a singer in a hardcore band, Jeff Paul was a tough and commanding character. But those who knew him well knew his warm side. If there was a situation that needed levity, Jeff would deliver a quick joke with a sideways glance and wicked grin and the tension was gone. It's that dichotomy that defined Jeff and endeared him to so many.

The 1980s Portland hardcore community was somewhat isolated and self-contained. As a result, early Portland bands like Poison Idea, Sado-Nation, Lockjaw and Final Warning, helped to create the Portland scene in an incubator of sorts. The bands and fans that followed have since grown Portland into one of the great punk scenes in the country, if not the world. With his sharp and well-timed lyrics, his unrelenting and expressive voice and his out-sized charisma, Jeff Paul was a big part of that growth. Most exceptionally, with Trauma he remained a dedicated supporter of Portland punk until the very end.

-- Dan Cunneen

It was my 30th birthday. I was at the bar that I frequent on Sundays with my friends, when the bartender placed a pitcher of beer on the table and informed us: "This one is courtesy of Clay Records". Absolutely bewildered, we turned to see a bald guy waving and walking out the door. The next week, the same guy was there. We asked if he was the guy who bought the beer... and if he worked for Clay..??? "Ha, no. I just saw your Discharge shirt and thought it would be clever..." And thus a friendship was born...

We started Trauma out of a desire to play HC inspired by our favorites: Discharge and 80s Finnish and U.S. Hardcore. My regret is that we were never able to tour. Jeff was able to travel with Warcry when we toured Europe in 2007 and we talked often about how much we hoped that someday Trauma could do the same.

No words can express the vacancy that is left from Jeff's absence, although his persona was so fierce that I often feel his presence, hear his laughter or the sound of his motorcycle, and absorb his fighting spirit. JP: unconditional friend, incessant source of entertainment, dedicated master of selflessness, sarcasm, creativity, quick witted irony, contempt, and generosity. A true punk.

-- Todd Burdette

All of us in Final Warning and Trauma mourn Jeff's loss and send our love to his friends, family and especially to his longtime partner, Suzi Lillie. Jeffrey Paul will be greatly missed.

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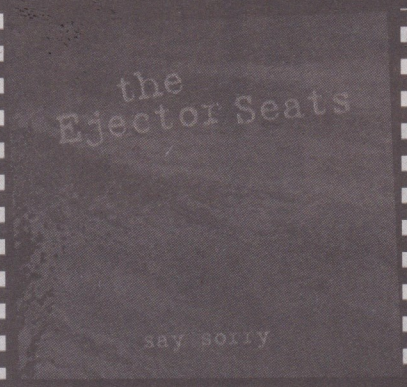

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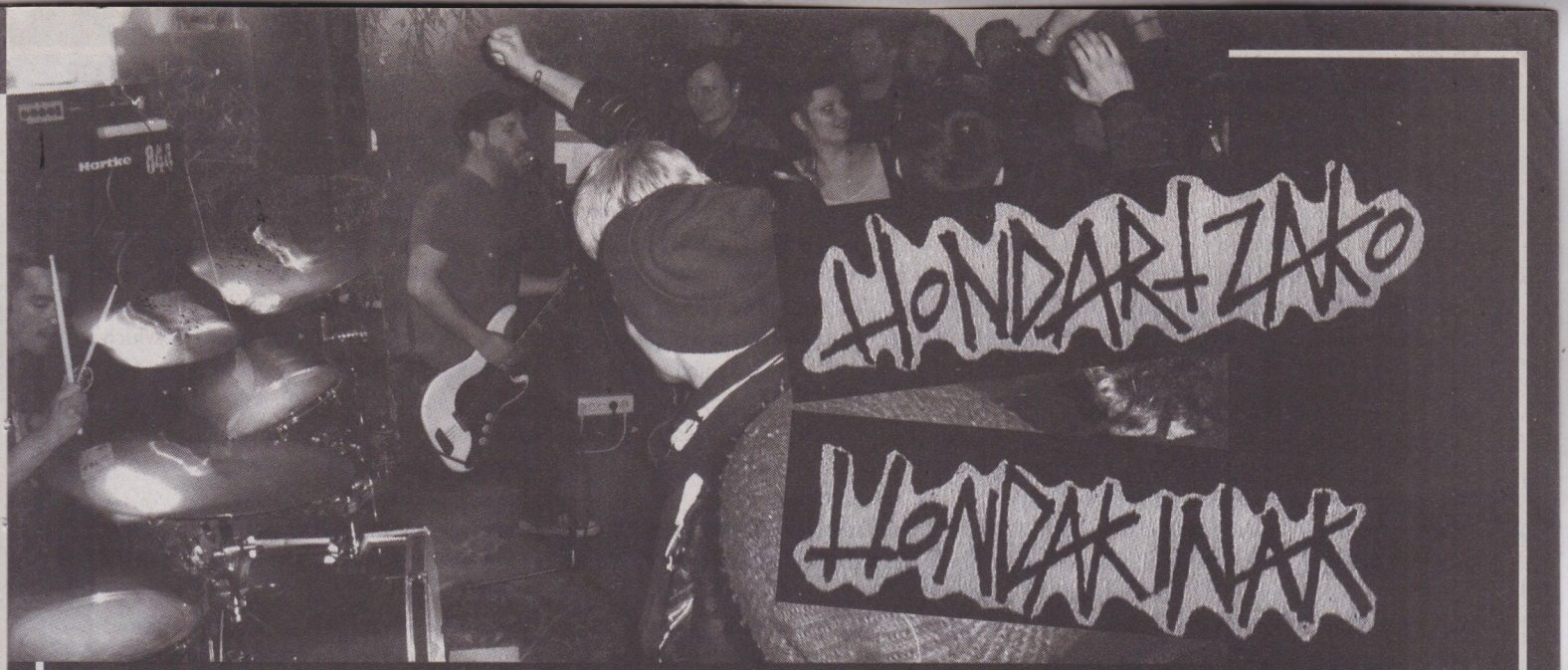

After receiving Hondartzako Hondakinak's two demo tapes for review, I was immediately won over by their genuinely reckless and driving hardcore punk sound. As we began seeking bands for the upcoming MRR *international compilation, I wrote to Honda-Honda to tell them I loved their band, and suggested that they submit some track for the comp. From this initial contact grew a friendly penpal-ship between bassist/vocalist Rémi and I, reminding me of the joy of connecting with like-minded folks through punk music. After several months of blaring their music and getting to know Rémi through email, I decided it was time to point the spotlight on one of the best punk bands in France for all of* MRR*'s beloved readers! HH is Bruno on drums, Rémi on bass and vocals and Tim on guitar. Interview by Matt Badenhop through email. Photos by Junma Dagger, Helena Hiltunen and Fabro.*

MRR: When and where did HH form? What does Hondartzako Hondakinak mean? Did you intentionally choose a name that no one anywhere else can pronounce?

Rémi: I think unpronounceable band names are fun! And I know I'm going to remember what Grazhdanskaya Oborona, Kansanturvamusiikkikomissio or Kyklooppien Sukupuutto sound like because their names sound special and intriguing as well. I guess it all depends on whether you're familiar with Russian or Finnish in their case, and with Euskara in ours. Although our name got misspelled on the flyer of the last gig we played in the Basque Country, ha ha ha. Also, having such a name means people who sell our stuff are also likely to spell it wrong and that our demos are still available in some distros since you can't find them when googling our name right…

Tim: Can't remember when exactly we started playing. As a three piece, two or three years ago? We started practicing in Hendaye in a place called Lanetik Egina, a small house where bands can practice for cheap. First times were a bit rough with me having only a 50watt amp that could barely cover the drums. Then, we started jamming with a bass player who played on the demos but he left; so Rémi took on bass in addition to vocals. Hondartzako Hondakinak means "beach waste."

Bruno: Actually, we picked this name so that everyone outside of Euskadi can call us "Honda-Honda," we hoped then that Honda could sponsor us like Toyota-Scion does with all these bands but it didn't work so far.

MRR: Is there a particular reason you chose to sing in Euskara?

Rémi: Well, it's a local language in our area, there weren't any hardcore bands using it in Iparralde (Northern/French Basque Country, where we're from) as far as we knew at the time (whereas there have been plenty of them doing so in Hegoalde, the Southern/Spanish Basque Country, for decades now) and it sounds nicer than butchered English on our music, I think. People often say my vocals sound a bit Finnish (because of all the ooooh's and aaaah's I suppose?), I love it, ha ha.

Bruno: At first, it wasn't something natural since it's not our native language in the band but the idea of singing in Euskara came very spontaneously. I personally study Euskara and I love it.

MRR: What recordings, shows and tours have you done so far?
Bruno: We released two demo tapes in 2010 and 2011 (*Lehen Maketa* and *Bigarren Maketa*) and last year, we recorded several songs for three different compilations: the next international *MRR* compilation, a compilation LP released by Not Normal from Chicago (also international) called *Welcome to 2013*, and a compilation tape with friends and bands from Bordeaux. And unless you call playing three nights in a row a "tour," we haven't done any tour yet, mainly because of our personal agendas.
Rémi: Not much more to add to that except that we played something like 20 gigs so far, plenty of them with great bands and friends such as Warning/Warning, Gasmask Terrör, Face Up to It!, Kalte Lust, Télécommande, State Poison, Good Good Things, Dictadura, Represion, Lotus Fucker, Fracaso, Kylmä Sota, Demokhratia, Systematic Death, Kirkipète or les Doigts Dans ta Soeur. We took the train to go play in Paris, we got lost in some crazy chaos-punk-run farm near Toulouse on our way to Grenoble, we crossed the border and braved Iparralde's rain twice to go play in San Sebastian and Getaria, etc… We haven't played much and mostly as a local or opening band so far, but it's always been fun.

MRR: Tell us a bit about the Northern Basque region you live in. How does it compare to the rest of France? Is there a big difference in mentality, politically and culturally?
Bruno: The Northern part of Euskadi, Iparralde, is quite small and it's a rather touristic and agricultural zone. People here are very attached to the Basque culture with its specificities in music, dance, sports, food… and of course Euskara, the Basque language, and they try to preserve it. I think it's something that tourists from France or other countries find a bit exotic and outlandish. Politically, you can find the same right-wing and left-wing parties as in France but, because of History and the obvious ties with Hegoalde (the Spanish part of Euskadi), there is also a strong and large abertzale movement which struggles for the autonomy of Euskadi ("Abertzale" means something like "patriot" but for Euskadi) and it's mostly left-wing. Finally, even if many towns or villages around us are run by right-wing parties and even if we live in a pretty conservative area, I have the impression that a lot of trade unions and associations are very active here, maybe more active than anywhere else...

MRR: I think I recall Rémi telling me that the band members live far away from each other. How does the band operate and stay active under these circumstances?
Rémi: "Far away" is stretching it a bit, but Bruno and I live a bit more than an hour away from each other and Tim now lives almost three hours away from us. We hang out and practice the same way as we always did, once to three times a month according to work and family obligations? We keep in touch through phone calls and emails a lot, work on riffs or ideas at home, try them out during practice, etc… It's nothing special I guess, but the band has never been anything "special" anyway. It's only another way for us to have fun and do something together whenever we can because we're friends before being bandmates. Sometimes we just meet up to go to a gig in Hegoalde together and we don't practice. It's no big deal as it's always been about the fun and it's really what matters the most to us. Everything else, "releases," gigs, interviews, etc… is the icing on the cake, extra opportunities we never really ran after but which presented themselves at a given time and which we took advantage of. I think we all like it that way and I'm certain that the day we feel any pressure on us to do anything, we'll just call it quits and start something else or keep playing in our side-projects, etc…

MRR: How connected are you to the Bordeaux punk scene? The Basque Country in Spain? How do you feel about the punk scenes in these places?
Rémi: All of us in the band have lived in Bordeaux for various amounts of time at some point. I'd say the Bordeaux punk scene has been crucial for us in the sense that it's really the scene that got us into all the DIY, radical, underground side of punk which we love nowadays. Bordeaux was the big city we went to in order to attend gigs in our late teenage-hood, you know? We made plenty of friends there, we've seen their local punk bands (Face Up to It!, Gasmask Terrör, etc…) a billion times. Up until two years ago or so, there wasn't any active scene in our area so we became part of Bordeaux's somehow. We wouldn't be where we are today with the band without Bordeaux punks anyway. They were the ones who offered to record our demos whereas we never planned to ever leave our practice space in the first place, they were the first ones who asked us to play gigs with their bands, Bordeaux punks are our sugar-daddies if you want, so it's more than a connection, it's deeply sentimental.
Bruno: I spent six years in Bordeaux as a student and it's a city in which I learned a lot about punk-hardcore. As Rémi said, there is a real connection between the Bordeaux "scene" and us; Tim even lives there now! In the South of Basque Country, we're more like spectators I guess, we usually go there to see shows. They have a very active scene, with plenty of shows all the time, plenty of bands and plenty of places/gaztetxeak to play.

MRR: What do you think about the wealth of information about punk (blogs, YouTube videos, downloads, distros, archives, podcasts, etc.) on the internet? Do you think it affects the amount of time and energy a person will spend on a particular band/release?
Rémi: Hah, very interesting and wide topic that I'll only cover superficially… I personally used to love being able to access any information I needed right away. . Nowadays I'm more skeptical about it. It's so easy to drown in the overwhelming amount of information you stumble upon and it makes it very difficult to put everything into context. I like learning from my older friends through

mixtapes, older zines, letters, much better. Also, I think the immediate access to everything prevents you from focusing on what you were looking for in the first place and it's very easy to get distracted. Which means that yes, I think that it has a very strong impact on the time and energy someone will spend on some particular band or record. I got the Internet quite late and I remember that when I was a kid and could only afford two records each month, I'd spin the hell out of them, even if the music didn't grab me right away. Nowadays you can make up your mind on a band's entire discography in less than five minutes. That's such little time to make a proper and accurate analysis of what you've just heard. There are good things on the Internet though, databases such as Punks is Hippies (hi Tony!), things like Kill From the Heart, Shit-Fi, etc… I like that. It's not half-assed and you can feel the passion and knowledge behind them.

That being said, I don't think the Internet can replace a good old school paper zine when it comes to sharing information and whatnot. The effort that goes into both making and reading a zine makes the information more… valuable to me somehow? Because of the efforts the zine-maker put into his zine and because the reader can hold something in his hands, the information sent and received feels more "important" to me, more worthy of being remembered. Reading a zine is a treat, reading stuff online is a pain.

Regarding distros, online distros are OK. I don't think I've ever used Big Cartel though. I don't like that; I like chatting with people. I'd rather send an email to the distro and exchange a few words with them instead. I could go on and on for hours about the Internet, I'll stop now ha h aha.

MRR: HH plays a familiar straightahead and anguished style of hardcore punk that comes off honest and genuine. Rémi—we've discussed the topic of endless contrived/calculated punk and hardcore out there these days. What do you guys think about "hype" bands in general?

Rémi: Sometimes hype is deserved because the bands do something original or new. Some people like them, some others don't. However, in the end, people always remember honesty I think. There was only one Cult Ritual, you know what I mean?

Bruno: Mmmh, no, I don't understand what you mean Rémi and I don't understand what "hype" is. Bands sell their 300 7"es very fast, three persons on a message board chat about them on the internet and it's "hype", is that it? It means nothing to me and has nothing to do with real life, I don't live in the Matrix.

Tim: I don't think that I spend enough time on the Internet to be aware of what is hype or not, and I don't really give a rat's bottom.

Rémi: Wait, what's the Matrix? All I know is that I need to keep my life Internet-free nowadays.

MRR: Do you think it's important for punk bands to have a political agenda? Does HH have one?

Bruno: I don't think that "political agenda" is a sexy term, ha ha, and you don't even have to be political to play in a punk band. But I find the so-called nihilists more and more boring. Good for you if you don't care about anything except snorting coke, partying and... yourself but it's not really subversive in the end. You maybe think that being a jerk and un-PC makes you an asocial and dangerous person, but in our ultra-individualistic capitalist world, you're more a product of society than anything else. More than that, the line between being a punk "who doesn't care about anything" and being conservative is so thin it is crossed very often.

Tim: I wouldn't say that we are a political band or political individuals since none of us are active militants. Nonetheless, I do believe that it's important for punk bands (or punks, you don't have to be in a band) to convey some kind of political message. Everything that tends to break or push social norms and structures is relevant I think. It's what punk is built on, isn't it? But I feel like I am stating the obvious. So, to sum up, politics = good.

Rémi: Well, actually, I kind of want to disagree with Tim, ha ha ha. I think the band is political but not in the way most people expect punk bands to be. We're not anarchists (two thirds of the band are on welfare and the other third works for the State, oops…), our songs aren't political pamphlets, etc… *but* we are conscious individuals who try to be aware about what's going on in their little lives, and we try to make an effort to not behave like assholes, hypocrites, etc… Since it goes against what social norms seem to be nowadays and that our "awareness" finds its way into our lyrics (even if they're written to come off as funny most of the time), I think it makes Honda/Honda political somehow. I mean, come on, we have a song about the rise of right-wing extremism and Nazis in France; another one about all these civil or religious movements against gay people, songs about stuff that happens locally, a song about the borders, etc… Yes we have songs about Akerbeltz, the Black Goat as well, but in "Goian, Mendian" (on our first demo), he is meant to rise and kill Sarkozy, the former French president. I don't know, to me and based on the current social climate over here, it makes us kind of political, even if it's not the first adjective I'd use to describe our music.

MRR: What's "the pit" like where you guys play? Do people typically stand around and bob their heads? Is there reckless macho pit dominance? Is it male dominated? Or do people have style and know how to dance? How do you feel about punk-show dancing?

Rémi: It depends, but in general, while not being completely irresponsive, people stay rather tame. We're more of an opening band and not widely known or appreciated so maybe that's why? We're also shy and always very concentrated on what we play, I don't know… Regarding "punk-show dancing," bear in mind all the tough-guy macho bro core stuff doesn't really exist in the DIY punk scene over here, only in some tougher hardcore scenes (which aren't that common in France I think?), and if it makes other attendees feel uncomfortable, you can be sure the moshers will be told off really quick (in the DIY scene at least.) I'm all for having fun at gigs, I love when people dance, jump around, crowd surf, get rowdy, etc… but spin kicks, windmills and the likes are so disrespectful, they make some people feel unsafe and prevent them from enjoying the gig. I can't back that.

And I'm not sure about where one draws the line to define whether the scene is "male-dominated" or not over here. There are plenty of girls at gigs, there are girls in punk bands, there are girls involved in putting on gigs (and they do much more than staying in the kitchen or cleaning the venues), there are girls who write zines, etc… I know "male-dominated" is only a term but I don't like it. What's the opposite? "Female-dominated?" Is it supposed to mean one is better than the other? Ultimately, all I'm interested in is that *everyone* feels welcome and comfortable at gigs or within the scene, whatever their gender, sexual preferences, skin colour, age or origin may be.

MRR: How have the economic crises and harsh austerity measures suffered by the southern European countries affected your or any close friend's lives?

Bruno: To be quite honest, I don't think that the economic crises have affected us yet. I have a stable job, I'm a teacher, and I don't think the two other members of Honda/Honda would do something radically different concerning their job or unemployment situations in other economic contexts. As you said, the countries that are more affected by the crises are the southern countries, that is to say Spain, Greece, Italy, etc. We live in an area that still is quite sheltered compared to theirs. But our rights, the social benefit system and education are weakened and shrink like everywhere else. It's like we're falling in a bottomless pit and I don't know when and how it will stop. And the truth is that it's been like that for the last forty years. The unemployment rate has been always pretty high and they're telling us that we must make efforts and undergo their harsher and harsher measures for decades now. Things have just escalated in the last five years but it's the same tendency in the end. Crises are used—can we say "created?"—by capitalism to manage peoples' lives and force them to make efforts which only benefit the rich.

Tim: I don't have a very large social circle and most of the people I know already have an "economic crisis lifestyle" with shit jobs (or no job) and little money. It seems to me that poverty has been present here for years (decades), and that people didn't wait for the economic crisis to live on the dole or suffer from unemployment. I don't really know what to think about that "crisis." We hear about it a lot in the media and around, and as a result people get in some kind of paranoiac state of mind of a world on the verge to breakdown. There's no doubt that there's an industrial decline with a lot of factories closing down in France and social tensions as a consequence. That being said, I don't think that I live enough in the real world to really know what the fuck is going on.

Rémi: I'm a bit in the same situation as Tim and feel the same as he does when it comes to that. What I think is crazy is that how in spite of working *and* receiving state benefits, plenty of people I know still live below what's considered as the average poverty line over here. It also feels weird to me to never have known a world where decent jobs aren't difficult to come by. Sure, I'm a punk and I shouldn't care but since I "entered the job market" the situation went from "really bad" to "even worse" and I unfortunately don't see it change for the moment.

MRR: US postage rates skyrocketed this past January—shipping an LP/7"/zine costs nearly double what it did before. Do you think this will have a severe effect on the DIY punk trading/distro network between the US and Europe? Do you think French punks follow US punk regularly?

Rémi: It seems obvious to me that the crazy increase of shipping costs will affect distros and trades as a whole. On the one hand, it's quite sad, as the feeling you get from opening a package someone made for you on the other side of the planet is always a bit special (to me at least.) On the other hand, if it means bands will have to try harder to write awesome records worth sending overseas or having "continental pressings," it can't totally be a bad thing? Maybe the network of (internet) friends will grow some more thanks to that? And if it makes people focus on their local scenes some more, it also can't be a bad thing.

And French punks do follow US and international punk, yes. A lot of European countries have their own proper sound and scene since the early '80s (sometimes before.) We never really had that, no personal sound that makes us special to the ears of the other international punks. Heimat-los sounded like a mix of all their international influences and the *Chaos en France* bands are impossible to take seriously. There never were bands like Black Flag, Discharge, Wretched, Kaaos, Anti-Cimex, HHH, etc in France, you know? The French DIY hardcore/punk scene has been thriving these last few years though, we have plenty of great bands, people come to gigs, etc… And with so many US bands touring Europe constantly, it'd be hard to miss them…

MRR: What current French bands/zines do you guys like?

Tim: Current French bands that I like... well most of them are locals bands actually: Monarch, Gasmask Terrör, Kuma No Motor, Chambre Froide, Face Up to It...I also like Pizza Od from Lyon. Zine-wise I like reading *Ratcharge* a lot, *Sex Before Suicide* for its sleaziness, *Plus Que des Mots* for its smartness. There's a crapload of good zines worth mentioning like *Rotten Eggs Smell Terrible, Out Rage, Divergence, A Bords Perdus, Rad Party*...

Rémi: The French scene is extremely exciting at the moment—here are plenty of

good bands around! My favourite ones also are mostly local bands: Gasmask Terrör, Kalte Lust, Face Up to It!, Shock, Kuma No Motor, Chambre Froide, etc… A few other French bands I like are Télécommande and Good Good Things and if it's OK to mention bands from the Southern Basque Country as well, I urge people to listen to Dictadura and Represion. I don't read many French zines, to be quite honest. The ones I really like are *Ratcharge* (even when I'm not too into its content), *Up the Zines, Out Rage* because it makes me think a lot, *Rad Party*, errr… I shouldn't say it but I genuinely love *Grita* and *Bored Again* too (respectively Bruno's and Tim's zines) because they're simple, honest and full of passion.

Bruno: In melodic punk-hardcore or more old school vein, there have been a lot of exciting bands in France which have appeared these last years like Idiot Talk, Anxiety Attack, Abject Object or Youth Avoiders. For the zines that were not mentioned: *Suranné, Rorschach, Brutal Reality, Sex Before Suicide* (in English)... But my favorites are *Ratcharge* and *Up the Zines* (a zine about other zines!!).

MRR: Let's do a few fun and ridiculous questions: what atypical punk instrument would best fit the sound of HH if you had to choose.

Tim: Plug one pilota to a distortion pedal, link it to a fucked up guitar and an amp. Then link the amp to a bottle of Patxaran (or basque Coke—it is actually doable) and then use another cable and I don't know how but make sure it's plugged to a surfboard. Turn the surfboard "on" (the button is just below the fins) and wait. I am sure it will make awesome avant-garde noise that would fit the sound of H/H.

Rémi: Someone should make wave and wind noises with a micro-Korg for us. We could do with using them as noise background to our music…

Bruno: A txalaparta! To play D-beat of course!

MRR: If HH had to play to a packed venue full of non-human animals, what animals would they be? How would they respond to HH?

Bruno: Playing at the beach in front of seagulls would be fun. They would do nothing because seagulls do nothing, except bumming around on beaches.

Rémi: Our music is meant to summon Akerbeltz (the Black Goat). I don't remember the last time we played a gig on a sunny day. If it rains, I think it means Akerbeltz is happy, which means we did our job well. More seriously, if we played a gig, only Basque-speaking animals would attend it, methinks. That means sheep and goats, pottokak (tiny Basque horses), a few bears too probably.

Tim: Just a room packed with miserable cats. And one horse maybe.

MRR: Do any of you guys have a crush on anyone right now?

Rémi: Yup.

Bruno: Yes, for fifteen years now.

Tim: Naw.

MRR: Explain what Pelota is. Do any of you guys play it?

Tim: Pelota is a drug that came here in the late '70s-early '80s and made a lot of casualties in the scene. Lots of young people got in trouble doing pelota. Don't touch it. Stay away from it.

Rémi: Haha, that's the funniest question we've ever been asked! It's called "pilota" in Euskara and no, I don't play it except for fun sometimes but it's really rare. "Basque pelota" is a very old court sport that's kind of difficult to describe since there are many variants of it (and many rules as well.) Here, it is mostly played against a big special wall called "fronton" that you can find in every Basque town. People play in little teams (of two most of the time) and they have to hit the ball against the wall with a wooden racket, a weird kind of basket or sometimes with their bare hands too. People play it in the Basque Country, in Spain and also in Latin America.

Bruno: There is a fronton in my street and I often tell myself that I should begin to play but I like going to the beach and surf better.

MRR: What's coming up next for HH? Records? Tours?

Tim: To be honest we never planned anything before, every demo and most of the shows we did happened because other people asked us to participate. We can't really tour since the other two have lives so we'll see what happened in the following months. Practicing is the only thing we can plan. We have some new songs so we'll see if we manage to record something later this year?

Rémi: Hopefully we'll manage to record for a 7". That would rule.

MRR: Thanks for taking the time to answer this interview! Any last words?

Bruno: Milesker zuri!

Tim: Thanks!

Rémi: Thank you very much for the interview and all your help, Matt!

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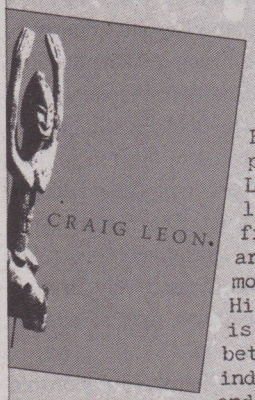

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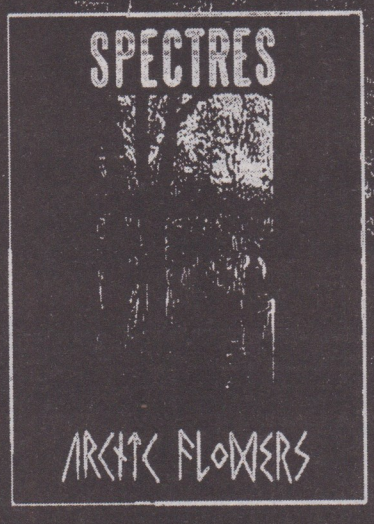

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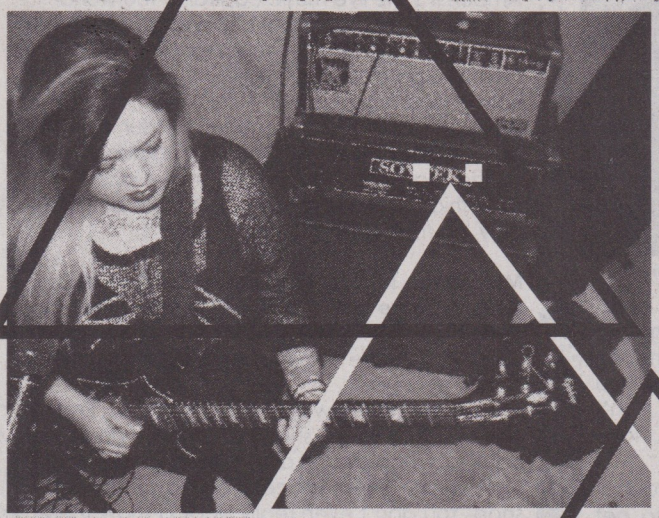

You might not have heard of Kurrakä but they are an all woman dark, raw punk band hailing from Austin, Texas with influences ranging from '80s European hardcore to South American raw punk. They are getting ready to tour the West Coast and have released a demo and 7" on Todo Destruido. Interview by Eddie and Pedja. Photos by David McNerney, Lizzbeth Tamburri and Martin Sorrondeguy.

MRR: First off, names and what you do in the band?
Dru on vocals and guitar, Amber on bass, Brianne plays drums.

MRR: When and how did the band start?
Dru: March of last year, I really just wanted to start an all girl band. So I found these bad ass ladies.

MRR: What does Kurrakä mean?
Dru: It doesn't mean anything. It's a word that I made up. I took Anna Curra from Parálisis Permanente's last name and Alaska from Alaska y Los Pegamloides's first name and mashed them together. Those are the two women who have influenced me the most.

MRR: What have you guys released so far?
Brianne: A seven inch and a demo.

MRR: Do you guys have any future releases planned?
Amber: We are writing an LP.
Brianne: How many songs do we have for it so far?
Dru: We have five songs!!

MRR: The demo and the seven inch, more so the demo, has a lot of early European punk influence, was that something y'all planned or did that just happen?
Brianne: I think it just happened. It's what I listen to mainly, I guess.

MRR: What are other influences, whether it be other bands or just other things in general that help you guys write songs in terms of lyrics?
Amber: Toiling in the fields. Because we all toil in the fields ha ha ha.
Dru: The women from Crystal City, Texas who were part of the Chicana movement in the '70s influenced the song Ciudad de Cristal, also, Sueno Americano is about the American dream being more of a nightmare. Other than that, it just depends on what I am reading or listening to.

MRR: All of your songs are in Spanish, was this a conscious decision to sing and write lyrics in Spanish or just a natural thing to do?
Brianne: Didn't you say at the beginning that it was more natural for you to sing in Spanish than English anyhow?
Amber: Yeah, there was a time where you were still deciding whether to sing in Spanish or English?
Dru: Yeah, 'cause we thought about doing it in English for a second.
Amber: Briefly, I think that was ... a fake... thought.
Dru: Yeah I feel like I would sing in a fake British accent. <laughter>

MRR: Do all of Kurraka members speak Spanish?
Amber: I speak Peggy Hill Spanish.
Dru: Yeah, Brianne made up her own TexMex Language.
Brianne: Cochinga!!!
<laughter>

MRR: So this question is kinda related to the influences question, so I understand if you don't want to answer it twice, what are your songs about?
Dru: If I told you, I would have to kill you, ha ha ha, just kidding. To name a few, we have songs about sisterhood, noise and freedom.

MRR: I know you also sing in Criaturas, how different is it for you to be in an all-girl band compared to your other band?
Dru: Completely different, I don't have to do anything in Criaturas, they are all so talented. I feel like this has been more of a bonding experience.

MRR: Let me ask all of you this, 'cause I personally think it would be the same either way, but do you think it's harder being in an all-female band then being in a co-ed band?
Amber: There are aspects that are harder like females can be more emotional at times I guess, but as far as playing music together, we are more patient and open.
Brianne: I don't really think it's that much different in my experience, it's more of a personality thing than a gender thing.
Eddie: Yeah I feel like if a person sucks to be in a band with, it doesn't matter if it's a guy or a girl he/she just sucks.
Brianne: I have been in bands with more difficult guys than these two ha ha!
Amber: I feel like when you're in a band with guys they can be more dictator-ish about what should be done and with these ladies it feels more like...
Eddie: Like open to suggestion?
Amber: Yeah!
Dru: None of us tell each other how to play.
Amber: But I think that has more to do with personality than gender.
Eddie: Yeah, it can be more of a personality thing like if a person has a song that he wrote and he wants it a certain way. That's why I like both. Sometimes I like playing with a band where we all write the music together and sometimes I like when someone just has a song ready and they tell you how they want it. But I agree, I don't think that has to do with gender, that is more about personality.
Amber: One thing that is weird about being in an all-girl band, not to get off subject, but I have noticed that a lot of times we tell people we are in an all-girl band and then when they come to see us they are shocked that we play the style of music that we do, like they had expectations that we are gonna sound like butterflies and rainbows. I don't know; it is just a weird thing I have noticed.

MRR: Do you guys play in any other bands or have any other projects?
Dru: I sing in Criaturas
Brianne: I don't have any other bands, I don't have time, I have three jobs. If I had time, I would be open to the idea.
Amber: I have a few other people I am doing stuff with though nothing has really come to fruition because nobody has as much drive as Dru.
Brianne: If it weren't for Dru, I am so lazy that none of this probably would have happened. She arranged things and set shit up a lot in the beginning that motivated me to keep going.
Dru: I love you, hermanas!

MRR: How important is the artwork to you guys, I have noticed a lot of pyramids and eyes both on your demo tape cover and your internet site; what's the story behind the artwork?
Amber: For me, there's three of us and we are a trifecta of AWESOME so that's how I think of the triangle when I see it.

MRR: And what about a lot of the imagery of like space and stuff?
Dru: I'm really into the universe.
Amber: Science is the shit!!
Brianne: We were just using triangles as A's and then it went from there. I would tag that shit at bars and it looked cooler with triangles as A's.

MRR: Can you talk a little bit about the Austin punk scene? Are there a lot of bands?
Dru: There are a ton of bands actually, there's a show everyday.
Amber: It's the live music capital of the world!
Brianne: It sucks that a lot of bands don't come through here when they tour. I see fliers for things I want to go to all the time but it's always back home. (San Francisco)
Dru: A lot of bands only want to tour through Austin during Chaos in Tejas. I don't know if they realize that Austin cares and knows about the DIY ethic and they will be taken care of if they play, no matter what time of year it is.

MRR: When it comes to venues, record stores, zines, is there a lot of stuff like that going on there?
Brianne: I have never had an easier time booking shows.
Amber: We have awesome record stores; End of an Ear rules and has shows all the time and they have rad records and a lot of really cool people work there; Trailer Space is also a cool record shop. You don't even really book a show there, you can just let them know when you're playing and they put you on the calendar.
Dru: The big problem in Austin is that there is no all ages venue that doesn't take from the door besides Hotel Vegas so you are really limited. On a positive note, there is a new zine that is out now called *Suburban Void* that is covering local shows, interviewing bands and doing record reviews.

MRR: Where are you guys all from?
Dru: Mcallen, Texas.
Brianne: Born in LA, most of my adult life in San Francisco.
Amber: Navy Brat.

MRR: I think San Francisco and Austin are a lot alike in many ways in the punk scene, what do you think?
Brianne: It was a pretty easy adjustment. The people in Texas are more welcoming and friendly. In San Francisco there are so many sub genres whereas in Austin, if you go to a punk show, every punk is there.

MRR: Are there a lot of places to record in Austin?
Dru: There are actually a lot of places to record. Hans Zimmerman (Blood & Guts Studios) is usually the go to guy in the DIY scene. He has recorded Deskonocidos, Blotter, Glue, the Young just to name a few.

MRR: I see you guys are going to be going on your first tour with Sudor from Spain, how did this come about?
Dru: I released their record so I took the opportunity to jump on their tour!!! Ha ha ha.

MRR: Final thoughts?
Dru: I think it's really awesome and inspiring that there are so many all-female bands that are happening right now and I'm just really stoked to be a part of it.
Brianne: That's what she said.
Amber: Welcome to Costco, I love you.
All: KURAHHHHHH!!

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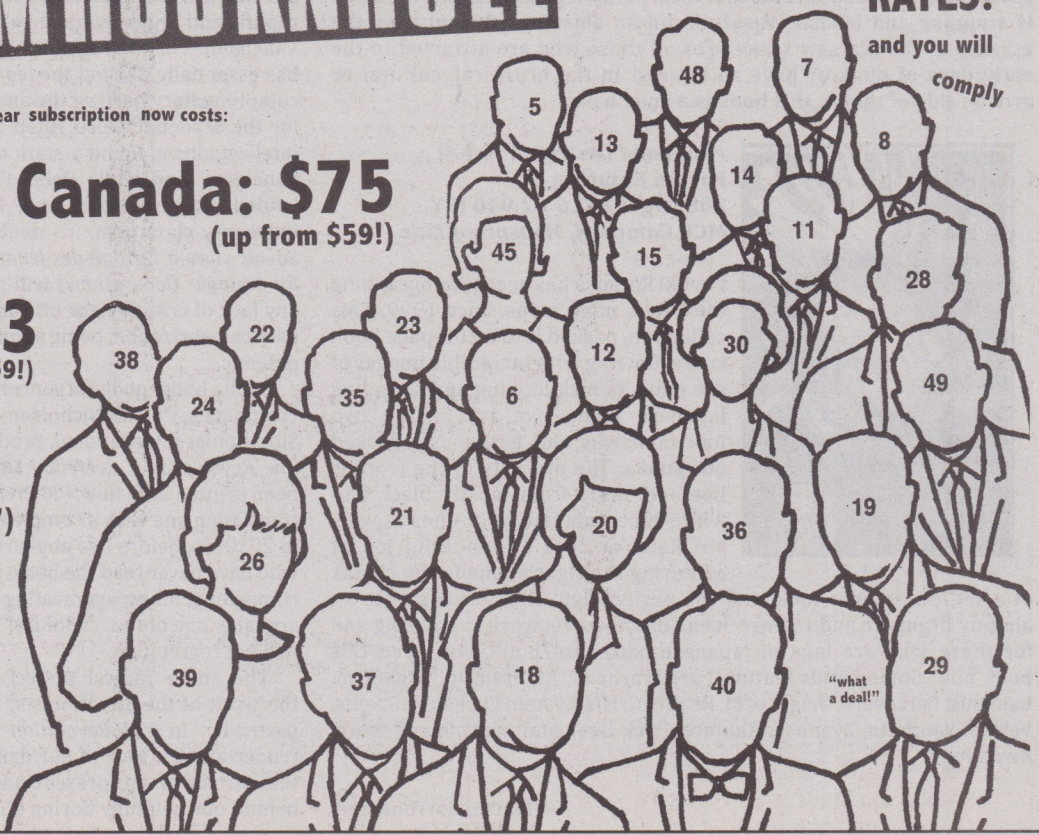

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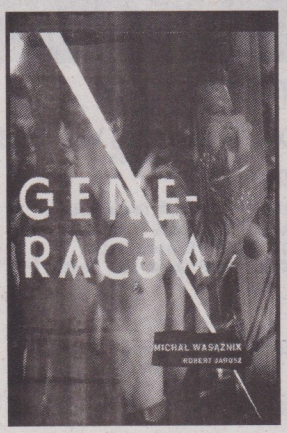


Generacja
Michał Wasążnik and Robert Jarosz
336 pages • $21.30 / 69 zł
ha!art, Trasa W-Z
www.ha.art.pl

Generacja is a photography book that delivers a massive look into underground Poland of the late seventies to mid-eighties. The plates presented in this massive collection provide a visual to the intriguing and amazing back catalogue of intense sounds that managed to get out of what seemed to be impenetrable communist Poland of that time.

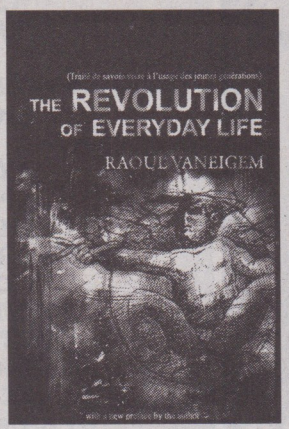
As a fan of world punk and hardcore, listening to the Fala compilation as well as early Dezerter records, hearing those curious censorship beeps intrigued an outsider, like myself, to want to know and hear more. *Generacja* pops off the grooves with stunning shots of punks at shows, street scenes, hangouts, dives, as well as large amounts of imagery following the bands around. Some images are familiar if not iconic, such as the famous Jarocin festival shots where dirt clouds surround a thousand person pit; or the shot taken and used for the cover of Tzn Xenna's EP.

The images of bands are present but what really stood out to me was when the photographer moved away from live shots and got to stage his shots and come up with amazingly creative results, i.e. the cover photo/reflection shot that incorporates glass. The photography is stunning and Michał Wasążnik did an amazing job capturing the essence of the Warsaw scene. For all those who are attracted to the early days of punk or have an interest in the historical, cultural or artistic side of things, this book is a must have.

Photo and Destroy 片岡冬樹
Fuyuki Kataoka
208 pages • $26 / 2,940 JPY
MCR Company, *Mobsproof* Zine

Fuyuki Kataoka has been photographing the Osaka punk scene since 1999. This collection, packed into a 208-page book is overflowing with incredible images of the punk as fuck looking and sounding Japanese scene—we are talking two foot mohawks and ferociously decked out punks. The majority of the work is live and shifts from mostly black and white shots to a few color ones as well. Mr. Kataoka does a wonderful job at capturing the right moment, the climax of a set, the intense look, and the perfect light that accompanies an already dramatic and intense scene or show. His work is amazing and for those who are fans of Japanese hard-core/punk, you need this book now. Some bands featured are Warhead, AI, Framtid, Organism, Laukaus, Persevere, Origin of M, Reality Crisis, System Fucker, Poikkeus, Vektor, Vendetta, Zyanose, Akutare, Fuck Geez and many, many more. *Awesome*!!

—Martin Sorrondeguy



Revolution of Everyday Life
Raoul Vaneigem
304 pages • $20
PM Press
www.pmpress.org

In 1972 Guy Debord officially dissolved the Situationist International, effectively ending a tumultuous fifteen years of artistic innovation and radical theory. But for many the pronouncement was long overdue. The preceding decade had seen an escalating sense of disorder and factionalism, exacerbated by the group's revolving door of collaborators and enemies and more than one internal apostasy or ironically spectacular excommunication. Though not so difficult to see how such a willful cast of characters would lend themselves to intense sessions of bickering, it's staggering to see the legacy of divisiveness that a relatively small group of Left Bank intellectuals have secured for themselves. To the very present, even casual invocation of the International might provoke the wrath of scores of geriatric radicals or at least incur some under-the-breath resentment. And as tiring as the continued in-fighting has proven itself to be, the very fact that forty years after the initial rupture the Situationist International is still inciting lines drawn in the sand is a testament to its very importance.

And of all the divisions—between factions, individuals and ideas—the one that has remained the firmest is that between the International's most prolific and arguably most volatile personalities, Guy Debord and Raoul Vaneigem. This opposition, significantly more stylistic than ideological, has essentially divided the legacy of the International into opposing but complimentary parties: the analytic and the practical. Debord's penchant for the academic voice, often to the point of bordering on obscurantist intellectualism, found a stark contrast in the belletristic vitriol of young Vaneigem. And while Debord's stylistic and theoretical adeptness has landed his best-known text, *The Society of the Spectacle* into many a university classroom, it's doubtful that Vaneigem's first book *Traité de Savoir-vivre à L'usage des Jeunes Générations (*literally *Treatise on Living for Younger Generations)* will gain such a distinction. This is not due to any lack of critical rigor on Vaneigem's part, but because his text refuses easy categorization, being at once a mix of history, philosophy, poetry and polemic.

Such a hodgepodge of genre has clearly posed a challenge for translators. Fortunately, Donald Nicholson-Smith, himself a purged ex-member of the Situationist International, produced a beautiful English version, re-titled *The Revolution of Everyday Life.* And while tragically few editions have been printed until now, PM Press has just reissued the book in a reworked translation and with a completely new introduction by Vaneigem, written in 2010. So, before I go any further, if you happen to be one of the people who have never read the book, go and do it now. It's easily one of the most compelling, funny, aggravating and uplifting texts of the last century and arguably one of the "canonical" documents of the radical community. You will not regret it.

The entire radical project since 1968 owes an enormous debt to the work of the Situationists, but more recently to Vaneigem's work in particular. In *The Revolution of Everyday Life*, Vaneigem shuttles the reader along a tour of our daily interactions in an attempt to pull back the curtain of the present and reveal the twisted machinery at work behind our painfully boring quotidian existence. The first half of the text

almost forms a diagnostic manual for identifying the societal illness that has infected the modern world. We witness the sale and control of lived time, the production of docile minds through insipid cultural products, the humiliation and deception of market interactions and commercial relationships. The perspectives of power encountered and enumerated within—constraint, seduction, and mediation—have continued to be the perennial demons and buzzwords of the revolutionary left. And certainly these perspectives have only increased in scope in since the book's initial publication in 1967.

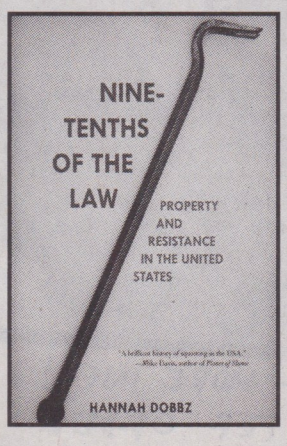
Indeed, much of Vaneigem's critique will sound exceedingly familiar to most modern readers, as these questions have been reiterated and furthered by succeeding generations of leftists. And even more recognizable will be those notions posed in the second half of the book, when Vaneigem flips the perspective of power on its head and proffers a revolutionary remedy to the banality of a sick society. The importance of free association and communication, the power of eroticism and free play, the strength and necessity of imagination: nearly ever social movement from the revolutions of 1968 to the anti-globalization movements to the Occupy generations gets some of its motivation, momentum and rhetoric from *The Revolution of Everyday Life*.

The immense scope and tremendous detail of Vaneigem's work make any attempt at summary both futile and obnoxious. Adeptly jumping from historical object-lesson to allegory to literary critique, *The Revolution of Everyday Life* can seem like a daunting undertaking, but this is also exactly the allure of such a text. Familiarity with the works of James Joyce, Pascal's essays, or the history of the early Church are not prerequisites for culling the revolutionary potential of the book. For even when Vaneigem overloads a chapter with information, he does so with clever and vivid prose.

I was fortunate enough to see Donald Nicholson-Smith speak recently about his experiences translating the book and he stated that the intent behind this newest edition was to emphasize the literary merits of Vaneigem's prose. And he absolutely succeeds in conveying all of the poignancy and wit that the text offers. But more importantly, Nicholson-Smith said that he hoped the book would reach a new audience all over again, not as a manual for revolutionary praxis but as a historical and literary artifact of the struggles and hopes of an older generation. Capital, he said, wants us to believe that we have no historical memory; that the words of the past must either be applicable to the present, or be worthless.

And so I hope that *The Revolution of Everyday Life* will find a renewed presence with both new and old readers alike. Certainly we can find analogues in our current situations and projects with those in Vaneigem's text. We might be tempted to extrapolate what such a text might say about our very different present. But more important than pure speculation is what we known the text has to offer. We can all take time to move within a book that is acerbic and heartbreaking, astute and incendiary, and appreciate the work of one of the most original and honest thinkers of any generation, old or young.

—Matthew McKenzie



Nine-Tenths of the Law: Property and Resistance in the United States
Hannah Dobbz
302 pages • $21.00
AK Press
674 23rd St, Oakland, CA 94612

In *Nine-Tenths of the Law*, Hannah Dobbz includes dense research and tedious property law details (adverse possession, anyone?) while keeping things interesting with squatter interviews and visits to squats across the US. On a simple level, this book could be described as a history of squatting in the United States, but it's also about the unique American circumstances that have shaped property law and inspired resistance over time, as well as the subtle ways race and class fit into the ownership and exploitation equation. Dobbz doesn't skirt squatter stereotypes or indulge in blind glorification, either: dark, festering who-pissed-the-couch-again houses are here alongside shining examples of squatopian communalism, proving that no broad generalizations about squatting can be made. Presenting countless examples, Dobbz shows that good stewardship is the crucial common theme in a historically DIY movement with many divergences.

Dobbz begins by demonstrating the ambiguous legal relationship Americans have always had to property. In describing the irreconcilable difference between early (European) settlers' commodification of *property* and American Indians' idea of *land*, Dobbz makes an important distinction. White ideas of ownership changed the game completely and Dobbz takes this common thesis a step further, showing that when American Indians had not fully vanished or assimilated into white culture by the twentieth century as it seems was expected of them, many tribes gained proficiency with property law and launched publicized resistance actions such as the two-year Alcatraz occupation. Tribes' interests and those of the US government have yet to coincide, and Dobbz shows that property and land continue to serve as the main battleground between these two groups.

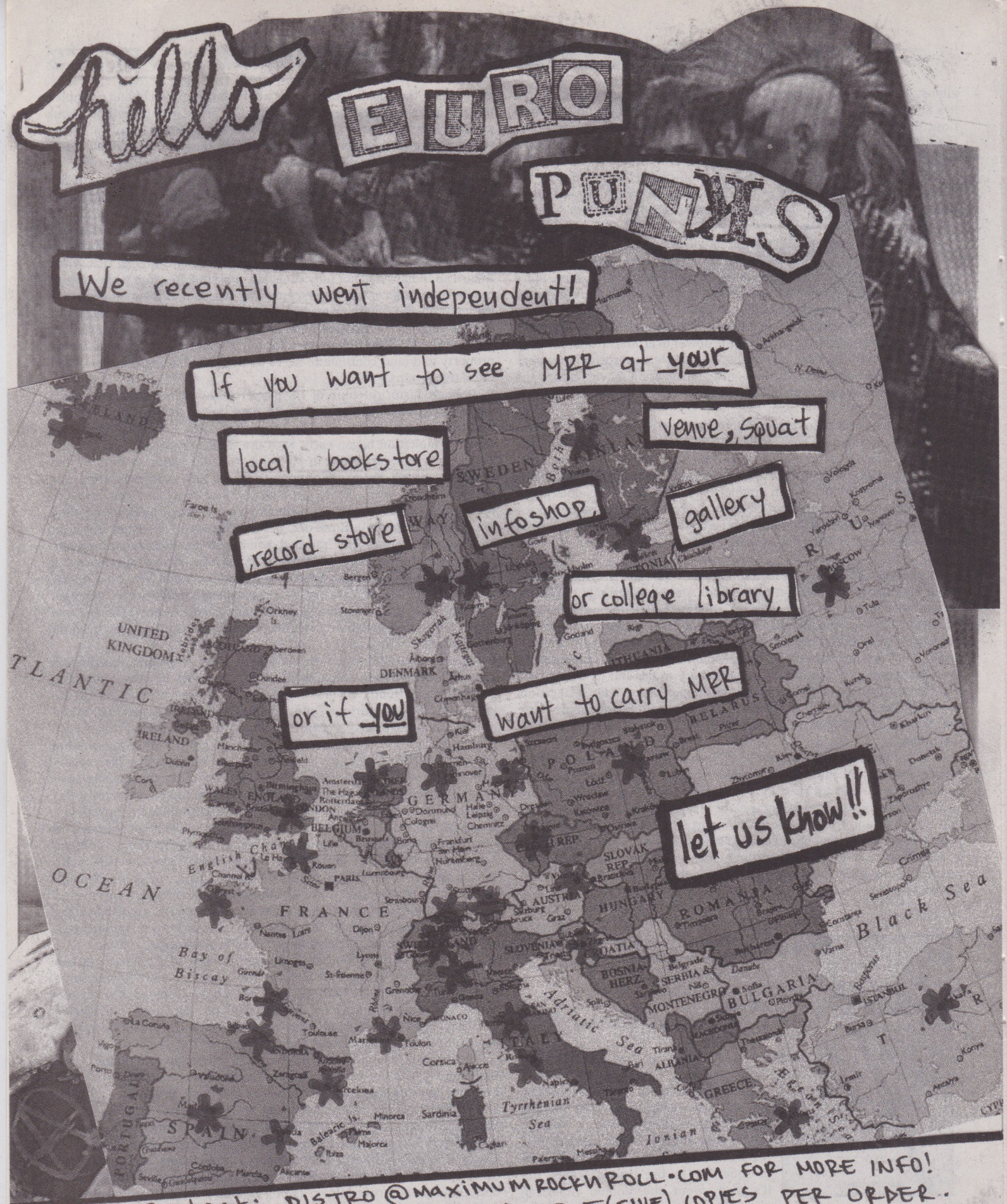
Dobbz's historical tour of US property law also proves that large companies and absentee landlords have never really acted for the benefit of tenants who actually live on the land. Feudalistic forms of renter exploitation began early, with the "Great Proprietors" of the late 1700s such as Henry Knox in Maine. In the mid-1800s, renters on the Rensselaerswyck, New York property engaged in an anti-rent strike that dragged on for years, landed in court several times and required the presence of militia to support the landowner's claims. The Homesteading Act of 1862 ushered in three decades of Westward Expansion, but even so, land speculators and railroad companies competed with private citizens for the purchase of Western lands. The issue of market value (what people are willing to pay for land) and use value (what the land is actually worth in terms of what it can sustain and produce) are two very different ideas, and often throughout history, the market value of land was dependent upon the labor of renters, farmers and settlers who lived on and maintained the land.

This brings us to the modern day, the era of big developers, foreclosure, suburban wastelands and neighborhoods marked by transience and gentrification. Dobbz covers the Tompkins Square Park riots of the late 1980s and the various conundrums of urban homesteading. When official agencies/local governments assist homesteaders, bureaucratic processes can stifle progress. When developers and other speculators buy and refurbish inner city properties at low cost, middle class buyers attracted to the neighborhood's bohemianism move in, pushing low-income residents to the fringe. Dobbz's close comparison of several cities shows historically different approaches to squatting. Some movements connected homeless with homes (San Francisco) while others focused on the rehabilitation of specific properties in specific neighborhoods drawing homesteaders together by location (New York). Some worked with official agencies, like UHAB, others used anarchistic self-establishment. Philadelphia, upstate New York, Pittsburgh and other locales are covered and compared. Touring through different cities' squats, we discover the multitude of ways property becomes immersed in legal quagmires that are both troublesome and advantageous to inspired opportunists.

Squatting has the potential to counteract some of the most wasteful elements of our society, and Dobbz does a great job of vilifying large lenders, but I think she and everyone else could do more to point our collective finger at individual buyers who participate in the market knowing they can't afford to. They've made the bed, now the rest of us have to lie in it, and that's where squatting comes in!

This book is a solid resource for anyone interested in thinking about the complexities of land ownership, historical resistance and how property law fits into current trends of economic despondency. Well-known squatters are interviewed (Fly, Steve DeCaprio) and squats like the Bike House (Salt Lake City) and C-Squat (New York City) make an appearance. Squatter how-to's are also included in detailed appendices: how to choose a property, how to approach neighbors, how to present oneself in court, how to use adverse possession as a legal maneuver and how to gain non-profit status, among others. Dobbz brings inspiration to the history of property law and its modern manifestations, and *MRR* readers will recognize friends and familiar places within these pages.

—Alyson Barrett-Ryan



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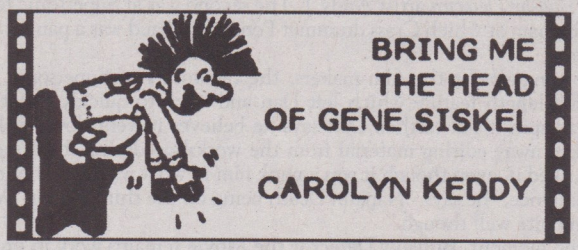


MEET ME AT THE RECORD STORE

I love record stores. I wouldn't even have to make that statement if you could look around my house. There are records everywhere. Though you could also probably assume that from my extracurricular activities. Like most people who like records it bums me out that so many record stores keep closing. I do my part, but apparently it is not enough. That said, I am kind of on the fence about Record Store Day. It doesn't bother me the way it seems to bother some people. Sure it has become some weird fetishist thing where people just grab what they can with the hope of flipping it on the internet. I can understand why people are annoyed by that, especially if they aren't able to get the records they want. But if someone really wants to sit on the street for five hours to be first in line in order to score a Dave Matthews record for a hundred dollars so he can resell it for two hundred, then good for him. It doesn't seem worth it to me personally. But I am also a person who goes to the record store knowing exactly what I want. I buy it and leave.

To coincide with Record Store Day I have received two documentaries about record stores. The first is **Brick and Mortar and Love**. It is the story of the Louisville, Kentucky store Ear X-tacy. Ear X-tacy started out of the apartment of owner John Timmons. He began with a mail order business and selling at record shows, then allowed people to shop in his apartment. When the novelty of people coming by his house at odd hours wore off, he opened a store. The film picks up with Timmons as his store begins to struggle. Timmons takes the novel approach of reaching out to the Louisville community by holding a press conference where he honestly discusses the trouble the store has been having. The press conference grabs the attention of the public and people begin to patronize the store more. It seems as if the attempt may work. Unfortunately, the public's attention span is short so the increased business doesn't last long.

Timmons decides to move the store to a less expensive, smaller space. His staff moves the store quickly and again it seems that the store may survive. The opening day sees people lined up waiting to get in. The store celebrates its 25th anniversary with an in-store party with live bands on the new stage. But it isn't working so Timmons goes to the community again. A benefit is set up. This time around there is some backlash. An outspoken critic accuses Timmons of not running his business well. He argues that people shouldn't have to donate to help a for profit business.

Brick and Mortar and Love is peppered with interviews from other record store owners and musicians. There are the usual claims that a record store is a community center where musical knowledge is dispersed and records are bought as a result. There are also shots of Record Store Day sales with the long lines and frantic buyers. Unfortunately **Brick and Mortar and Love** doesn't have a happy ending. (www.brickandmortarandlove.com)

Last Shop Standing: The Rise, Fall and Rebirth of the Independent Record Store is the story of the record stores in the United Kingdom. Independent record stores there have dwindled from 2,200 stores in the '80s to 269 in 2009. Graham Jones who wrote a book upon which this documentary is based acts as a sort of narrator interviewing various record store owners in the film. He speaks with people who have been in the business for decades. They discuss the first time rock'n'roll records were sold in their shops, the record companies attempts to force their records up the charts, the introduction of records being sold in supermarkets and the arrival of the CD. Most of the interviewees seem to be able to roll with the changes and manage to keep on going. Obviously, not everyone does. The saddest story is of CE Husdon's, which had been in business since 1906 and closed in 2012.

Like **Brick and Mortar and Love, Last Shop Standing: The Rise, Fall and Rebirth of the Independent Record Store** interviews musicians such as Johnny Marr, Paul Weller and Billy Bragg about their record store experiences. Bragg's is the most interesting as he worked in a store that sold cut-out records. **Last Shop Standing: The Rise, Fall and Rebirth of the Independent Record Store** also delves into the record industry with interviews with Tony Wadsworth, Chairman BPI and former Chairman and CEO of EMI Music UK and Ireland, Martin Mills of Beggars Group, Jason Draper editor at *Record Collector* magazine and BBC DJ Jo Good. Plus the documentary is less than an hour in length, which keeps you interested all the way through.

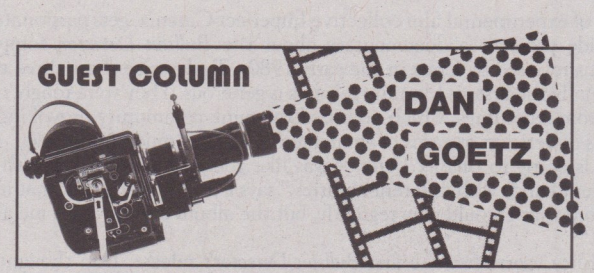
Neither **Brick and Mortar and Love** nor **Last Shop Standing: The Rise, Fall and Rebirth of the Independent Record Store** are able to offer any solutions to save the record stores. Is it downloading, record companies being bought out by corporations whose main focus isn't music or the public's indifference toward music? It's probably a combination of all three plus other economic and social factors. Though I tend to agree with Spencer Hickman of Rough Trade when Jones asks him about people who say the record store is a thing of the past. Hickman simply replies, "It's just bullshit." (www.lastshopstanding.com)

The Damned Tiki Nightmare Live Live Live in London 2002 says is all in the title. It is a live Damned show featuring two original members Dave Vanian and Captain Sensible. The performance is average for a reunion show. They play a few songs from the album *Grave Disorder*, which was new at the time, plus a bunch of the classic Damned hits. The highlight of the show is when the band leaves so Captain Sensible can perform his version of "Happy Talk" from the musical *South Pacific*. It was a number one hit for him in 1982. He taunts the audience about it and then when the band is to rejoin him on stage jokingly announces "And now the best punk band in the world… The Exploited." (www.mvdvisual.com)

Having enjoyed the Damned live DVD I was surprised that I couldn't endure **The Stranglers on Stage on Screen**. The DVD includes two sets, one electric and one acoustic, from the band performed at the Shepard's Bush Empire in 2005. While the band's performance sounds OK, singer Paul Roberts's vocals seem like they were re-recorded and not blended in with the live performance properly. There is something weird and off about it making the whole thing very hard to watch.

Also included on **The Stranglers on Stage on Screen** is a short film **Norfolk Coast** starring Jean Jacques Burnel as a despondent husband and father trying to cope with his wife's suicide. The subplot is about the two being raised as Satanists, which has messed up their relationship. Burnel's father was the priest. It is somewhat interesting, but is too over melodramatic. There is a lot of brooding and voiceover narration. (www.mvdvisual.com)

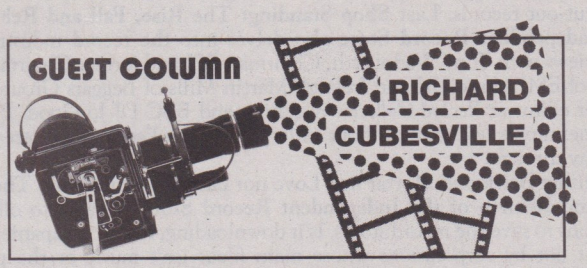
I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, % *Maximum Rocknroll*, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com



TROOST DIY FEST

I've heard murmurs of cool things going on in Kansas City over the past few years, and have seen at least one quality zine come from an address on Troost Ave, and had high hopes for this DVD, which fell kind of short. First off, this was shot at low enough of a resolution that it's only viewable when in a quarter-screen computer window, which is a huge drawback for anyone who wants to see in full-screen mode or not on a computer at all. The DVD starts with some before-set banter over some video footage of several blocks of Kansas City in fast-forward, and from there, goes into live footage of one song each from fifteen bands (with band names and contact info, but not

even song titles). Most of the bands play some kind of noodly indie rock that ranges from cathartic to a bit more subdued, with a few hardcore bands of various stripes thrown in. Unfortunately, generally uninteresting camera angles and filming that neither captures any potential aesthetic of the dim lighting nor attempts to illuminate the subjects through strategic camera work render the footage boring to watch and often difficult to see. And for being a DVD that covers a fest, something, anything along the lines of band or festgoer interviews, discussion or commentary of the timeline of events of which the fest is the culmination, what makes Kansas City's DIY music scene unique or meaningful to those that live it, is completely absent. I'm left feeling bummed, because this could've been a rad project that shined some light on what's going on in an under-looked corner of the US, but the execution is little more than a glorified collection of YouTube-quality video burned onto a DVD. (www.xopress.bandcamp.com)



PUNK MOVIE-MAKING

The thought of filming the grubby punk gig you went to in the backroom of a pub on a boring Sunday sounds pretty uninspiring, but grubby punk gigs somehow gained special significance some years down the line. Take Ian Glasper's last book, **Armed with Anger**—the one about punk in the 1990s which covered the rise of riot grrrl, straight edge and the free festival scene. These movements informed and inspired future generations somewhere, though someone mentions the unglamorous reality that hardly anyone went to these gigs at the time. But 20 years later they came to matter because people do care. And the desire to uncover the recent, but forgotten, past has been strong enough to spawn a new breed of punkumentary, away from the usual mainstream acts.

ARTHOUSE PUNKUMENTARIES

Previously, Julien Temple's Sex Pistols documentary **The Filth and the Fury** told their story from a fresh, de-McLarened perspective to the unthinkable conclusion of John Lydon breaking down in tears before the camera… and subsequently, the monumentally absurd conclusion of the Sex Pistols reformation.

In search of fresher material, the slick biopic of **Dr Feelgood, Oil City Confidential** went on a pilgrimage to Canvey Island to uncover the story of how a provincial rhythm 'n' blues band topped the charts with a blinding live album. Further away from the mainstream, **We Jam Econo**, which received a UK premier at London uber-arthouse the ICA, took an intimate drive with Minutemen bassist Mike Watt around the streets of Southern California to relive his early relationship with guitarist D Boone.

Over the next couple of pages, we'll talk to punkumentary makers who have ventured into the backwaters of local scenes, backroom gigs and, in one case, the making of a Crass album.

ONE MAN'S BUCKET OF GOLD IS ANOTHER MAN'S CROCK OF SHIT

Dan, of experimental film collective Imperfect Cinema, gets passionate about his side project—a documentary about the *Bullshit Detector* compilation albums released by Crass in the early 1980s. To describe these three records, especially the first, as Marmite releases is generous. They were rough 'n' ready bedroom recordings, which polarized the punk community provoking either snorts of derision or gasps of amazement. And not much in between.

"Listening to *Bullshit Detector* was like going to an all-dayer with lots of different bands with different abilities," says Dan. "I must admit that it wasn't a record that I would play regularly, but the album did stay with me all these years."

Thirty years after the first *Bullshit Detector*'s release, Dan thought it was time to catalogue this influential, but overlooked, album—what he describes as a snapshot of the DIY and punk activity at the time.

NEVER MIND THE BULLSHIT, HERE'S THE DOCUMENTARY

The idea for a documentary came to Dan when he was working with Nick Bullen, who appeared on the third Bullshit Detector with Napalm Death.

"We were talking, and it was one of those times when you get the tapes out," he says. "The conversation went from *Bullshit Detector* to what we were doing with Imperfect Cinema. We were going to release a DVD of all the films that had been made through Imperfect Cinema. *Bullshit Detector* seemed to be really relevant to that."

The **Bullshit Detector** documentary captured the imaginations of middle-aged punks just like it did to their teenage selves 30 years previously...and the project spiraled out of control. "The original thought was that it was going to be a five minute short film on the DVD," Dan explains. "I then set up a Facebook page and it really grew. I couldn't believe how many people offered help. The next thing was Chris "Stig" Miller of the Amebix came down to Plymouth to talk about *Bullshit Detector* and appear as part of the film.

"Because it grew so much and so quickly, we realized there was something more than our original plan. It became the same as the *Bullshit Detector* album—whatever we had at the time, we used."

Bullshit Detector the Movie has had two screenings to-date—the first was at the Manchester Anarcho-punk Fair accompanied by a performance by original *Bullshit Detector* artist Andy T. The second was at Supersonic festival in Birmingham at which Crass drummer Penny Rimbaud was a panelist at an side event.

Unfortunately for the film-makers, the organizers of Supersonic billed it as a full-length feature which left Dan and Nick to quickly shoot more footage to spin it out further. Dan says he believes it went down well—he was locked away editing material from the workshop during the screening. "People liked it, even though it was a punk film in what was a predominantly metal audience," he says. "Napalm Death being on the third *Bullshit Detector* tied it in quite well though."

For the moment, **Bullshit Detector the Movie** remains work in progress; something for Dan and Nick to pick up and add to as new material comes along. Dan is pretty non-committal about its general direction—he says he's happy for it to develop a life of its own. "I want to leave a film that people can either look at or switch off—a bit like *Bullshit Detector*," he says.

DRUNK, PUNK AND HOLDING A CAMERA – BEHIND THE SCENES AT OI POLLOI THE MOVIE

If Dan is happy for his project to develop organically, a project started by DIY film-maker Andreas —**Oi Polloi the Movie**—grew like Frankenstein's monster to develop a life of its own, and engulf that of its creator.

"I know something about editing, but this was a big project," he says. "I thought, 'Fuck, the movie's about four hours.' I divided it up into scenes. It was literally in thousands of clips. Then I went back to Sweden on tour with them—they played in Gothenburg and then in Finland and Estonia. I collected more material and finally I had to sit down and say I had all I needed and just stop."

Andy discovered Oi Polloi when he played in a Swedish hardcore punk band in the mid 1990s. C'mon, everyone likes Oi Polloi—in more than 25 years of watching them live, they haven't put on a bad show yet. Andy loved their aggressive street-crust, which lyrically pogos between tabloid sloganeering and anarchic intellectualism. Bonza.

When, eight years later, Andy was working as a toilet cleaner on a cruise liner, his thoughts turned to things he'd prefer to do. As they do when you're up to your elbows in puke and shit. He contacted Oi Polloi via Edinburgh Antifascist Action and after a couple of months heard from singer Deek that the project was on.

Andy's first shooting in Edinburgh for Deek's and Colin Douglas's joint 40th birthday. I was at that gig and it was fucking messy. The only way to get through that kind of session is to swill as much Buckfast as your mind can handle and mix it up at the front. Otherwise you're totally fucked.

"I kind of knew what to expect, but it's different when you're in someone's hometown and everyone knows them—it was a big experience," Andy says. He stuck around Edinburgh for ten days, staying in guitarist Ricky's flat, gathering film and interviews. Andy returned to Edinburgh for the recording of Oi Polloi's seminal Gaelic language crust-punk album, *Ar Ceol, Ar Canan, Ar A-Mach*, when he captured the creation of this groundbreaking record.

And then Andy got his proper baptism of fire when he received an invitation to accompany Oi Polloi on a European tour...

LIFE ON THE FRONTLINE

In 1936, a young George Orwell turned up in Barcelona with the intention of writing a magazine article about the Spanish Civil War. Immediately, he realized he wouldn't capture the mood unless he joined a militia to fight the fascists on the Aragon front, so he signed up and recounted his experiences in Homage to Catalonia: from the privations of trench warfare to the shock of being shot in the neck. In the same way, Andy's documentary is an authentic, involved account of gigging and touring with the band across Europe.

"It's really interesting to see all those places where they played," he says. "Many of them were occupied houses or industrial buildings. If I was a tourist I would never have seen them. The people were interesting too."

However, as Andy was soon to discover, a tour with Oi Polloi is the meeting place between the steel toecap of wanton vagrancy and the exposed bulbous scrotum of Bacchanalian excess. "That was quite rough," he admits. "They are very nice people, definitely—hospitable and everything. But being out there was fucking rough. I couldn't do it now—it was too much alcohol for me."

As a tourist and filmmaker, Andy was subject to endless empty hours

punctuated by ear-splitting sound-checks, which can only be alleviated by laying heavily into the band's rider while they're not about. And then there is the punishing effect of accumulated sleep deprivation.

"The band have things to do like sound checking, selling merchandise and talking to people," Andy says. "But you spend many hours in a van and it's a small area—there were four band members, two drivers and me. And you can't really sleep in the van—there's wooden seats and all the gear."

Andy shudders when he recollects a visit to a small mountain village in the Czech Republic and a session on what he mistakenly believed to be apple schnapps. "I thought it was normal vodka, but it was 70%," he says. "I've seen the videos of myself and I was just wasted."

Andy admits the sleeplessness, excessive drinking and mileage got the better of him.

"They tour for 35 days—they are in that rhythm. You need to keep your energy up. I flew down to Budapest and I met them that evening. Just ten days later we were in Spain. We did a lot of countries on the way ...Czech Republic, France, Italy... there was a gig in Spain and the next day I was in Barcelona and I flew home."

WHEN PUTTING IT ALL IN ORDER AIN'T ENOUGH

Following a few more hedonistic trips, Andy had accumulated a large quantity of material. "I knew something about editing, but this was a big project," he says. "I edited it to 90%, but I wanted the cutting to be more professional." He hired the services of a video editor for a week, who he says wasn't into the band and his different perspective helped cut out some of the film's unnecessary parts. A bit like this feature—I get the feeling it's going to go on forever. Well done for hanging on in there—good luck with the second half. All I can say is you're either insomniac or constipated.

Punk is the international language of discontent. Which is fine. I'll listen to Finnish hardcore or Welsh-language punk and enjoy the dissonant, dissident, discordant sounds every bit as much as if they were sung in a language I have a cat in hell's chance of ordering a beer in. But this punk Esperanto doesn't work too well on film, especially if there are Scots accents flying about the shop. As Andy was soon to find out.

"People from Croatia and Spain were asking me if I could put subtitles on it," he says. "But first I needed to get what people were saying. And I realized I myself didn't understand everything. So I checked around in Sweden for subtitling companies. I asked people who were working for the BBC on programs like *Top Gear*. They were asking for E3,000 to E4,000."

But Andy found a small, cheap subtitling company in his hometown of Gothenberg who even provided a Scottish interpreter.

AND THEN HE TOOK THE MOVIE TO THE PRESSING PLANT. TO DISCOVER HIS ANARCHOPUNK DOCUMENTARY VIOLATED SWEDEN'S PROTECTION OF ARTISTS' RIGHT. WHICH STARTED A RIGHT SHITSTORM.

"The pressing plant refused to press it because I needed the artist's contractual agreement," Andy explains. "This included exactly who wrote the lyrics to each song."

Andy patiently explained the set-up with Oi Polloi—this punk band has kicked around since time began and contained more than 100 members, many of whom took part in writing the songs. "I told them I talked to the singer and he wasn't interested in royalties, me neither. They told me this wasn't a normal situation.

"So I told them it was an anarcho-punk band. They asked me what anarcho-punk was. I had to explain it to them slowly. In the end Deek sent them an email to say it was OK and finally it was pressed."

FROM TOILET CLEANER TO PUNKUMENTARY MAKER – WHAT DID ANDY LEARN FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF MAKING OI POLLOI THE MOVIE?

"I thought it was going to be easy," he confesses, "going to Scotland, shooting film and editing it together in my room for two weeks. But it took seven years. The process and the people are far more complex.

"It's a great thing to have an ongoing project, but it's difficult to get it finished—I didn't know when or how to stop."

The movie ends with an airport scene shot in 2006, which Andy admits is three years before the film's most recent footage, but does give it a sense of closure. "It's a historic jump, but it tells the story," he says. "Otherwise I could have gone on forever."

BEEN IT, SCENE IT, DONE IT: HELPYOURSELF MANCHESTER

Just as in 2006, Oi Polloi waved goodbye at the airport, the same year was the starting point for an archaeological dig into the DIY Manchester scene made by Castles Built in Sand Collective.

The documentary relives a scene, which revolved around gigs in basements, living rooms and small Manchester venues between 2002 and 2006. Just like sandcastles on the beach, the physical reminders of the DIY scene were washed away by waves of redevelopment. One venue is a pizza parlor; another is a block of flats. And the houses and basements have different tenants in now.

I caught up with the makers of **Helpyourself Manchester** at a showing at a Slade Hall—a 16th Century mansion eccentrically located in inner-city Longsight and which has over the years hosted DIY gigs.

"We are a network of friends anyway and the idea came through our conversations," says co-producer Patrick Baxter. "There was a spark that there was something interesting happening in Levenshulme a few years back. We wanted to document it. Levenshulme became so important to us because of the paucity of gigs around the city centre at the time. We used basements and living rooms, but the Klondike Club too, which was a working man's club and sympathetic to DIY gigs."

As we talk, our conversation is punctuated by the sound of anarcho pop punks Holiday playing in the living room below. But despite the familiar setting, **Helpyourself Manchester** existed in a very different world a decade previously. "It was a time before Facebook," explains co-producer Huw Wahl, "so to publicize gigs we would go out into town and put flyers in all the record shops. There were more fanzines around too."

A chunk of the film is devoted to the making of a flyer in all its intricate, painstaking detail, which looks in this digitized age like they might as well have filmed someone operating the Spinning Jenny before driving home by pony and trap to spend the evening reading a fucking book. J'knowwhatImeanlike.

THE PRODUCERS OF HELPYOURSELF MANCHESTER FACED THE OPPOSITE PROBLEM OF ANDY'S OI POLLOI MONSTER

This small group of people, produced a very fertile DIY scene ranging from folk to experimental noise. However, very little live band footage exists from the time. So they tell the story through animation, Super 8 film, lots of photographs and contemporary interviews.

They collated material from wherever they could find it—internet photographs, Youtube footage and different soundtracks—to give the film a wonderful cut and paste quality. "We took analogue photographs, sound recordings and whatever other material we had and edited them together on our laptops," says co-producer and animator Insa Langhorst. "It was like a labor of love." One scene, a live song by the Enablers, marries Super 8 footage with a soundtrack taken entirely separately on the same night. "It's very warm and it works," says Patrick. "Maybe not technically, but it works."

The film premiered was before an audience of 100 at the Klondyke Club, a venue featured in the film, and was since shown in Germany. But, I ask its makers, does it have much relevance to the world beyond the **Helpyourself Manchester** scene?

Sure, Patrick answers, the world has moved on, but this has made the story of a DIY scene all the more relevant... Hold onto your hats folks, it's a rant deserving of this fanzine. Take a deep breath, I'm going to reprint it in full. While you're reading it, just think of the effort I took to accurately type this bastard out.

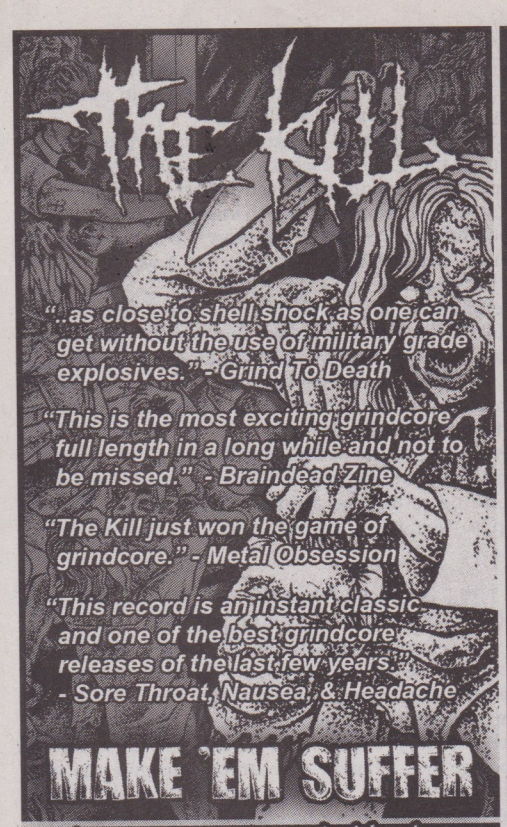
"I think there's a general conversation going on throughout Europe," he says. "In Manchester, there's a lot of property speculation and the city has been sold to students as a cool place to live where you had the Smiths and Happy Mondays, so they come and pay £600 a month on rent. Oxford Road is one long replication of the same brands. The city center's going to exclude people doing something alternative. I don't think that means everything's gone to shit, but places like Levenshulme and Longsight will become more important because they're breathing space for people to organize. There is danger that there will be gentrification, but at the moment the city centre is a space that's not necessarily amenable to adversarial perspectives. It's marketed and sold. And the film is about communicating the possibilities of DIY with one another. Showing the film is a good opportunity to come together with people who don't have exactly the same perspective as us and discuss the opportunities to create something different in Manchester."

"So," I reply, "you're giving people the tools of the trade," and the room descends into a relieved laughter.

And Patrick's protracted rant does sum up the importance of DIY filmmaking. DIY gigs make use of what's available at the time—whether that's a local pub, a front room or a rehearsal space. They come and go. As cities undergo waves of redevelopment and space is sold to regeneration companies (or builders), so our cultural output remains only as fading memories.

And what came out of talking to the three groups of filmmakers is the love and commitment they put into their respective projects. All three projects have straddled the advent of the internet, which has enabled us to have free access to a lot of material. But most of it is shite. It takes editing and dedication to create a persuasive piece of work. Making this fanzine is not like spewing words out on a blog. 10% of the work is writing, the rest is editing and collating.

But shifts in technology have given these filmmakers the tools to create works that were beyond them a few years ago. And in punk spirit—you've heard from the filmmakers, now go and make your own movie.



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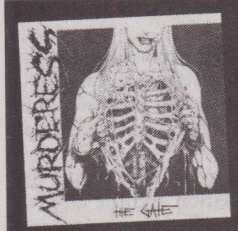

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A CERTAIN RATIO – "To Each…" LP

This is a US reissue of ACR's debut LP, remastered for vinyl and with a reproduction of the original gatefold sleeve by Peter Christopherson (of THROBBING GRISTLE and COIL). This Manchester group was a contemporary of JOY DIVISION, signed to Factory records and managed by Tony Wilson. They leaned heavily on the funky end of the post-punk spectrum however, rooting their sound in flanged bass and dubby horns—a darker DELTA 5, a slicker, poppier POP GROUP. In later years they got even funkier and dropped the punk altogether, probably influencing the Madchester phenomenon although I don't think they ever quite reaped the rewards of that. This album catches them at their edgier best: dark and dance-y, bleak and bouncy, the energy tempered by those dead-pan Manc vox. The timing of this reissue might be off by a few years, but it should find a home on your turntable nonetheless. (AM)
(Drastic Plastic)

ALARMS / RAT DAMAGE – split EP

ALARMS is a thrashy version of AFTER THE BOMBS. They sound like VENOM on speed and they are solid thrash metal punk. RAT DAMAGE is pissed hardcore motörpunk with ineloquent, generic lyrics but a definite skill. This release is done on beautiful smoke marbled clear vinyl. (AE)
(Landlocked Collective)

ALIEN FATHER – "World Of Treble" EP

I am not sure what "avant garage" is, but that is how ALIEN FATHER describes themselves. I'd call them a fuzzy shoegazer band. The vocals are somewhat low-key, but they get occasionally dramatic. The band seems pretty sincere and they are probably nice. Aside from some lame lyrics in the second song "Action Science" concerning masturbating and showering, the songs are enjoyable. The best song is the title track. It is fast and catchy, plus that weird squeaky noise at the end of it is cool. Is it the guitar or the synth? Beats me, but I like it. (CK)
(self-released)

ALTERED BOYS – "The Blame" EP

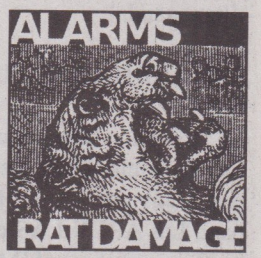
This is the newest release from these Jersey boys and it sure is a brutal affair. The most obvious reference point is fellow New Jerseyans TEAR IT UP and other bands from the Y2K thrash wave, who collectively revived the intensity of '80s hardcore in it's various incarnations. ALTERED BOYS does a splendid job blending the sheer speed of the premier British bands with the caveman stomp of early Boston acts ("Powerless" in particular sounds an awful lot like "Tailgate" by the almighty DEATHWISH). Some of the riffs are a little too lazy to make this stand out in a big way, but the furious delivery and subatomic bass tone alone more than push this sucker into winning territory. Check it out. (JH)
(Deranged)

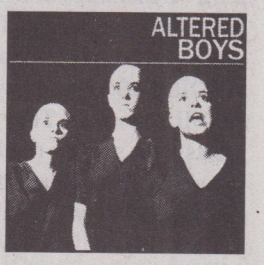
ANDROIDS OF MU – "Blood Robots" LP

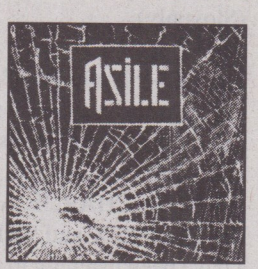
Whoa! You ever feel like you just missed a bus, but the bus is a group a weird girls drinking tea in a west London squat, talking about space and telling CRASS to fuck off "'cause our drummer is just fine the way she is" 30 years ago? Cause that's exactly how this stripped down, mid-tempo, British post-punk made by androids from the eleventh millennium BC makes me feel. This record spans from stripped-down songs from a future envisioned in the late-'70s like, "Lost in Space" and "Atomic X" to understated and pissed off critiques of '80s patriarchy, "Bored Housewifes" and "Jeen Dreams," with some fucking amazing post punk art songs scattered throughout. For kids into RAINCOATS, the SLITS and HAGAR THE WOMB. I've been listening to "Subtitles" over and over for fifteen minutes, so if you'll excuse me I have to go find some blank tapes, stamps and a Timelord. (AG)
(Free Love / Water Wing)

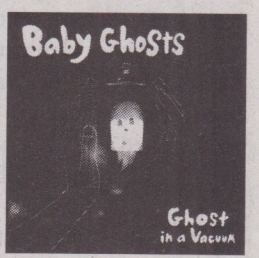
APPENDIX – "Extraneus" CD

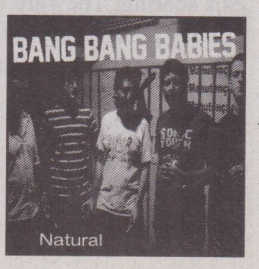
You know, I first heard APPENDIX on the opposite side of a mixtape someone's older brother was too lazy to finish—douchebag had taped half of his shitty skate rock CDs over one of the coolest things I had ever











heard! So naturally, I stole it from him and kept it until I could find a punk who could tell me who it was, which I never did, because I was sixteen years old and had shitty friends. A few years later, I was in the backseat of a car and immediately recognized "Paniikkia" as one of the songs on my creaky mystery B-side treasure. I still love APPENDIX—lots of people reading this magazine do, they hardly need an introduction. If you are unfamiliar with APPENDIX, may I suggest the *Houra* EP or *Money is Not My Currency*. They're easy to find and cheap! Enjoy and just pretend that this world is a just one and this crappy, professional studio dad rock calling itself APPENDIX doesn't exist. As for me, I have some forgetting to do. (FF)
(Propaganda)

LAS ARDILLAS – "Linda Niña/La Buscaré"

I'm not too sure about naming your band the Squirrels. They are pesky animals, but not in any good way. However calling your band Las ARDILLAS does sound a lot better. Two members of DAVILA 666 are in this band the drummer and guitarist who gives up his instrument to be the singer of Las ARDILLAS. These two songs sound very DAVILA 666-ish. They are catchy, anthemic songs with snappy rhythms and harmonized vocals sung in Spanish. I was fortunate to see them play two months ago and live they are just as good as DAVILA 666 too. (CK)
(Slovenly)

ASILE – "Nulle Part" EP

This is the second EP from ASILE who are D-beat motörpunk at its very best. ASILE is like a French-Canadian mutant offspring between DISCHARGE, VARUKERS, TANK, ANTI-CIMEX and SHITLICKERS. Hence, I have been listening to this EP nonstop since I got it. Each song on this EP has a similar sound and goes well with the next. It's a perfect montage of our favorite punk sounds that one could listen to for hours as it keeps you hooked and wanting more. The raging Scandi guitar shows off a definite skill but is done so in a modest way that flows well back into the D-beat with the French Cal vocals soaring. They are one of the best modern day punk bands out there—hands down. Who needs to support reunion shows when you have modern day rippers like ASILE? Support punk, support punk future and get this EP. (AE)
(Chaos Rurale)

THE ASTROPHONIX – "Reaction" CD

The ASTRPHONIX are a rockabilly band from Italy. They have a slick punky sound that makes me think they were listening to GREEN DAY before they "got back to their roots." The music is well-played and pretty poppy. The band members are well groomed, I'd even say good looking. With the proper marketing I'm sure they have the potential to be big in the rockabilly scene. However, the slickness plus covers of the BEATLES and SOCIAL DISTORTION aren't helping me feel any love for this. (CK)
(self-released)

BABY GHOSTS – "Ghost in a Vacuum" EP

I almost wanted to call this one pretty pop. (Jump ahead to my review of the CALI GIRAFFES 7" in this issue to understand the reference.) Then I wanted to call it quirky pop. And while it's a little of both of those things, it's got enough distortion on the guitar and banging drums to keep it out of both of those categories. Still, the focus is definitely on the vocals and the harmonies. If you're a fan of female fronted poppy punk, you'll like this one. I did. (KK)
(Drunken Sailor)

BAD INFLUENCE – "Preaching to the Perverted" LP

Recorded at the beginning of 2010, yet, from what I can learn, this is available now for the first time. This Belgian foursome isn't afraid to mix it up. I prefer their straightforward, dark hardcore tracks, like "Complete Control," critiquing wasted punks, "Neither One Of Them," or "Sea Shepard," celebrating the environmental group. They do hit some of the other shit strong, like with the intense drumming of "Dead Man's Shoe's," or the gothic, gloomy, "The World," with rad BIG BLACK-esque bass carrying the song. Some of their other songwriting is not quite as strong. If this LP were just the six or so songs I like, I'd be raving. (JM)
(Chaos Rurale)

BAM! BAM! – "Golden Haze 2" EP

"Golden Haze 2" is cool minimalist swamp garage from a two girl two piece, reminded me of early GOSSIP with a HEADCOATEE on vocals… This band sort of reminds me SUPER WILD HORSES actually, a little less primal and wild and more tape traders who are PASTELS fans though!? "Something Awful" is a twee super sincere love song, that will perhaps remind you of TIGER TRAP with a little less polish and pop drive. "Out the Window" has the incongruous bash pop of LOOKS BLUE GOES PURPLE, with a sort of spy adventure for lyrics as far as I can work out?! Escape and defeat, with total melancholic NZ girl melodies. The last song features CALVIN JOHNSON on vocals, in a call and response style "What do you call it when you cannot call it love." If you are into underground girl pop this is your new jam! Sounds like something that woulda come out on K twenty years ago… Cool. (LG)
(hhbtm)

BAMBOO KIDS – "Safe City Blues" 2x LP

NYC '70s sleaze is most definitely the order of the day here, with 20+ tunes that never once deviate from their quest to inhabit the spirits of Johnny'n'Stiv. Trouble is the junk-punk offered up here is way too slick for my tastes. A marathon outing that I'd recommend only to obsessives. (MC)
(Drug Front)

BANG BANG BABIES – "Natural" EP

Primitive lo-fi garage punk stuff from Brazil. Fun hyper high energy—I kinda prefer the B-side which is more like jam band freakout and less like novelty reverbed out twangy "CRAMPS" "rock'n'roll" that is pretty played out. I wish there was more of an attempt to stand out from the 100 other bands that play in this style. Whatever the case, they sound like a fun tight live band, they just need to pick a better single. (GB)
(Tosco Brazil)

B.F.G. – "Blue" LP

A re-issue of an '80s Manchester band that had been overlooked by the flood of popular acts pumping out music at that time. B.F.G. have a strong, rhythmic, pounding drum sound that brings to mind old RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY. The vocalist has that deep vocal presence that works well with this goth / dance sound. While most folks were paying too much a attention to other acts such as the SISTERS OF MERCY, a slew of cool music was going unnoticed and this is prime example of just that. (MS)
(Drastic Plastic)

BIOCIDIO – "Brutal Motavation" EP

Arizona old-school grindcore. BIOCIDIO rarely play fast but they still grind. It's raw with guttural vocals and slight death metal leanings. Side A had me headbanging. Sounds a little like AGATHOCLES or

a more death metal UNHOLY GRAVE. Good stuff. (MH)
(Cannabis Cult, no info / Make Em' Sweat, no info / Overpopulation)

BISHOPS GREEN – CD

What the fuck? This totally came outta nowhere for me! This is so good! Old ass Canadian skins doing a new street punk band that is melodic yet gloomier than what would be expected. Two songs by the LANCASTERS which frontman Greg Huff was previously in ("The Crow" is a rad track). This is sad melodic, yet pissed and tough. The musicians are seasoned and aren't trying to flex, though there are admittedly really great and beautifully constructed, yet not overdone songs here—this is shoulder to French Oi! pulling off the aggressive melody here. Six tracks of pro-working class, anthemic, anti-consumerist, posi yet real tracks with gruff and completely discernable lyrics. Lyrics are simple, but seem sincere and honest. I love this. You assholes better not be WP or I am gonna be more pissed than you sound. Brown Power. Totally rad melodic, fist pumping, sing-a-long streetpunk with Oi! flava and now part of the *MRR* football team sound track. Come to SF and play with the SYDNEY DUCKS. (MB)
(Rebellion / Bords De Seine)

BLITZ – "All Out Attack" EP

Holy time machine, Batman! Like, who gets to go back in time and review the greatest punk record of all time in the punkest magazine of all time? *I am not worthy!* Uggh. BLITZ. I mean, I don't know if it's like this for everyone, but the second I heard "Someone's Gonna Die" I knew I had finally found what I was looking for. This EP is like the best and worst moment of a young punk's lifetime. Best because this is the dirtiest, dodgiest street punk record you'd never heard: this is the sound you'd always imagined but never knew where to find it. Worst because after BLITZ it is only downhill. Glad to see this back on vinyl with the trifold sleeve in full effect. It isn't as cool as my original with the stamped labels, but it will do. GB)
(Ugly Pop)

BORED YOUTH – "Ghosts, Scars, and Dreams" CD

Self described "post-punk power pop emo-core by some old fucks who should really know better." Sounds appealing, doesn't it? And yes, they probably should know better, as this is the 2012 re-incarnation of the original BORED YOUTH, a Detroit punk/hardcore band that called it quits roughly 30 years ago. The desire to play music at any age is respectable, but there isn't a whole lot of positive stuff to be said about mediocre dad rock. My advice: do the bar band to your heart's content, but let the ghosts of the past rest in peace. (JH)
(self-released)

BULLET TREATMENT – "Ex-breathers" CD

Eight short, sharp, furious blasts clocking in at just over nine minutes. The lads have obviously been sucking in huge dollops of "Black Flag—The First Four Years," with lashings of tough-guy NY hardcore to boot. Nasty, brutish. Not quite "Police Story," but then again, what is!? (RK)
(Basement)

CALI GIRAFFES – "All My Life/Lazy Days"

I love this sort of thing, but make no mistake about it; this isn't punk. It's very well executed pretty pop. That's right, it's pretty pop. Pretty pop is a new genre that I just I invented. It's light and it's cheery and upbeat and often, but not always, female fronted pop music. People that listen to pretty pop usually wake up in a good mood and avoid physical confrontations. They also buy vintage clothes. I like pretty pop and think this is a fine example of it. (KK)
(Fin)

CHACHI ON ACID – "You Communicate a Sense of Harmony to Others" LP

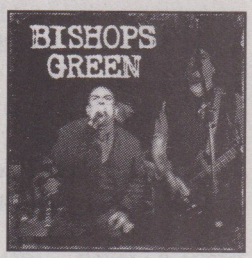
Great to see a band can still exist on tripod.com. I have heard the name many times, not sure what context. I guess it was only a matter of time before something like this landed in my lap. They're Canadian, so there's that. No cover, just some barf colored splatter vinyl and an insert. Recorded in 1998, released in 2013. If you're into numerology this is like a 15th anniversary release celebration. I really want to *not* like this. Maybe it's my fifth mimosa speaking, but there are some definite redeeming non-redeeming qualities at play here. People compare them to ANGRY SAMOANS. I'm having a hard time coming up with anything cleverer. *Punk*. (GB)
(self-released)

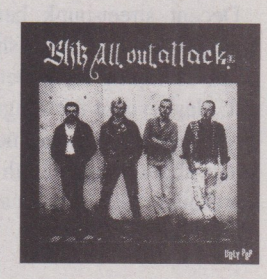
CHRISTIAN FISTING – "Market Correction" EP

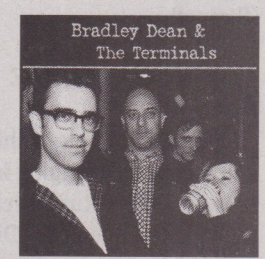
Stiff and deliberate hardcore with dual sneering vocals and a vibe that almost conjures atonal anarcho on the slower parts, but an attitude more along the lines of DEAD MILKMEN. This comes across as legit outsider punk, made by people still trying to find their niche, but that is exactly what makes it interesting (even when it is not all to my liking). (WN)
(self-released)

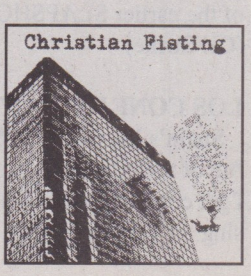
CINDY LEE / RED MASS – split 45

RED MASS is CHOYCE from LES SEXAREENOS / CPS GANGBANGS plus friends who this time around include KING KHAN and MARK SULTAN. Their song is a dreamy pop tune filled with less usual instruments such as violin, theremin, bongos and "toys." The vocals are simultaneously overwhelming and subtle, which ends up sounding really nice. CINDY LEE reminds me of JULEE CRUISE who performed "Falling" the theme song for *Twin Peaks*. The guitars are raggedly strummed while the vocals









are ethereal and light. It is kind of unsettling, but in a good way. (CK)
(Mongrel Zine)

CITY MOUSE – "You" EP

This release is a good example of a talented voice with a bad act. Miski Dee may have a real set of pipes, but being from Orange County is no excuse for sounding like you belong in a PacSun commercial. What we have here is horrible "What's-My-Age-Again" style guitars and lyrics like "I wanna hate you / but I knew you'd do it too / so I'll just keep / hating myself / for what I put myself through." Well, imagine how I feel for listening to both sides of this thing. (FF)
(It's Alive / Muy Autentico)

CITY SAINTS – "Kicking Ass For The Working Class" CD

Decent street-punk here, though nothing special from this Swedish band. From the title I was hoping for something more political, but, alas, except for songs about blowing off steam on the weekend, no such luck. Lots of songs about hanging with the boys and drinking though. Comes with a live DVD. (JF)
(Spirits of the Streets)

COLDSIDE – "We've Had Enough" CD

This shit is so hard. Very sick, brutal HARDcore that is full of riffs, sing-along choruses and mosh calls like, "Come out here and get your head kicked in you punk ass muthafuckas." Straight up brutal ass riffing that are in a classic MERAUDER style, hard as fuck dual vocals, but somehow the songs are catchy as hell and you can almost sing along to it. These dudes are from Florida and are ex-VIETNOM and are really good at playing hardcore. You're moshing. (TM)
(Strength)

COLONNA INFAME – "Dalla Nostra Parte" LP

Collection LP from this Roman skinhead unit with tracks ranging in age from the mid-'90s to 2009. Ruff'n'ready, gruff vocal'd, down tuned, plodding Oi! core with a thick and chunky metal production. The later tracks pick up the pace and clock in similar to some of the earlier SLAPSHOT songs. (JU)
(Oi! Strike)

LOS CONEJOS – 12"

Spain's los CONEJOS first(?) LP is chock full of melodic punk excellence, even though I get confused about why bands would rather sing in English rather than their own language. Ultimately, I don't really care what language they are singing in. It's still a great record. Side one has an almost goofy approach that reminds me of the REZILLOS. The songs are straightforward with mixed gender vocals and super-catchy guitar parts. They use those clean, melodic guitar hooks that are all the rage (I mean that in a good way). Between sides one and two, it seems like the band undergoes a major transformation that takes this LP over the top for me. The songs somehow get tighter and they have a more concise sense of melody. "Catholic Youth" in particular is flawless. They begin to approach the excellence of GENERACION SUICIDA, MASSHYSTERI and those early TERRIBLE FEELINGS EPs, but they are far from carbon copies. When this band strips some of its goofiness, it's nothing to fuck with. This is a great LP. (GH)
(Discos Subterraneos)

COOL MUTANTS – "Buzzhog" EP

Well, we got some pretty slick slither here. Walls-of-guitar over some hybrid of hard rock and garage punk, complete with solos and tuff-stuff vocals. Not the most compelling record I've ever heard, but nothing too terrible. (MC)
(Do What?, no info)

CRIMSON SCARLET – "The Window/ Rouged Corpse"

A new 45 by these bay area goth punkers. On track where they left off with the last disc, this band has put together more of that atmospheric dark tuneage that sticks to the walls of the brain. One thing I noticed for the first time is that on the B-side, the vocalist has a Dale Bozzio thing going on, which is quite interesting and manages to work really well with the song. If this territory is one that you feel you need to explore, you may want to give this a shot. (MS)
(Rust and Machine)

CÜLO – "My Life Sucks and I Couldn't Care Less" LP

Ooh, yeah. The crack smoking, grimey, Midwestern moonmen are back with a *fucking* full-length LP! To be honest, I thought the earlier 7"s were just okay-to-good, but this thing is a whole different bird. The lyrics are still pretty much straight up stupid, with most of the songs being about drugs and how they relate to self-loathing, which is fine by me, 'cause it's not my life they're singing about. However you feel about that, you cannot deny these riffs, if you are at all interested in real hardcore in 2013. They are nothing if not ferocious, unstable, grating, and by all means unstoppable, and executed with a rarely seen precision. This is what recklessness is supposed to sound like. (JU)
(Deranged)

DALAPLAN – "Snubblar Fram/Död Mans Skor"

This is a super fun record! They are a Swedish new-wave style pop band that is essentially a punk version of B52's. Lots of organ and heavy on the back-up singers. The singer has a very theatric delivery that triggers memories of listening to (the old San Francisco band) the MUTANTS. The songs are fast and catchy but easy to dance to. It's the kind of band that you'd expect to dress up in costume for their shows. And listening to this record, it almost feels like it's 30 years old. Music from a different era. Total party music, for sure. (FS)
(Gaphals)

THE DHDFD'S – "French Fries" CD

The first song is frantic and cartoonish punk with screamy vocals that might get a little weird, but then the band settles into a slightly more structured bunch of tracks that are reminiscent of the faster and more aggressive DEAD MILKMEN songs. There are bands that do a similar thing but usually it's pretty bad, whereas these jokers are doing a lot of things right with their more chaotic approach, and whoever is playing guitar can wail. You could do a lot worse with a band. (BL)
(Bomb Shop)

DIEHARD – "Nothing in Return" Flexi

New-ish Bay Area band's demo pressed onto a flexi courtesy of Radical Punks Never Die. DIEHARD plays a speedy mixture of hardcore punk, crossover, and '90s style post hardcore. Brynn's expertly phrased, nasally, unhinged vocals and Reece's relentless drumming help ensure this record stands out among generic hardcore outfits. However, I've listened to these songs numerous times and have seen this band live on several occasions, and I can't shake the feeling that there's a bit of an identity crisis at work. It sounds like they can't decide if they're more into SACRILEGE or JOHN HENRY WEST. Blazing power chord riffs give way to melodic leads throughout this release, and while they're able to pull it off to an extent, I think DIEHARD's ferocity would be amplified with a bit more focus. Still, this is an

excellent first offering from one of the Bay Area's up and coming bands. (KM)
(Radical Punks Never Die)

DIRTY WOMBS / UNFIT EARTH – split EP

Two bands from Greece, DIRTY WOMBS from Patras and UNFIT EARTH from Volos. Despite being both from Greece and on a split together, the two bands have very different sounds. DIRTY WOMBS does a straightforward brand of high energy crusty hardcore that reminds me a lot of Japanese crusty hardcore bands. The vocals are understandable and the bass player does a great job adding to each track. UNFIT EARTH does the dramatic, almost catchy crusty hardcore sound that I love so much. I'm reminded of bands like MASSMORD and KRUPSKAYA. UNFIT EARTH isn't that easy to pigeonhole. The vocals are deep, gruff, almost death metal, which changes their sound completely. I love their track. (MH)
(Eye5 / World's Appreciated Kitsch)

DOPAMINES – "Vices" CD

By now these guys are pretty established in the pop punk scene. This is this band's third full length and I believe this has been out a while as I recognize some of the songs. I have seen them a couple of times and I'm sure they have done the pop punk fest thing. This is a good release. It packs a pretty good punch with some decent hooks along the way. A little DILLINGER FOUR, a little early PROPAGHANDI and a little FACE TO FACE on this ten-song 21-minute disc that doesn't let up. (RL)
(It's Alive)

DRIPFED – "Unexploded Ordinance" 10"

I don't know if the band's name is a coffee reference but they seem upbeat enough for a bunch of kids from Denver all pissed off at the world, belting out crust lyrics and making noise. The songs are mid-tempo protest numbers with meandering guitar work that often sounds more psychedelic than heavy. The vocals are always screamy and I couldn't figure out what they were so mad about until I read the lyrics. I dig the dude's high-pitched insectile vocals—reminds me hard of the dude from GRAVES AT SEA. It also sort of reminds me of the black-metal influenced eco-crust from the '90s that I never thought I'd be nostalgic about, but this band brings back my desire to see a pit-bull wearing a butt flap. (BL)
(Lessart)

DRIVE BY SHOOTING – "Ihr! Alle! Immer!" CD

This is a German attempt at stoner punk rock also known as "DxBxSx". There is an upbeat BLACK SABBATH vibe here, but it misses the mark. Their sound is too much in between the different genres, causing their sound to be rather annoying. As soon as you let yourself get into one of the sounds, they switch into another and lose you. The hooks are good, the songs are sung in German, and you can tell this band is not bad. But, pick a sound! Sitting on the middle of a punk/stoner rocker fence is not a good place to be. Fall on one side or the other but just don't cut your hair. (AE)
(Elektrohasch Schallplatten)

EAT SKULL – "Where'd You Go?" EP

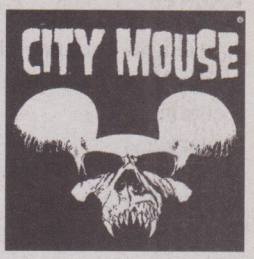
I was told once that "everyone" knows about this band, but this is my first introduction to their music, so I have no reference points or any of their work to compare it to. Side one starts off with a lo-fi, fuzzy guitar led, mid-tempo indie-rocker. The hooks of the song are almost buried under a layer of noise, but they're still there. The second song, "Medication Time," is bouncy and poppier. It almost drowns itself in guitar feedback, but the overall effect is pleasant and engaging. The flip side is a drum machine/acoustic guitar instrumental that goes nowhere too interesting, but that doesn't make it bad. Someone could easily fool me into believing it's a lost SEBADOH demo. It's actually one of the better instrumental songs I've heard in the past year…and it sounds good on both speeds. This EP is part of the Strange Mutation 7" set (Vol I) available on Volar. (GH)
(Volar)

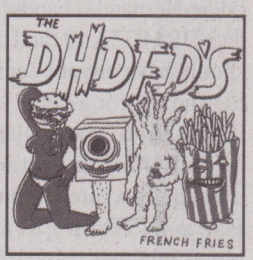
EFFLUXUS / INFERNÖH – split EP

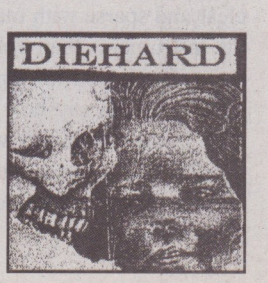
Two tracks from each band. EFFLUXUS starts with a cacophonic stomper with solid riffing that makes good use of a wah-wah pedal, and set things off right. Next up is "Destroyed from Within:" a solid D-beat number that trades in speed for power to a certain extent, and whose catchy and raging main hook gets a lot out of a little. The rough recording they got, and that the bass sounds like it's a tiny bit too high in the mix, definitely add to the appeal of the songs. INFERNÖH's intro leaves me feeling like their side of the split could go either way, but it's more than redeemed once the main riff and abrasive vocals kick in on the first song. They go for D-beat sound that's both raw and burly, and aside from a killer musical aesthetic they write memorable songs. The second song slows to a mid pace, but of course makes up for it in power. Stoked as shit to see both bands in two days. (DG)
(Rust and Machine)

FAR CORNERS – "Sanity Suck" EP

This selection from San Diego label Volar records' new *Strange Mutations* 7" box set presents a well-rounded garage rock single. There's a worthy guitar lead buried beneath a sheet of lo-fi muck on the A-side that ought to be dug out and put on display, but FAR CORNERS keep their assets sheathed in grit. "Sanity Suck" ends with a resplendent guitar solo and vocal refrain. The flip emphasizes some torn down and nasty vocal delivery with a turgid riff, while the drums generally sound like garbage can lids, which certainly doesn't add anything, given the vocal and guitar







strength. Each song on this EP is well constructed and confidently executed, enough so that it might benefit from some proper recording. (SL)
(Volar)

FLYING LADIES – "Aburridos Como Tardes de Domingo" EP

Despite the band name and cover photo of a gal who is seemingly brimming with ennui, there are no ladies in this Spanish punk band. These gents are a confounding bunch; the playful packaging (there's an ad for a fake perfume called "Attitude" by FLYING LADIES) and bright, trebly production are reminiscent of current garage punk bands that I (mostly) can't stand, but the songs are really fucking good. FLYING LADIES play a near-flawless combination of early Spanish punk and late '80s DC hardcore. A good current point of reference is LA URSS, who, like these guys, take traditional punk chord progressions, then add catchy gang vocals and emotionally charged leads to create memorable tracks. On one hand, I wish the production was dirtier and these guys took themselves a bit more seriously, but realistically, with songs as excellent as the ones on this EP, maybe I'm the one who needs to lighten up and just enjoy the music. (KM)
(Against You / Discos Regresivos / Discos Subterraneos / Muerte a Tipo / Tuca Raca)

FRACASO – "Destruir" EP

Hailing from Venezuela, where being voicing opposition to the state can still be a risky proposition, these anarcho-punks vent their politics and frustrations through stripped-down D-beat-influenced hardcore that has more than a tinge of Spanish influence. The first comparisons that spring to mind are Teodoro Hernandez bands like DESCRUCCION and FIRMEZA 10 (and those influences alone should have anyone scurrying to the mailbox to send off for a copy!). However, the howling reverb-ed vocals clarify the liner note nod to KURO for inspiration as well, and while they're not a direct influence on FRACASO, Peru's DISTEMPER are making similarly biting minimal hardcore. The recording here is just perfect for a band of this style, very clear and sparse with much less distortion on the instruments than you might expect. This was self-released for a recent European tour, so it's hard to say how many remain available, but it's definitely worth keeping an eye out for, and it never hurts to write the band and see if you can snag one. (AU)
(self-released)

GATEWAY DISTRICT – "Old Wild Hearts" CD

GATEWAY DISTRICT's brand of straight ahead pop punk meets bar rock is, to me at least, a known quantity to me by now. There are at least two other LP's that sound just like this one. There are two singers, but they both sound pretty similar, so it might just be that one of them just sings back-ups. The vocals are sung well, but not terribly notable. That actually sums up this band pretty well. Everything they do is competent, but nothing sticks out. Nothing's irritating or catchy, just boring.
(It's Alive / Eager Beaver)

GOOD THROB – "Culture Vulture" EP

Maybe the song "Headache" is written about a hangover, maybe it's about riding the bus all night or maybe it's something else entirely, but it fucking rules and I'm gonna be screaming it in my head for the next month, and every time I get on Bart. I don't know what to compare this to, but maybe, like, a trimmed down, mid-tempo DISHRAGS or the BAGS filtered through the RAINCOATS ending up with fucking awesome, pissed off British post-punk. This went perfectly back-to-back with the ANDROIDS OF MU reissue I also reviewed this month. I can't get enough of the bass line from "Culture Vulture". So Fucking Good. (AG)
(Muscle Horse)

GUN CLUB – "The Las Vegas Story" LP

Transcendent sounds that evoke the nastiness and possibility inherent in the American landscape looking out the window, just out of reach…I will admit to being a little nervous when I was assigned this record. How do you write about something like this?! Cinematic sounds constructed by a genius/mess of a band, one of their greatest, without perhaps the "hits" of the first LP, but with a distinct and unearthly power of its own. A record about falling apart, watching the world glitter and decay, sinister and witty, doomed and charming, and yeah it evokes desert wastelands and swamps in a manner that has churned up a cornfield of lesser bands attempting to replicate and reproduce it in many horrific ways. This record is a demonstration of how a set of ingredients in the hands of a *good* band with chemistry and power would be absolutely wretched in another context; basically I can imagine how listening to this would make someone wanna make their own version, but please don't! The cover versions are not that interesting, perhaps there to put you into that Vegas lounge mindset… but what fucking punk band would cover PHAROAH SANDERS!? True maniacs… It has been remastered and sounds amazing if you are wondering it it's worth grabbin'. (LG)
(Drastic Plastic)

HAPPY TIMES – "Gross Registrable Tonnable" EP

Something that is always the case when we are assigning all the music that comes in to be reviewed each month at MRR is that there is gonna be a bunch of German Oi! and a TURBONEGRO rip off or five, and a swathe of boring bar rawk dreck. Well my friends, I drew the short straw and got one of the latter category of things I do not want to listen to. Total bar rock with snarling vocals, wailing guitars and lyrics about friendship and the mighty ocean and partying the whole night through. Hell the record label is called Swashbuckling Hobo; I think that about sums up this 45… There must be a market for terrible bar rock, but I can't imagine anyone except *perhaps* their girlfriends / boyfriends and *maybe* their high school buddies giving a fuck about this record. (LG)
(Swashbuckling Hobo)

HARD RESISTANCE – "Euphemism" CD

Belgian thrash/hardcore with super clean nu-metal production. The drummer is sick, too bad the rest of the band isn't up to snuff. Riffs are über-generic and annoyingly repetitive and the lyrics are vague, dated, empty rallying cries for I don't know what. An incredibly boring release. (KM)
(Strength)

HE WHO CANNOT BE NAMED – "Love/Hate" CD

A themed album, as indicated by the title. DWARVES-worship I thought at first. A cover of "Happy Suicide" confirmed my original suspicion. Spanning 22 tracks (!), this goes from BAD RELIGION punk rock to SUM 41 shit punk, to RAMONES pop, to TURBONEGRO rawk'n'roll. A bluesy number follows a waltzy ballad, even a sax and accordion make their appearance, and the vocals remind me of early REM(!?) There's lots of reference made to women, duct tape, booze, hearses and hating school and work. There's also a track that sounds too much like the DICKS' "Hate Police" which was weird (intentional?). Musically there're a couple catchy hooks and some clever audio

touches here and there, but it's all way too stupid and mid-tempo bar rock for my liking. This is affected, dumb and snotty pop punk made by a bunch of adults obviously still fixed on adolescence. Which is fine, I know a load of them. Stick to the NEWTOWN NEUROTICS if you want responsible pop punk. This is obviously a joke. (LA)
(no info)

HELTA SKELTA – "Asbestos" EP

In my four years of reviewing records at *MRR*, this record may have the widest gap between what I would perceive to be the musical merit based on the artwork, and the actual musical merit contained therein. The cover of this thing looks like pizza thrash gone psych, and there are certainly elements of psych rock in here, but this record is fucking fantastic. It's members of EXTORTION doing four songs that are essentially different styles, but are all A-sides in their own right. "Rust" is subdued yet potent garage/post punk that brings to mind the lazy afternoon before the apocalypse, as the vocalist spouts off like a lethargic drill sergeant over the verses. "Smile" is in a similar vein, but maybe with a slightly more HoZac/drugged out quality. The second side is all hardcore, with one song having a scummy 1-2-1-2 thing going on, and another reprising the A-side's vibe to a MOB (NY) drumbeat. One of the best things I've heard all year. (DG)
(self-released)

HOLIER THAN THOU? – "You Can't Have Slaughter Without Laughter" 12"

Is HOLIER THAN THOU? a METALLICA reference? Probably. Anyway, this release is a galloping trash attack with a 2000-era crossover vibe. HOLIER THAN THOU? is comprised of members of ANNIHILATION TIME, DINOSAUR JR., LECHEROUS GAZE, BROKEN NEEDLE and LIFE'S HALT. But, this does not give me more respect for this record. Apparently, it took years in the making to finally get this thing released, but after the fall of the glory days of bands like MUNICIPAL WASTE and thrasher "punk is dead, bang your head" craze, this release leaves me asking, who cares? (AE)
(Six Weeks)

HORROS – "Iron Birds" EP

A strange egg here. HORROS is from Finland and offers a pretty burly take on the apocalyptic crust angle, paired with some of the most unapologetically cheezy speed metal leads yet dared on a punk record… The results are about as schizoid as you'd imagine. So long as the shred's buried under a layer of grim fuzz it works out alright, adding a nice dose of melancholy to the proceedings, but the repeated dual-guitar soloing that crops up had me thinking of long hairs in all the wrong ways. Aside from that, there's plenty of quality to sink one's teeth into, and the B-side "Silence" is a definite standout, starting in a more rocking vein only to grind down into an expertly crafted mournful doom outro. This is a record that will reward patient listeners, even if the journey is a bit uneven. (WB)
(Face Your Gods / K.Youtanto)

HOSPITAL GARDEN – "Mover" CD

Man this Chicago band sounds so '90s. But not in a punk way, in a weird indie alt rock way. A bit punky, with a little VERSUS in there. Music like this really makes me miss Lance Hahn because we were the only people who gave these splinter groups, like MOUSETRAP for example, a listen. This is decent, kind of all over the place, and the type of release that would take a lot of listens to really get. (RL)
(Forge Again)

HOT GRAVES – "Fashion Victim" EP

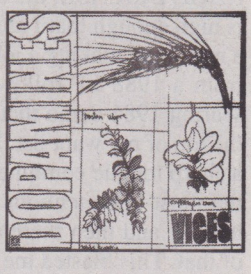
These cats may be from Florida, but they sound exactly like an Oakland Pyrate Punx band circa 2006 or so. At its finer moments, this has a crusty, scummy S.T.F.U. feel that's not half bad. The rest of it sounds like the kind of stuff you'd expect from the opening band on a weeknight show at Burnt Ramen: not actively offensive, but not something you're going to remember by the time the next band has finished. The title track is definitely the strongest here, and the chorus even got a chuckle out of me. More songs like "Fashion Victim" and a tad less metal next time would make for a better EP, though label and band deserve credit for a really good-looking silk-screened cover. (AU)
(Bigger Boat)

THE HOT LZ'S – "Bringdown, Comedown, Putdown" EP

The HOT LZ's play snotty bar punk that probably gets empty beer cans thrown at them. I would like to think that the HOT LZ's were the kids in high school who smoked cigarettes behind the bleachers and made fun of all the kids in school all while listening to a steady diet of JOHNNY THUNDERS, GG ALLIN and SCREECHING WEASEL But fuck, the probably went to Reed. (JF)
(Hate Street, no info)

HUMAN SHIELD – "Crossed Wires" EP

Ooooh, mysterious. No info to be found here at all beyond a lyric sheet that looks like it fell out of a STILL LIFE record. This is anything but '90s emo though. After a lengthy NYHC-style intro, HUMAN SHIELD bust out four tracks of mosh-y East Coast hardcore, with an enjoyably blown-out recording. The vocals sounded familiar, and a little bit of searching turned up the fact that they are provided by the old singer of DC's the AFTERMATH. The rest of the band consists of long-time DC-scene dudes as well, with members, ex and current of bands like SICK FIX, CRISPUS ATTUCKS (man, that name takes me back!) and STATE VIOLENCE in the mix. The B-side has the gems here,



as "Old Poison" and "Let it Burn" are definitely the strongest tracks. There are only 100 of these bad boys, so act quickly if this sounds like something you'd enjoy. (AU)
(Cricket Cemetery)

THE HUSSY – "Way With Words" EP

Two-piece guy and girl combo playing catchy garage tunes. The music may be basic, but there's something there. They follow in the TY SEGALL school by burying everything in fuzz. It's a good thing I like that style or else this might be one of those records that could drive you crazy. (CK)
(Black Gladiator)

INFECTIOUS GARAGE DISEASE – CD

Late '80s Bay Area party thrash. While this is my first exposure to INFECTIOUS GARAGE DISEASE, the caliber of thrash here is high enough that I almost wonder if this is a new band making a joke reissue – 21 songs from a 1988 LP followed by an absolutely searing 1986 demo that has just launched to the top of my want list. Breakneck speed and a sharp tongue combine forces with some of the most unpretentious mash riffs I've ever heard…and then there's live footage on top of that. This blasted me from out of nowhere and blew me away. (WN)
(Negative Reaction)

IRON REAGAN – "Worse Than Dead" LP

I suppose it's no secret that IRON REAGAN is related to MUNICIPAL WASTE, and it should come as no surprise that they play blistering hardcore tinged thrash. Tony channels DRI flawlessly, and the rest of the band isn't that far behind, while not bothering to hide '90s/'00s east coast hardcore influences and liberal doses of metal from the guitars. This pretty much kills…which is no surprise. (WN)
(A389)

JOANNA GRUESOME – "Do You Really Wanna Know Why Yr Still in Love With Me?/Lemonade Grrl"

I was so ready to clown on this band because of their name, but this is a cool record. Two solid indie pop jams that make me want to make mixtapes for crushes and wear sweaters and shit like that. Totally catchy '90s Slumberland style look, but done in a cool DIY "lofi" style. Dreamy female/male dual vocals and sweet melodies and effortlessly catchy guitar parts—I am a sucker for this type of shit and this EP is great! (TM)
(HHBTM)

JUICE FALCON – "Night Wind and Animal Tantrums" LP

It didn't take more than fifteen seconds of listening to think NOMEANSNO. The pummeling, but progressive hard rock with twisted/demented vocals. This reminds me of a lot of really ugly noise rock from the early '90s. The entire album feels very in your face. There is a bit of JESUS LIZARD sound but the vocalist has a crazier feel, which I know I should be able to place. David Yow meets Jello Biafra? I liked this but still not sure about this noise rock revival. (MH)
(Snakebrain: Labs, no info)

THE KILL – "Make 'em Suffer" LP

Australia's the KILL grind. They have been blasting away for around thirteen years and this might be one of their best release yet. Fucking grind! The KILL do just that. It is neither old school nor modern techie grind, but it's super fast and the playing super tight. Containing members/former members of FUCK I'M DEAD, OPEN WOUND and SUPER FUN HAPPY SLIDE. Reminds me a little of KILL THE CLIENT with a tiny bit of AFGRUND thrown in. With the recent passing of SLAYER'S Jeff Hanneman I was curious how I'd take the KILL's cover of "Necrophobic" and well I'm happy to say it Kills. It's done in the KILL's grindcore style while still being the song. A great release. (MH)
(To Live A Lie)

KNIFVEN – "Av!/Den Sista Jäveln"

The first song is over in a blur: clocking in at under two minutes of driving melodic punk with the power of one of NOMEANSNO's thrashier numbers. The flip has the chiming indie-rock intensity of say TEAM DRESCH fronted by a couple of Swedish dudes. There's a lot going on, but each member of this muscular power trio is pulling his own weight; rather than your traditional "rhythm section with guitar doing something interesting over the top," it's a true tug of war pulling the songs along. Interesting stuff. (AM)
(Gaphals)

KREMLIN – "Drunk in the Gulag" 12"

If you didn't grab the 7" *Will You Feed Me*, here is your chance to catch up with this fucked up, chaotic take on D-beat that takes the best elements of the past, cramming it uncomfortably into hardcore with the same spirit of adventure that first made these sounds possible. Think about that moment you first heard your favorite Finnish single or the first hardcore show you went to that made you understand why you are a lifer. The beat is recognizable, the riffage is simple, the vocals are pissed and raw—while this might sound lack luster for a review, I guarantee that this is not a sleeper—simplicity and raw energy unintentionally atmospheric with a sound that is as deliberate as compulsive. If you ever called yourself a punk from bandana to studs to patches, you should own this. (MB)
(Beach Impediment / Bad Vibrations)

LAND OF PINES – "The Long Defeat" 12"

By this time in my life, I should know that I'm easily irritated and make snap judgments based on silly things like annoying drawings of the band members on an insert and I should just listen to the record first. Well, I'm a slow learner. Luckily, LAND OF PINES was able to kick me out of my funk with a spacey, slow intro that seamlessly flows into an upbeat, dreamy indie rock tune. Some of the songs drift more into the pop-punk realm, but they are all full of hooks. Two vocalists, one female and one male, trade off songs, both with clean singing voices. What really stands out on the record though is the lead guitar melodies (not shredding, just catchy melodies). While they don't drown out the vocals, they really carry the songs. An easy listen, but unfortunately only four songs. (PA)
(Fin)

LENIN LENNON / RAT KING – split EP

LENIN LENNON comes on with violent abandon, switching between frenzied racing to sludging plods, to stumbling rambles and then rolling on the ground. The belligerent confusion of coming back from a blackout or maybe just TOTAL ABUSE trying to play SEX CHURCH and getting real frustrated about it. RAT KING is either the slow dance at prom that is steeped in scum or possibly the loneliest end-of-the-night karaoke song dripping with pain and desperation. The closest I can think of is that time PINK REASON did that FEAR cover, but this is a thousand times rougher. Both sides lock together in a dark view of the world, not nihilistic in a "whatever, who cares?" sense but instead in a "seeing everything through a cynical lens and crying about it" sense.
Excellent. (MM)
(Forbidden Shopping, no info)

LIKE RATS – "Genes" EP

Not that LIKE RATS actually have anything to do with industrial music, but I was at least hoping the self-appointed GODFLESH lineage would be apparent in terms of a dense, oppressive atmosphere...alas. Instead, we have some gritty and direct hardcore that would probably be pretty fun to windmill to (if you're into that sort of thing), and they pull of the THOU-covering-SABBATH trick well enough to add some dynamics to the proceedings. I wasn't blown away, but it seemed competent enough...and then I had to go and read the lyrics. At first glance it's your typically embarrasing HC bro-dog musing—I know I'm not the only one who's sick to death of hearing rehashed narratives of normative masculinity—but that's just the beginning. I can't tell if the band is actively trying to court controversy or are just obscenely fucking ignorant (the DARKTHRONE knockoff logo has me leaning towards the former), but at a certain point, does it even matter when your "artist output" contains such gems as "We want to be clean, I want to be pure" and "Sons and fathers die but blood lives on"? Whoa dude, that's *sooooo* naughty. Wait, no, you're not edgy, you're just the kind of turd I got into punk so I wouldn't have to interact with anymore. (WB)
(A389)

LIVIDS – "Your House or the Courthouse" EP

LIVIDS are a garage punk super group featuring members of NEW BOMB TURKS, ZODIAC KILLERS, SHOP FRONTS, COMPLAINTS, PAPER BAGS, RADIO 4, etc. There are elements of all those bands blended in the music on this record. The first song "Your House or the Courthouse" is lyrically a bit too goofy, but the music sounds very '90s-ish and is pretty catchy. The second song "Zilch" is the best on this EP. It is fast and short, and sounds like it could have been on *!!Destroy-Oh-Boy!!* The B-side cover of IGGY POP's "New Values" is much slower than the other two. It lacks something, but it's hard to do a good IGGY impersonation anyway. (CK)
(Slovenly)

LOUIS LINGG AND THE BOMBS – "Alphabet Of A Revolution" CD

What do you get when you cross the B-52s, SERVOTRON and the STAR FUCKING HIPSTERS with the North Eastern Federation of Anarcho-Communists and Emma Goldman's finest work on theatre...yup, you guessed it, LOUIS LINGG AND THE BOMBS. Louis, of course, was one of the Haymarket martyrs. Highly charged political punk cabaret rock opera with keyboards too! I have to say the wife hates it. I like it. Faultless lyrics, and plenty of attitude. (RK)
(Thirty Hour Drive)

MALL'D TO DEATH – "Process of Reaching Out" EP

Hey wait a minute; didn't this come out like two years ago!? Was It's Alive records just really lazy in sending us this; or were they hesitant because we usually wipe our butts with the typical review of their records? I will say in the near decade of this label's existence, *MRR* has given their catalog (perhaps unfairly) only a child-sized handful of kind words. For what it's worth, I only find about 50-60% of their records boring, annoying or both. And there are a few records they've put out that are actually really awesome. MALL'D TO DEATH is one of those awesome records. They are a new generation of Minneapolis punk kids raised on DILLINGER FOUR and RIVETHEAD, who can't help but play a brand of punk that strongly mimics their elders. This six-song EP does however have a few tracks that wink at early FIFTEEN. I find it endearing how there always seems to be a batch of young kids in Minneapolis playing complete D4 worship. 70 years from now there will be a D4 church in Minneapolis, mark my words. But out of all the cults in the world, I guess this is one of the cooler ones. (FS)
(It's Alive)

THE MANIX – "Neighborhood Wildlife" CD

A dozen spirited tracks of driving pop-punk/melodic hardcore/whatever this stuff is called these days. At their best, they bring to mind the poise and snot of "Anthem For A New Tomorrow" era SCREECHING WEASEL, and a LAWRENCE ARMS near the top of their game. At their worst, I dunno chaps, what the fuck is this posing with American flag? I would like to think that this is cunning irony, but it just comes across as moronic. Mebbe it's a Minnesota thing? (RK)
(It's Alive)

THE MAXIES – "Going Clubbin' " EP

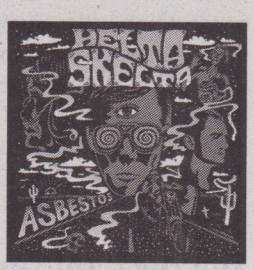
Oh my, such risqué lyrics. This is pretty typical über slick pop punk from the Orange County mallpunk machine, but with lots of dirty swear words. Why do I exist? (GB)
(It's Alive)

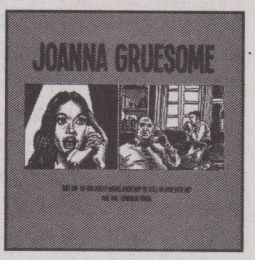
THE MAXIES – "Greenland is Melting" CD

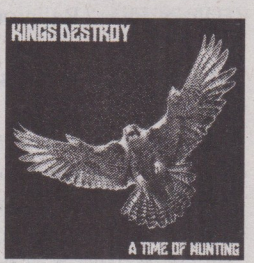
Very sing-song-y pop punk à la the BRIEFS, SCREECHING WEASEL and the MCRAKINS here. These guys try pretty hard to be goofy. This is OK. They wear wrestling masks and their lyrics are focused on humor. This is kind of catchy but it seems a little slow. In fact I just keep thinking of REEL BIG FISH at times, which isn't a plus. Oh well. (RL)
(It's Alive)

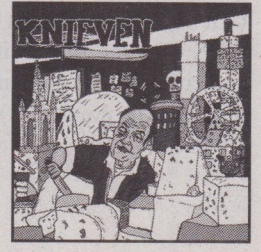
MORTO PELA ESCOLA – "Raiva Do Mundo" EP

This Brazilian four-piece has a bouncy, up-tempo hardcore sound with shouted lyrics in Portuguese. The songs are tight and catchy enough. Not mandatory, but well-done and pretty cool, worth hearing for sure. (JM)
(Heartsbleedblue / Zuada)









MOUTHBREATHERS – "Nowhere Else To Go / Mindbreathers"

Arriving with the Slovenly stamp of predictability, MOUTHBREATHERS bring us those textbook riffs and effect-laden vocals we've come to expect. Somewhere there's an infinitely replenishing well from which Slovenly artists guzzle, as if it's part of the record agreement. I've penned positive reviews of records from the imprint before, but that imposing cursive font lately inspires only resignation. The mellow guitar break at the end of "Nowhere Else To Go" reminds me of something DAVID GILMORE would play nowadays. Did you hear the record he made with Orb? DAVID GILMORE. (SL)
(Slovenly)

MULTIPLE TRUTHS – "No One Wins" LP

This debut LP finds MULTIPLE TRUTHS distilling modern melodic crust into something emotive and monolithic, finely balanced between desperation and restraint. On the surface this is actually quite accessible for a hardcore record, with (relatively) minimal distortion and a crisp, transparent production, but there's a definite affinity for experimentation, indicated by frequent tempo shifts and the occasional introduction of piano and subtly placed guitar effects. Mariam's corrosive vocals lend a tempestuous air to the proceedings, and the occasional singing bits should give goosebumps to anyone raised on '90s US anarcho-punk. Lyrics are introspective, somber and often theological in scope, so I of course ate it right up. MANIPULATION/HERDS/CONDENADA/CALL ME LIGHTNING/PERMANENT RUIN folks if you need more convincing, this is real deal stuff. (WB)
(Halo of Flies / Religious Plague)

MUUY BIIEN – "This Is What Your Mind Imagines" LP

Despite the ambient tape loop tracks, this is a pretty straight-forward punk record. It's raw and a little dirty with slightly distorted vocals that are forced, but not always screamed. There are tracks that sound like somewhat generic fast punk mixed in with others that sound vaguely like NATION OF ULYSSES while others like early MINUTEMEN. On the whole it's sort of garage-y hardcore, a little disjointed, but I think that might be the point. (PA)
(HHBTM)

MYSTERY DATE – "Dreaming In Black & White/Endless Nights"

Mystery Date's brand of power pop operates in a seemingly perfect middle ground between traditional mod-punk itchiness and the pure pop of early solo NICK LOWE. Powerful guitar jangle over locked-in, thumping rhythms, sincere delivery and sharp production. Genre fans oughta investigate immediately, especially those wanting great songs and sound over cartoonish polka-dot bullshit. Nice debut. (MC)
(Three Dimensional)

NEGATIVE REINFORCEMENT – "Bastardiser" EP

Fuck yeah, this is the band that I wanted to hear today that was going to make up for the utter shit I had to listen to earlier. This band hails from Australia but sounds like a whole bunch of disparate things I love about American hardcore smashed together in a way we aren't often doing it here. The band is heavy, noisy with a blasted out dissonance, and is constantly trying to kick your teeth in with moshy hardcore smashed underneath a furious crust approach. I hear some funky West Coast powerviolence in the sludgier parts and the noise emitted between songs and guitar feedback never let up the feeling that the band is about to tear off on into another one. Recommended. (BL)
(Coffin Cut)

NEW YORK NIGGERS – "Headliner/ Just Like Dresden"

Sent to *MRR* from band member Dieter Runge who pressed this reissue of the band's only seven inch for his MFA thesis in 2008 and was happily surprised to read in these pages that bands still consider his band an influence. Although the name may still shock, NEW YORK NIGGERS' music now sounds like what you expect from the lesser known, but equally great '70s New York punk bands. This is basic rock'n'roll with catchy melodies and tough vocals. Reminds me a lot of the TESTORS. It is a great single. Thanks for sending it, Dieter. (CK)
(NYN)

NIKKI LOUDER – "Golden Men" CD

This kind of indie rock is OK with me. The songs are mellow (by my standards), jangly and nice enough, and they lead into psychedelic/psychotic spazz-outs not atypical in this genre. There did get to be a sameness after a while, but such is life with the longer formats. These kids are good at what they do, so investigate if this is your scene. (JM)
(Moonlee / Radio Student FM89.3 / Slovenia)

NOD OFF – "EP #1" EP

NOD OFF presents great instrumental grooves, crafted out of idiosyncratic guitar/bass leads and unconventional percussion while dual male and female vocals trade strangulated lines or mumble menacingly. There's a cabaret element of accentuated drama, but NOD OFF don't veer into bothersome theatrics. Rather, the value of their song-craft and peculiar grooves is the focus while emotive vocals express gnawing melodrama without annoyingly inundating listeners. (SL)
(My Silly Dog, no info / Rock'n'Roll Masturbation)

OAKS – "Field Beat" 12"

OAKS employs basic drum machine patterns and despondent guitar riffs to underpin melodic and lilting female vocal lines. The song structures are very minimal and repetitive, effectively focusing listeners on the vocal lines, which are expressive and pleasant but rather easy to ignore. OAKS sounds like a low calorie version of The KNIFE, perhaps, without the inventiveness, or a P.J. HARVEY acolyte with a lazy producer. Indeed, OAKS' guitar progressions are rather boring, while the redundant percussion is rudimentary to a fault. (SL)
(Ass)

OBNOX – "Canabible Ohio" EP

A solo project from a former member of BASSHOLE and THIS MOMENT IN BLACK HISTORY. It's cool, interesting and way different than anything you would expect to hear or review. The label calls it a "Soul punk bomb" and that description really isn't too far off. The first song is soulful singing over a beat with samples. More importantly, it's soulful singing over a beat with samples and it SOUNDS GOOD. I capitalized those last two words for emphasis because I've never heard soulful singing over a beat with samples from a cannabis themed double 7" at the *MRR* compound with any expectation of it sounding good, and this a cannabis themed double 7" with beats and soulful singing that sounds really good. The rest of the EP is fuzzed out and punker sounding, and includes URINALS and MCCOYS covers (and what looks like a couple other covers as well). Part of the fun of doing reviews is that you get to hear cool

stuff like this that you may not otherwise have been exposed to. It's unique and comprised of real songs, as in (even though there are a few covers) the songs are not formulaic or derivative and they sound cool. (P$)
(Black Gladiator)

OCCULT SS – "Teeth in the Dark" EP

Doomy crust riffs and prominent drums accompanied by throat ripping vocals that are mixed well; this record has what you're looking for, if that's your thing. Here we have some great head banging breaks along with some definite crust and metal undertones that take the power of this band that much further. An overall great recording, and I'm sure a very powerful band live. It's exciting to see more happening in Seattle, it's too great of a place to not have tons of good bands. (KR)
(Rust and Machine)

OPTIONAL BODY – "Surviving Avalanches / Inelastic"

God I'm good. As I'm listening to the first track, I immediately start to recognize similarities to YEAR FUTURE. A quick web search confirms that this band is made up of the singer and guitarist of that band, along with a couple of other SoCal post-hardcore luminaries. I was never a huge fan of Sonny's vocals although I always thought they fit the music well and his delivery was always energetic. I have however been a huge fan of Rockey Crane's guitar work ever since the criminally underrated DEAD AND GONE (still one of my favorite bands). The two songs on this record are not a huge departure from the previous bands of the members, but are a nice evolution of their sound and represent a welcome return to the scene. (AM)
(25 Diamonds)

PAINT FUMES – "Sally Smoked Dope" EP

I dug through the review piles looking for the PAINT FUMES EP. I pulled out an EP because the cover was an image of someone puking into his friend's outstretched hands. It almost looked religious. That cover happened to belong this high-energy garage, rock'n'roll record, with the vocals howled in the red. While the jams are high octane, they are also fairly straightforward, which may not be a bad thing if it's what you're into. The most enduring part of the review experience was the cover image. The religious image of the outstretched hands collecting puke produced a sense of calm and a desire for aestheticism. (P$)
(Black Gladiator)

PAINT IT BLACK – "Invisible" EP

These dudes have been making records since 2003, but this is their first release in four years. The band is on the poppy/accessible side of angry hardcore. They utilize mid-tempos well on this EP—heavy, swinging and catchy, and the fast parts are fine. The lyrics are fucking great and set this band apart. This record will be well received by fans of the band, but it's a little low on chaos and rage for my tastes. (JM)
(No Idea)

PARASITIC TWINS – "Lily White" EP

Here's a cool little surprise from the state of Indiana. The eponymous opening track is really unique, hitting hard from the get-go with a driving pulse, tough vocals and wiry lead guitar. Given the strength and character of this opener, I'm a bit disappointed that the rest of the record opts for safer, more familiar hardcore territory, like a modern UNIFORM CHOICE. It's all executed in fine form and there are some other fine moments (especially the mid-paced parts of "Greedy Mitts"), but I'm left wanting less of the obvious and a lot more in the former vein. They give shout outs to BLASPHEMY and BEHERIT in the liner notes, too, which is always cool in my book. (JH)
(BHM CC / KDFB, no info / Reality is a Cult)

PARTISANS – "Police Story EP

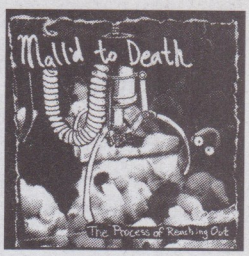
I remember sitting in a bathroom sometime in the eighties with two punks while one forced a safety pin into the others nose and a *Punk and Disorderly* comp played loudly. Ugly Pop has re-released this punk classic that many noses and lips were pierced to, as well as the consumption of countless inhalants, pills and gallons of booze. PARTISANS were and will continue to be one of my favorites of the UK street punk era and it is wonderful to see this in print again. I strongly encourage those who do not own any PARTISANS to run out and get this and have good time with it. (MS)
(Ugly Pop)

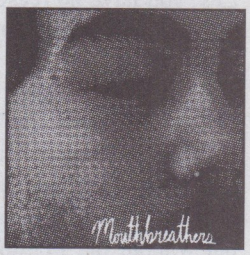
THE PEARLS – LP

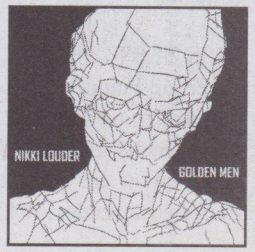
The PEARLS play pleasant garage pop with light psychedelic interludes. Dual female vocals competently wrap melodies around one another above carefree strumming punctuated by fuzz leads. The production, or perhaps vinyl manufacturing, on this album does the songs quite a disservice, though. The guitar is too loud relative to the vocals and there is a fair amount of fuzz and hiss, either from too-hot mixing or bad pressing, which obscures the songs. The PEARLS craft some worthwhile ditties, but the consistent 1-2 stomp and mellow strumming patterns of predictable chord changes fail to carry the entire album.
(Rijapov)

PERDITION – "Martial Law" EP

I haven't always been sold on PERDITION. I've found a couple of their releases to be a tad formulaic (even for me), but goddamn this EP is fantastic. Everything clicks, from the songwriting to the recording to the bass tone to the art. This is easily the best record they've put out, and just in time for their monster Japan tour with the soon-to-be-extinct D-CLONE (sob!). There's a huge DISCLOSE *Tragedy* influence here, especially in the vocal, that makes this sound







like Kawakami fronting early AVSKUM or BOMBANFALL. Fucking hell, this is great! I've already listened to the damn thing twice and I'll put it on again when I'm done with this review. Now I gotta revisit the old stuff, maybe I was missing something. (AU)
(Hardcore Survives)

PERIKATO – "Kovat Ajat" EP

This is the golden ticket; chaotic, fast and brutal Finnish hardcore. The violent riffs and powerviolence influenced drumming mash together for this frantic, yet well-executed release. Their cover of BASTARDS' "Sotaa" is killer and is definitely fitting for a band that is clearly influenced by ugly, hammering Finnish and Italian hardcore. This record is really good, and perfect for any fan of early and current raw hardcore. If you enjoy the *Siberian Hardcore* or *Järjetön Maailma* LPs, you have no reason not to get into this band. Essential listening. (KR)
(Full Contact)

PIGEON HUNT – 10"

These folks play short, spastic hardcore tunes. It is vaguely reminiscent of the Southern California hardcore scene from the late '90s, but without the weirdness and keyboards of the LOCUST—or weirdness and blastbeats of BUCKET FULL OF TEETH. It's still heavy and fast with screaming vocals, and pounding drums that are rarely playing straight beats. All in all, it's just more straight punk than that stuff. It's a good sounding record and the eight songs blow by in no time. (PA)
(Spelling Trouble, no info)

PINATA PROTEST – "El Valiente" CD

Awesome CD that is punk mixed with traditional conjunto music that is native to Mexico and the bands hometown of San Antonio. For those of those who aren't familiar with Conjunto, think of it as a cousin of Polka music complete with accordion, hence why this band sort of reminds me of POLKACIDE. I know that for some of you when you hear any non-traditional instrument arrangements or mix of styles, you immediately shutdown, but PINATA PROTEST deserves your attention. A winner. (JF)
(Saustex)

PISS TEST – "Frigid Punks" EP

"Frigid Punks" might be the closest thing to a perfect punk song that I've heard this month. Loud, snotty and fucked up guitar tones. They make fun of the well-stitched punks and cold, detached attitudes. It kinda falls somewhere between SICK PLEASURE and early ANGRY SAMOANS. The next two songs are fuckin' dumb shit about necrophilia and IPA, but what do you expect? That doesn't mean it's bad. Side two has songs about babies licking babies and takin' cabs to the methadone clinic. Do you like your punk dumb, loud, catchy and snotty? Get this. (GH)
(Jonny Cat)

POINT OF VIEW – "Burner" LP

I'm not one to compare many melodic punk records to Fat Wreck records, because I feel it's an over used generalization. But this is one record (one band) where the comparison demands to be mentioned. These guys play cleanly produced melodic punk with (what I'm assuming is) an intentional desire to sound as much like a Fat Wreck band as possible. The band member sporting a NOFX long sleeve sweater in the band photo lends some credence to that assumption. If I were to put a fine point to this band's sound, I would say they sound like an emo version of *Less Talk More Rock*-era PROPAGANDHI (but without the easily digestible political lyrics of course) especially in the song "America's Finest". I tried to think of what PROPAGANDHI song they were biting on that one, but decided to stop thinking about it, as it was a drastic waste of my brain energy. Although I don't want this to seem like a negative review. For what these guys do, they fucking nail it. In the world of over-produced, clean, melodic punk, there isn't much that even passes as listenable. This is listenable. And most bands don't have the guts to start their album with a ska song. POINT OF VIEW has those guts. (FS)
(Hella Mad)

PROTEESI – "From Garage To Junkyard" CD

Back in late 1970s Finland, despite the extremes of cold, believe it or not, there was life brewing in the garage. Here's the proof. A seven-track demo tape, and an excruciatingly long eighteen-track live set, both from 1979. Both recorded onto cassettes, I'm wagering by the sound quality, complete with the occasional warped sound. The demo tracks manage a spirited channeling of the likes of EATER and the RAMONES (of course). Not sure I'll ever make it through the live set again. For the collectors, completists and plain curious. At the very least, for the most part, they had the good graces to sing in Finnish. (RK)
(Alternative Action)

PROXY – "Something We've All Seen Before" LP

This is a great record. Instant classic. As soon as I flipped to the B-side, immediately I hear INFA RIOT influenced leads, which is beyond outstanding. Nick's vocals definitely have a Lemmy vibe to them, but not as much of a MOTÖRHEAD vibe as the demo. Clearer, more prevalent vocals than on the demo as well; Nick has a very powerful, gnarly sounding voice that grabs you and pulls you in. The great songwriting on this record is certainly matched by the well-written lyrics. It's hard to believe this is not a classic UK82 slab already, but it's sure to leave that impression. Not many bands are attempting this style because it's really hard to pull of... these dudes perfect it. Fist in the air, cider in hand, sing-a-long perfection. And I hear they absolutely destroy live. (KR)
(Imminent Destruction / Inflammable Material)

RADICAL FUN TIME – "Awesome Adventure" LP

I hope this is a joke—rudimentary oogle street punk. Some songs try to have a metallic tinge, but these people don't really know how to do that. No shit, it's terrible—lyrics, vocals, instrumentation, even the fucking artwork makes me want to sew my eyes shut. This has to be a joke. There's an instrumental called "Save the Whales." If you're sitting thinking, "Maybe it's the kind of punk I would like," allow me to inform you that all the songs are super posi. Is this porch punk 2.0? Or is this a joke? Either way someone spent, like, a grand on this. I'm actually a little nauseous now, listening to this. Does that make this "super punk?" (LP)
(Dilapidated)

RADKEY – "Spirals/N.I.G.G.A. (Not Okay)"

Ha ha, what a weird rad record. Homeschooled Afro-punks from Kansas? What will they think of next? But unlike the SHAGGS, these three brothers grew up on a steady diet of their fathers' record collection… and it shows. I'm not sure I've ever heard the DANZIG croon replicated so precisely. Luckily they also listened to the BAD BRAINS. It's weird to hear music like this. It's somehow familiar, but at the same time so damn earnest and new. This is some Teen Punk I can get down with. (GB)
(Replay)

RAISER / VENGANZA– split LP

Two full sides of Latino punk inquietude. RAISER is from Spain and plays what can only be described as "crustover." Thin but shredding guitar lines are complimented by pissed-off, politically charged vocals and pounding drums (often D-beats). I can get down with the riffs that are more metallic, but they veer into wanky leads and epic crust territory a bit too often for me. The band is certainly tight, they sound a bit like PORKERIA in their better moments, and way too much like TRAGEDY playing cock rock in their weaker ones. VENGANZA is from Los Angeles and has been churning out ripping hardcore in the vein of RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA and los CRUDOS (whom RAISER actually cover on their side of this split) for some years. Their side of this LP is absolutely fucking scorching. Generally, I hate samples, but VENGANZA effectively uses bits from Arnold Schwarzenegger, *Family Guy* and other sources to give their subversive songs even more potency. Definitely the best material I've heard from this band to date; fiery, unrelenting hardcore that makes this split a must-own. (KM)
(Discos Enfermos / La Gramola Distri / Hormigonera / La Humanidad es la Plaga / Muerte a Tipo / Solidaridad DIY)

RAT KING – "Godsend" LP

Wow. This one is dark and eerie. The pace is slowed down a bit, which gives it a very deliberate, plodding feel. Throw in some creepy surfy guitars and moaning vocals and you can almost feel the suffering. I wouldn't normally say that this is my sort of thing, but damn this is good. There is absolutely nothing cheery about it, but it's compelling. If you're on anti-depressants, avoid this one. If you think you can handle it, you're in for an excellent record. (KK)
(Y202)

RAZORBLADE – "Days Of Glory" CD

Nothing really groundbreaking or original on this CD from this long running Dutch Oi!/Street-punk band. Of course, when reviewing this genre I have come to realize that the important thing is that the music is done with passion and with that RAZORBLADE delivers. Songs about being a Skinhead and days past, hence the title, dominate this disc. If you are one into the whole skinhead family thing this disc may well be for you. (JF)
(Rebellion)

THE REAL DANGER – "Down and Out" CD

These guys from the Netherlands crank out some decent pop punk. Somewhere along the ways of the ATARIS and the GET UP KIDS. There is also a great cover of the DC band 3's song "Swann Street" here. A little uneven but this does have some strong boppers on this. This is their third full length. (RL)
(Shield)

REAL NUMBERS – "Only Two Can Play" 12"

DIY bedroom influenced power-pop with an occasional pop-punk feel. I could see this appealing to fans of more traditional UK DIY sounds like TELEVISION PERSONALITIES as well as fans of clean jangly pop punk like the ONION FLAVORED RINGS. Tastefully lacking in unnecessary effects or layering, it's minimal and straightforward, but charming in its ability to use simple elements and instrumentation to maximum rock'n'roll effect. (P$)
(Three Dimensional)

RED HARE – "Nites of Midnite" CD

No shit: Shawn Brown has a new band called RED HARE with a few of his ex-SWIZ and DAG NASTY bandmates. Musically, it's not a crazy departure from SWIZ, though they also may be mining some Revolution Summer, late MINOR THREAT, and mid-period FUGAZI eclecticism to add to the heaviness along with, I dunno, ROLLINS BAND? Along with contemporary-sounding production, of course. Though not essential, it's certainly good for what it is, and at the very least, it's considerably better than what the other ex-singer of DAG NASTY is doing. (DG)
(Dischord / Hellfire)

REGRET, THE INFORMER – "Less Than Three" EP

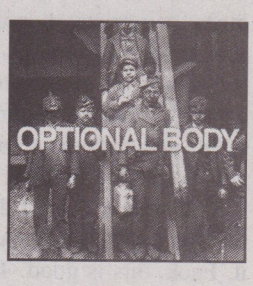
REGRET, THE INFORMER stands somewhere in the heritage of Level Plane type emo bands form the early 2000's, but with all, or almost all, the hardcore removed from the sound. Instead, they filter in a decent amount of HOT WATER MUSIC style cheesiness and poppiness, unfortunately also importing some of that scene's predilection for bro-ish humor (the A-side songs are "Tour de Franzia" and "Sleeveless In Seattle"). Perhaps this sounds like COMADRE if COMADRE had two singers and sucked (P.S. COMADRE rules, get the new record). (LP)
(Stink Cat)

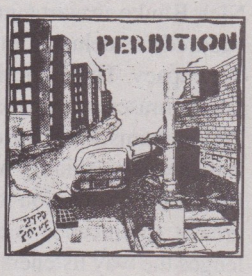
REMISSION – "Fist of Sand/Pain Understood"

Two-song 7" from Chile's REMISSION. As soon as I dropped the needle I was thrown back to the early '90s and a handful of hardcore bands that wrote more melodic, mellower almost catchy hardcore/emo. The two songs are a mid-paced, melodic combination of hardcore, emo and straight rock. Think JONES VERY, melodic-later-era IGNITE or TURNING POINT. There are a few problems. The singer attempts to sing, is up front in the mix and is pretty bad. And the music just plods with no tension whatsoever. Definitely more melodic than their LP. This just doesn't work. (MH)
(Amendment)

REMISSION – "Fist of Sand/Pain Understood"

This two song 7" is reminiscent of something from Epitaph or Fat in the '90s. It's poppy, but most of the guitar riffs are more in the hardcore vein, even metal-





ish at times. Melodic hardcore? The vocals are a mix of singing and yelling. Both songs are pretty short and decently catchy. (PA)
(Amendment)

ROUGH – "Indelebile" LP

It's about goddamn time! Hailing from Torino, Italy, ROUGH is a classic early-'80s Oi! band that went though line up changes, lasting only a few years, but this LP combines their pricey record-collector-dickface-sought 7", comp tracks, studio stuff and live recordings all for your enjoyment. For lovers of Oi! and street punk that is equal parts tough and melodic—buzz-y guitars, pissed vocals with well-placed back ups and chorus vox, simple, but solid drums and loud driving bass with just enough flourish to own it. Fuck, this is good. This is where the inspiration for *The Return of Jacques de Molay* comes from, my favorite TEMPLARS record. The vocalists change and there are repeat tracks, but the changes and repetition are equally welcome as the songs take on different yet powerful incarnations—it almost sounds like a split! The insert is completely in Italian including lyrics, a photo, flyers, a short band history and an interview from S.O.A blog done in 2003. Some might not care for some of the live tracks and there are definitely weak songs one here, but the good tracks are numerous and slay so hard that I would buy this just for that. Kick ass record. Boston punks take note, you guys should have this record. (MB)
(Oi! Strike)

RUDIMENTARY PENI – "Pope Adrian 37th Psychristiatric" CD

Reissued at last, RUDIMENTARY PENI's 1995 opus was reportedly conceived while Nick Blinko was in a mental institution and endured the delusion that he was to assume the Papacy. Thus, it's title and such memorable phrases as "pogo pope." But, like all PENI albums, it's not great because the bandleader was certifiably mad. Rather, the way Blinko uses repetition to mutate phrases into greater significance is essential. PENI challenges the way listeners perceive sections by thrusting them in our faces ad infinitum until barely recognizable. Take a common phrase, repeat it out loud and eventually it becomes grotesque and assumes some other meaning—this is the process PENI actualizes in song. Also, can we officially congratulate RUDIMENTARY PENI on the greatest use of gated drums ever, in punk or otherwise? We do PENI a disservice by focusing on the music strictly through the lens of Blinko's mental illness. RUDIMENTARY PENI rests as enduring and singular in or outside of the so-called "outsider art" canon. (SL)
(Southern / Outer Himalayan, no info)

SAMIAM – "You Are Freaking Me Out" CD

A reissue of their out-of-print release from 1998. I liked it then and I like it now. SAMIAM has been one of my favorite Bay Area bands for the last 25 years, although they haven't been full time the last ten years or so. This is remastered but there are no additional tracks on this new version. These guys were right there in 1988 when the pop punk emo genre was just getting started. A strong release from a classic band that is finally readily available again. (RL)
(No Idea)

DIE SCHWARZEN SCHAFE – "Revolution" EP

Düsseldorf's DIE SCHWARZEN SCHAFE is back with a new EP. The first song, "Revolution," is a mid-tempo ballad for "the revolution" and has so much potential to be completely, utterly cheesy, but it's not. The lyrics are sung with pure conviction and aggression…and the gang vocals really help. Guest vocals pop up from members of OI POLLOI, NAKED AGGRESSION, PUNK LUREX and more. Excellent. On the flip side, "Gegen die Zeit" falls a little flat and has a basic, go-nowhere song structure. Luckily, the last song, "Sommer" picks back up with a catchy, short, melodic punk number. Besides that one song, this is a great record. (GH)
(Campary)

SCIENCE POLICE – "You Are Under Arrest In The Future" EP

Six songs of enjoyable pure mid-tempo female/male dual vocal pop punk from a bunch of veterans of the NJ/NY pop punk scene. Seriously, with members of the STIENWAYS / FOR SCIENCE / DOC HOPPER and the Chris Gethard Show house band, would you expect anything else? This record is a keeper. Though would it kill you all to put a contact address or website on the record? (Side note, Mikey Erg! appears nowhere on this record) (JF)
(Bloated Kat)

SEACATS – "Firewood/Lately"

This 45 titled *The 7" Burger* is unequal parts twee, indie pop and pop punk, with a deliberate '90s resurrectionist feel (the fact that Steve Fisk recorded this gets top billing, over the names of the people in the band). For a more modern reference, imagine is CHIN UP MERRIWEATHER tried to write indie rock songs à la PRESTON SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY. "Lately" on the B-side, is pretty good, but the ultimate test of this kind of music is how catchy it is. Right now, after several listens through, I'm having serious doubts about whether or not either of these songs will be stuck in my head when I pack it in and leave this record here in the collection. However, I would check out future releases, as there's definitely some good ideas at play here (at the very least). Their aesthetic is annoyingly cute-sey, and I own more than one TULLYCRAFT record so I'm qualified to make that call. (LP)
(Fin)

SEVEN SISTERS OF SLEEP – "Opium Morals" 12"

This band is doing a lot of things right to be a heavy, doom-flavored hardcore band. The cavernous bass tone kicking the record off got my attention and when these dudes are keeping it sludgy they do a good job stringing one head-banging riff after another. If this were a doom record, I'd say the guitars were a little formulaic, especially when the tempo speeds up, but as a heavy hardcore band they keep the attention of the shorthaired types who want to push each other around, as well as weirdos who want to hear what NEUROSIS would do to JUDAS PRIEST riffs. This is better than the usual A389 fare and sounds more like what they were putting out a few years ago. I really want to hear what this band's slow record sounds like. (BL)
(A389)

SEX DRIVE / VVOVNDS – split EP

VVOVNDS from Belgium kicks in just right: distorted, drudging sound with demented, reverbed vocals and screams of failure. The music jumps from intense, blackened powerviolence that makes the blood rush to my head to a slow hardcore stomp with a moshpit-perfect breakdown. Then VVOVNDS grind up the speed again, before heading back to sludgery and the effect is directly powerful. Cryptic use of language, anti-religious liner notes and obvious obsession with noise? Check, check and check. I hope these guys slay it live too. On the flip, SEX DRIVE from Holland does a different kind of demented, with throaty growls over speeding guitars, string-pull feedback, plod-

ding drums and mid-tempo fury. Not my jam I'll admit, but if you like the tough/crazy man hardcore with a weirder edge to it, you might like this. (LA)
(Sharkboy / Vvovnds & Scars)

SHRAG / TUNABUNNY – split 45

British duality-driven power post-pop: Male and female vocals, multiple pitches and vocal tones, (reminiscent of LIFE WITHOUT BUILDINGS, the B-52's, or even CHUMBAWAMBA) call and response sequences, haunting organ sounds and layered, looping guitar work, dark and light motifs, strong and soft themes. A rather interesting find of the dark indie kind, which takes me back to more carefree years. On the flip, TUNABUNNY from Athens, GA deliver dark and dreamy guitar-driven pop. The vocals have attitude and echo à la BEST COAST, then hush and croon à la CRANES, before turning to a seductive drawl. The warm and cynical guitar tone slinks in, the way an INTERPOL melody wafts into memory from some night long ago. This plays in your car while you drive to the ocean barefoot in the night with the windows down. (LA)
(Fortuna Pop / HHBTM / Where it's At is Where You Are)

SKUNK / WARVICTIMS – split EP

SKUNK crank out low end crust in the spirit of DISRUPT—total power and all out intensity. WARVICTIMS still fly the Scandicrust D-beat flag at full mast, and these tracks from '08 are certainly no departure from their successful formula. Fans of the style(s) will eat this shit up, you'd be hard pressed to find a more perfect manifestation of a genre. (WN)
(Chronic Disease / Scull Crasher)

SPAT – "Nihilistic View" CD

Pissed and energetic that's punk both well-produced and has an abrasive sound, and perfectly walks the line between rowdy pogo punk and teenage hardcore. Everything is relatively straightforward, but this music is made to blow off steam and skip school/work to, and so su ch things don't really matter. This kind of thing would definitely be more interesting and moving to punks in their formative years than someone who has heard all the classics, but it's good nonetheless. (DG)
(self-released)

SPIKA IN SNÜZZ – "To Be Liked by Many is Awful" LP

Fast and slick German punk with soaring female vocals that manage to distract me from the songs themselves so much that they almost exist as their own entity. The singing is beyond strong, and it would be easy to pick on them simply because so few punk bands *sing*, and even fewer do it well, but the vocals carry the band here. Musically, this is geared to the pro-punk rock club set, and is basically uninteresting aside from a few catchy riffs… (WN)
(Schlect & Schwindlig)

STALINS OF SOUND – "Pool of Piranha" EP

Synth punk that sounds like it was weaned on upbeat trash-garage rock. Garage rockers with synths and bleak vibez to channel into dance tunes for societal collapse and everyday aggressions against individualism. Dance music for the urban dwelling angry and alienated. This can get your toe-tappin', but I wouldn't mind being able to latch on to the hooks or some of the dynamic parts a bit more. (P$)
(Volar)

STATE VIOLENCE – "…You Now See Truth in the Lie" EP

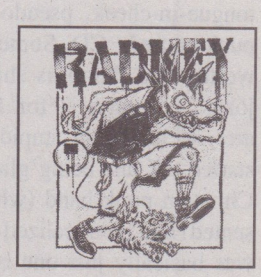
Cool second outing here from this East Coast band with an interesting array of influences and has as much in common with the DISCHARGE school as it does from modern "weird" hardcore. The songs are all blownout, faster, fist-pumping charges but STATE VIOLENCE isn't afraid to drop in a slugging breakdown or two. (JU)
(Destroy Me)

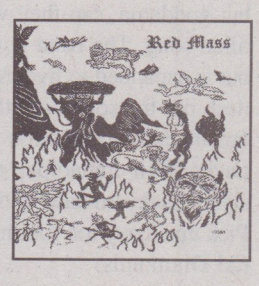
THE STEVE ADAMYK BAND – "Third" 12"

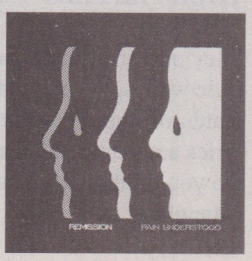
You gotta hand it to them—Ottawa's STEVE ADAMYK BAND knows how to craft a good batch of catchy garage pop punk. Not surprising, given that most of them were in the SEDATIVES. The cards however have been reshuffled, music and member wise, finding this record to be more angst-pop and less spazz-punk. The drums and bass however never let up the tension, the keyboards and theremin keep it spooky and the guitar hooks pick you up and wisp you away with power-pop melancholy, then attack with danceable teen energy. It's not all too complicated and that's why every other track is a memorable tune. The many singalong ooooh's and wo-oh's seem to give this record more bubblegum points, but the fact that every track is under 2:25 minutes kinda ups it on the punk points. Either way you'll wanna blast a bunch of these tracks when you get home drunk, ready to indulge in your obsessions. Groovy! (LA)
(Dirtnap)

STIGMATHE – "Fronte di Nervi" LP

Okay, so you probably already know NEGAZIONE, WRETCHED, IMPACT and many other Italian hardcore stalwarts from the '80s. Finally, STIGMATHE have gotten a long overdue reissue treatment! Their EPs are two of my favorite European punk records from the '80s—distinct, dark hardcore punk with searing guitar leads and a bouncy beat, and even a great reggae song! This LP contains both the *Suoni Puri Liberta* and *Sguardo Dei Morti* EPs, their track from the *Raptus, Negazione & Superamento* comp LP, and some very rare live and rehearsal recordings! Incredible hardcore—highly recommended! (MA)
(SOA)







SUGAR STEMS – "Can't Wait" LP

The name of the band has me thinking I'm in for something upbeat and catchy. Don't fuck with me SUGAR STEMS. Yes! This is exactly what I wanted. This is head bouncing, pop music. It's got guitar and bass and drums and vocals and it's catchy as all hell. That the vocals happen to be of the female variety is just icing on the cake. Has it got a little country thing going on? I think maybe it does. My foot can't stop tapping. (KK)
(Dirtnap)

TARTAR CONTROL – "Holy Crap!" CD

Okay, this has all the potential to be a fuckin' train wreck (and in many ways, it is), but I wish it was just as entertaining as it seemed to be in the beginning. Two wholesome men and a drum machine/robot combine to make a tongue-in-cheek, pseudo-religious, 30-song, punk-comedy CD. Some of it is just groan-worthy and dumb as shit (goat rape, retard jokes, "Oxygen is for Fags"). Other parts are…well, it's all stupid, actually. I think I started off just being glad that this wasn't a Christian punk band (which is how it's presented) and then realized that the whole thing was basically just one big "fag/poop" joke. It's like that terrible show *Tosh 2.0* set to music. If you like dumb, jokey, catchy, "edgy", sophomoric, comedic punk, well, go for it. I wouldn't recommend it though. Oh yeah, there are comedy skits between songs. (GH)
(self-released)

TEENAGE MOODS – "Grow" LP

TEENAGE MOODS plays upbeat, catchy, garage pop music that I might be hard pressed to call punk. It leans heavily on the back catalog of K records and lazy-handed indie-pop, but goddamn, can they write a catchy, hook-filled song. The band is usually a three-piece but is expanded to five members on this LP to flesh out the sound a little further, employing organ, extra percussion and multiple guitar tracks. Well-crafted pop like this is perfect for sunny backyard days with 35 drunken friends. Pick up a copy for your next pool party. (GH)
(25 Diamonds)

THEE TEE PEES – "Bitchin' Titties" EP

MUMMIES influenced garage party songs. They play their instruments well and ape the style well, so what it really boils down to is a matter of stupidity and originality. I think the lyrics are stupid and the music is unoriginal. Do you think that's a bad thing? (P$)
(Manglor)

TIKDOFF – "Zero Trux" 12"

Maladjusted modern hardcore with a good sound: crunchy guitars that are clean in the right way, vocals with exactly the right amount of angst, and songwriting that's hit or miss, but varied enough to produce a few decent tracks. Most of the songs are mid-paced (and almost all of the more interesting ones are), and generally have a moody tone and somewhat unconventional song structure, while the fast songs are more straightforward teenage hardcore that have the right potency but lack focus or direction. I feel like this could've made a solid, well-honed 7" with the best songs on here, but as it is, it doesn't really flow as an album, and the best moments kind of get lost in the fray. (DG)
(self-released)

THIS ROUTINE IS HELL – "Howl" CD

Polished and slow hipster-hardcore from The Netherlands—some DC post-HC influences showing here and there, but only through rhythm and yelling, not melody. Sterile. Total snoozer. (MA)
(self-released)

TROLL TAX – "Peak Oil" EP

I played the B-side first, and after some gentle piano that sounded like the music you get to hear when you are on hold, complete with a woman's voice talking about being a baby, I was a little concerned about what the next three minutes of my life were going to sound like… Well reader, the next occurrence on this particular song was a full on BLITZ like triumphant guitar, with shouty girl vocals from a voice formed somewhere between POLY STYRENE and KATHLEEN HANNA. Then this total pencil neck FRED SCHNEIDER nerd starts singing, and I feel like I have been inserted into one of those blenders that music reviewers always talk about into which many musical references are combined, usually under the influence of some drug. The next song is the DEAD MILKMEN's KBD band, lyrical content of which revolves around sticking your hand in bleach. The flip side contains one song that sounds like a party band from a B-movie rip off of *Valley Girl* and one that has a DAYLIGHT ROBBERY / VICIOUS like urgency. The lyric sheet indicates that if you make use of the download code you get nine songs, what a deal, and as I have a feeling that someone reading this review *needs* this record, you can mail-order it from Dischord records as they are a DC based set of punkers. Totally insane! TROLL TAX sounds like a weird small town band from 1981 trying to figure out what this underground punk thing is, and I can't decide if it's the corniest or the raddest… (LG)
(Sued or Booed)

TWO MAN ADVANTAGE – "Dynasty" LP

So this is TWO MAN ADVANTAGE, "the world's greatest hockey punk band" as the promo sticker proclaims (how many hockey punk bands do you think are competing for that title? And no, SLAPSHOT doesn't count). What we have here, on their fourth LP, is twelve tracks of hockey and beer obsessed street-punk party anthems stacked to the brim with aggressive hooks, gang vocals and plenty of surprises to keep the game moving at a brisk pace. Lest that sound like a total buzzkill (I'd be skeptical too, if I were in your shoes), let me assure you that it's a lotta goddamn fun, kinda like the SPITS with goalie masks and missing front teeth. And why would anyone want to argue with that? (JH)
(Drug Front)

ULSTER – "95/96" EP

Five spurts of rickety, thrashing Brazilian hardcore. Raw, unconstrained, simple punk tunes with nasty hollowed-out guitar distortion. ULSTER did an even rawer demo back in '82, but this session was recorded in the mid-'90s, as the title suggests. But if you told me that this was recorded the same year as *Botas Fuzis Capacetes* or *Miséria E Fome*, you'd have me fooled. Ferocious. (MA)
(Terrötten)

UNA BESTIA INCONTROLABLE – "Observant com el Mon es Destrueix" LP

After five or six minutes of swelling meandering noises (which I admit I would enjoy much more if I was stoned), this Barcelona quartet bursts into a fucking wall-of-guitar storm with pogo drums! And I'm dancing around the *MRR* kitchen by myself. The next song, I shit you not, has a reggaeton beat—but it is fucking puuuuunk sounding. All the tracks are different, but with a common thread of full sounding instrumentation, tied together with a stream of ambience and experimentation. The great before-and-after-the-volcano-eruption artwork, combined with the dismal and journey-like lyrics (well, judging by the English translations), makes this feel like an epic concept record to me. UBI is on to something here for sure. (MA)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

UP FOR NOTHING – "In Trance" EP

Well, somebody went to the Warped Tour in the late '90s and never looked back. Super straightforward pop punk, mostly sounding like something really mainstream post-Dookie (BLINK 182, perhaps) with some JAWBREAKER touches, mostly in the bass playing and some of the bridges. Nothing new, nothing that hasn't been done millions of times already, nothing anyone who isn't a serious genera fan needs to hear (like, "You-have-a-problem" level genera fan). The drums sound really bad, especially the kick. That is literally the only thing that sticks out enough to be judgeable. (LP)
(It's Alive / Swamp Cabbage)

VAMPIRE LEZBOS – CD

This is a reissue of this Spokane, WA band's first LP and demo tracks from 1988 and 1986, respectively. The LP is great! Moody, pissed-off, classic sounding hardcore from the '80s. Since they were from somewhere removed from the major scenes, their songs also feel like they're influenced by small(er) town life, which is awesome. There are some traces of MDC, VOMIT SPOTS and even the CRAMPS in their sound. Can someone track down the original press of this LP for me? The demos are cool too, but the album is enough for me. I guess it's there for those VAMPIRE LEZBOS completists. (GH)
(Flat Field)

LOS VIGILANTES – "Me Siento Azul" EP

Man, this is sweet. Reading as a 45 that is really an EP, I imagine hearing the A-side "Me Siento Azul" back to back with "Despeinada" at Mexi-skin parties I would dance to all night in Chicago. "Volverá" is a fucking jam—rough vocals, climber bass, sick riffage and still totally danceable. Hotter, sicker and more unhinged than their island bros DAVILA 666 with a kick ass knee-weakening solo. Last song "Me Imagino" as "Kimi No Kage" sung entirely in Japanese nailing this sound as re-imagined via the Far East. The style-change while still adhering to the genre is great and welcome here. Might be a little slick for the old timers, and the lack of creativity in cover and lyrics is endlessly annoying, but I think they nailed it. (MB)
(Slovenly)

THE VILE – "Provocation" 12"

The VILE are members of all of your favorite UK82 bands. With the recent resurgence of reunion shows (gag me) and disappointment at seeing how our favorite punk ages, the VILE are truly a saving grace. Instead of doing boring reunions or trying to record new albums under the name of their old band that pale in comparison to the releases from 30 years ago, they produced this. This band has the fury and directness of traditional anarcho punk with the in your face attitude of DISORDER and the charge of BROKEN BONES. The VILE is comprised of members like Rat from original VARUKERS line up and Tezz, who was the first vocalist of DISCHARGE as well as the original bassist of BROKEN BONES. A-side rips MOTÖRHEAD's "Ace of Spades" and gives it justice. The B-side still has that Motörpunk charge with a pogo beat. This LP demands respect. (AE)
(Havoc)

WHITE MYSTERY – "Telepathic" LP

Long player #3 from this crimson-haired sibling two-piece. On "Telepathic", things feel a whole lot more lighthearted and looser than their previous efforts (including MISS ALEX WHITE's solo material). That said, the band's effective crash and strum doesn't ever let up, and that's what I take away most from this new 'un. They can play the ever-loving shit outta their instruments…that much is certain. Fun record and fantastic live too! (MC)
(White Mystery)

WHITE TEARS – "Reagan Rises From the Grave" EP

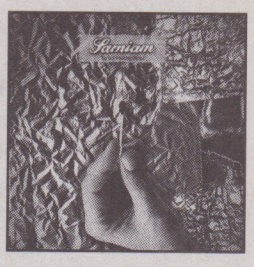
Driving, charged street punk (that instantly reminded me of PROXY, whose LP I am excited to be spinning later today). Vocals are spit out faster than the singer can manage and the tunes are bouncy, simple pogo anthems. Solid, and every song has a hook and a chorus – this one could get addictive really fast. (WN)
(Hätäapu)

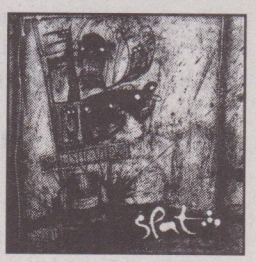
WITHDRAWAL / YOUNG AND IN THE WAY – split EP

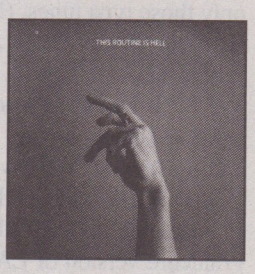
That YOUNG AND BLAH BLAH band starts it off wrong with their weird hardcore dudes' attempt at false black metal. I know that this is a whole thing in hardcore right now that I am ignoring on purpose. The band sounds like a competent bunch of musicians but the hybrid just doesn't work for me. We all wish that we had started THOU but that doesn't mean that every aging hardcore kid has to staple BORN AGAINST riffs on whatever is popular in the underground scene for the next ten years. The WITHDRAWAL side smells like roses in comparison. Solid and fun metallic-driven hardcore that reminds me of all the things I liked from *In This Defiance*-era STRIFE when I was younger and a bit more of a terror. I'm down. (BL)
(A389)

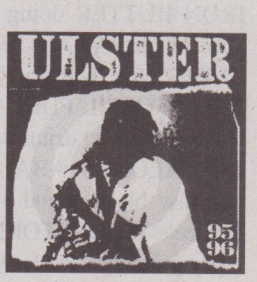
YOUR PEST BAND – "In My Doom" 10"

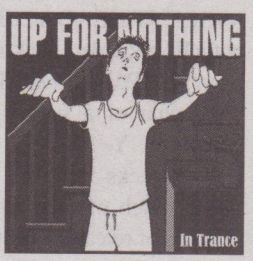
At one point in time (around 2008) YOUR PEST BAND was synonymous with all things Snuffy Smile records. They perfectly characterized what we associate with the label. Which can be summed up into four words: sloppy, fast, catchy, fun. But since their first few records, they have been inching away from those four monikers of Japanese pop punk perfection. And this current record is their most notable departure. With this 10" they take a giant step away from sloppy pop punk and instead steer toward a more bluesy rock'n'roll sound. Like in an early ROLLING STONES kind of way. While they still have two songs











(out of ten) that bring back memories of vintage (i.e. good) YOUR PEST BAND ("Alternative Guys" and "How Do You Think") most of it feels flat. The title track "In My Doom" has its moments, and can probably also pass for a solid song. On this cut they go down the '60s rock revisionist path. Sounds kind of like something the ANIMALS would have done. Although "How Do You Think" may be the best song I've heard all week, it isn't enough to carry the 10". Side note: the cover art is fucking bad ass! (FS)
(HS!BF / Snuffy Smile)

YOUTHBITCH – "I'm In Love With Girls" EP

Ya know how those glammy '80s hairbands occasionally buried a quasi power-pop tune somewhere on their LP? Well, YOUTHBITCH sounds like a band with only those typa tunes. (MC)
(Dirtnap / Jonny Cat)

V/A – "Incident at Ape Canyon" CD

An 83-track comp covering grindcore and noise core. We have Spain's VIOLENT HEADACHE doing their raw grindcore, Philadelphia's CAPTAIN 3 LEG doing a grindcore version of LACK OF INTEREST. Canada's WADGE doing insane grind, NYC's IRON BUTTER doing their best impersonation of early ANAL CUNT, Australia's RUPTURE doing their noisy hardcore and grind, Ohio's FOSSIL FUEL doing lofi, bedroom, cheap keyboard drum beats silliness, Spain's PANTALONES ABAJO MARINERO super fast black metal influenced grindcore, France's WHORETORN doing super heavy noisy grindcore and Italy's DYSMORFIC doing chaotic, fast and slightly techie grindcore. Some of the tracks that stood out for me were: VIOLENT HEADACHE's tracks. They were actually recorded back in 1996 and have that early NAPALM DEATH sound. Including somewhat of a surprising cover of HHH's "Hambre Y Dolor". CAPTAIN THREE LEG's tracks were the big surprise. I hadn't heard much of them despite them having a number of releases. These tracks walk the line between fastcore, powerviolence and grindcore and they are just a two-person band. Play Fast! WADGE surprise me every time that they can somehow keep an ever-vague surf guitar sound amongst the heaviness. I can't tell the PANTALONES ABAJO MARINERO tracks apart. DYSMORFIC do a great job of chaotic heavy grind. (MH)
(At War With False Noise / DIY Noise / Hurts to Hear)

V/A – "Not Normal Presents: Welcome to 2013" LP

In short, if you still give any fucks about punk, buy this comp. Now. This isn't some half-assed tape comp with shitty production, it's the real deal, and it's got relevant bands from all over the globe. In the interest of not being exclusionary, here's who contributes tracks to this delightful platter: HONDARTZAKO HONDAKINAK (raging Basque Country raw punk), CULO (drugs are good), ADJUSTMENT TO SOCIETY, BIG CRUX (sounding more like the MINUTEMEN every day), OOZE (Chi-town hardcore, vinyl debut), HAUTE COUTURE, INSERVIBLES (still raw, still demented), TENEMENT, ASPIRINA INFANTIL (Spanish *KBD*), NEGATIVE DEGREE, BROWN SUGAR, PORKERIA, NASA SPACE UNIVERSE (the intro bassline on "PYOP" is bananas), GOOD THROB ("You Ain't Never" might be the punkest track on here), BORED STRAIGHT, BROKEN PRAYER, and THEE NODES. Initially, I thought the title of this LP might be a little presumptuous/idealistic, but this is truly a fantastic document of current punk bands from many corners of the world. The cover is excellent, and the insert is a booklet containing a pertinent introduction, as well as masterfully designed half-page spreads for all the bands. Along with the recent Toxic State amalgam, this record serves as proof that comps are alive and well in 2013. (KM)
(Not Normal)

V/A – "Respect Your Roots, Worldwide" CD

A ton of big name bands in the street-punk and NYHC style HC scenes (Roger Miret put this together) do covers of their favorite songs. My problem with this comp is that almost all the bands pay too much respect to the original song and hence do a straight up version that really never tops the original. The one notable exception is FREDDY MADBALL's cover of the CLASH's "London Calling". Still this is not bad at all, just not a must have. (JF)
(Strength)

V/A – "Riots Not Diets: Carry On Rioting" LP

This is the second in the *Riots Not Diets* series of releases that feature participants of the Brighton-based riot grrrl DIY showcase, and unfortunately it is not nearly as strong as the first. There are a lot of doozies on here, all in the spirit good fun, but barely tolerable nonetheless. The part of me that still loves Casio crap and affectedly twee garbaggio burns pretty strong, but even she could not abide with the tidal wave of inept doot-dooting and tinkling and cooing going on here. This could easily be a Girls Rock Camp benefit sampler, know what I mean? ROSE MELBERG covering the SMITHS saves this novelty musical trinket dressed up like a punk record. Avoid! (FF)
(Tuff Enuff)

V/A – "Riots Not Diets: Why Diet When You Can Riot?" LP

This is a really good comp, a huge, huge varied range of bands that have at some point played Riots Not Diets, which is a feminist punk night in Brighton. Thirteen tracks ranging from art punks to bratty power pop to screaming chaos to goofy folking around. Some highlights are COVERGIRL who start things off with bouncey new wave and thick attitude, HALO HALO with a repetitive space vibe that wanders through a fog. The ETHICAL DATING SOCIETY is almost like SHOPLIFTING if they were far more tense and lurching; everything seems to be spit out in frustration. SKINNY GIRL DIET is like the cool older sister of FUZZBOX who manage to be sassy, bored and pissed and again, way cooler than you. WOOLF is blown out in a we-stole-your-drum-kit-and-your-tape-machine-and-now-we're-making-an-album way. TRASH KIT bring us a sullen track with everything intertwining and a chorus of percussive chanting and an excellent guitar solo. ROSEANNE BARRR is on this too and I've talked about this band before but I'll repeat again, one of my current favorite bands, they sound like the inside of my head. The best out of all is the JACKY HERON track, which is a cover of the STAINS' "Waste of Time" in the style of the saddest girl group ever and it is fucking amazing. Too bad there were only like 250 of this record and they are so sold out. (MM)
(Tuff Enuff)

V/A – "This Is Petersborough, Go Forth" CD

Not sure if this compilation of local bands has enough of a punk percentage for *MRR* review, the bands go from some straight up punk to way to alternative rock. It doesn't matter since this compilation has a dragon on the cover. What is more punk than dragons? Seriously, they always are burning the cities and churches to the ground. Fucking shit up, that is what dragons and punks do. (JF)
(Rowdy Farrago, no info)

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Propaganda: www.propaganda.fi
Radical Punks Never Die: www.radicalpunksneverdie.blogspot.com
Radio Student FM89.3: radiostudent.si/zalozba, Zavod Radio Študent, Cesta 27, Aprila 31, 1000 Ljubljana, SLOVENIA
Reality is a Cult: realityisacult.blogspot.com
Rebellion: www.rebellionrecords.nl
Religious Plague: religiousplague@gmail.com, www.religiousplague.blogspot.com
Replay: www.replayrecordsusa.com
Rijapov: www.rijapovrecords.blogspot.com, rijapov@gmail.com
Rock'n'Roll Masturbation: rocknrollmasturbationrecords.blogspot.com, Pierre Ulrich23, Rue de Flesselles 69001 Lyon, FRANCE
Rust and Machine: www.rustandmachine.com, 3411 Beacon Ave. S. Seattle, WA 98144
Saustex: www.sauspop.com
Schlecht & Schwindlig: info@schlechtundschwindlig.com
Scull Crasher: scullcrasherrecords.blogspot.com
Shield: www.shieldrecordings.com
Six Weeks: sixweeksrecords@comcast.net
Slovenly: label@slovenly.com, slovenly.com, PO Box 204, Reno NV 89504
Snuffy Smile: 12-A Kamikousaicho, Shichiku Kita-Ru, Kyoto 603-8117 JAPAN
SOA: www.soarecords.it
Solidaridad DIY: solidaridad_distro@hotmail.com
Southern: www.southern.net
Spat: www.spat.bandcamp.com
Spirits of the Streets: citysaints.musicblogg.se
Stink Cat: www.stinkcatrecords.bandcamp.com
Strength: www.strength-records.com
Sued or Booed: trolltax@gmail.com, www.trolltax.bandcamp.com
Swamp Cabbage: swampcabbagerecords.com, 1438 W. Smith St., Orlando FL 32804
Swashbuckling Hobo: www.swashbucklinghobo.blogspot.com
Tartar Control: tartarcontrolisyourfriend.com
Terrötten: www.terrotten.com
Thirty Hour Drive: www.30hdrecords.com
This Routine is Hell: thisroutineishell.com
Three Dimensional: www.myspace.com/threedimensionalrecords
Tikdoff: www. facebook.com/tikdoff, 160 Foreshore Dr., Singleton, WA, AUSTRALIA
To Live A Lie: www.tolivealie.com, c/o Will Butler, 2825 Van Dyke Avenue, Raleigh NC 27607-7021
Tone Town: www.bradley-dean.com
Tosco Brazil: toscobrasil@bol.com.br
Tuca Raca: tuca-raca@hotmail.com
Tuff Enuff: www.riotsnotdiets.bandcamp.com
Ugly Pop: www.uglypop.bigcartel.com
Volar: www.volarrecords.blogspot.com
Water Wing: www.waterwingrecords.com
White Mystery: www.whitemysteryband.com
World's Appreciated Kitsch: www.wakhc.blogspot.com, hxf_prodaxionz@yahoo.com
Y202: www.y202.tumblr.com
Zuada: eduardo_maia@hotmail.com

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Amelia Eakins, Matt Badenhop, Robert Collins, Greg Harvester, Max Power and Jason Ryan.

APPÄRATUS – *Löst Demo* – Galloping scandi-flavored thrash from Malaysia. I know that this band has been at it for years now, but this is my first time hearing them, and they're fucking awesome. Super tight drumming and riffing, sick rumbling bass and vocals in the tradition of DISARM. There's even a song on here that sounds like MOTÖRHEAD. No, not "Motörpunk" or whatever—it's like, *as good as* MOTÖRHEAD. APPÄRATUS' execution, however, is far from generic. They're touring Europe as this is being printed. (Matt) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, apparatus_asfukk@yahoo.se)

ASTRAL GUNK – A psychedelic combination of LIVE FAST DIE and JAY REATARD. I like these guys. I'm secretly a slut for that Goner records sound and LSD. These guys are good. (Amelia) (?-song cassette, lyrics not included, N. Estabrooks, 62 York Street, Sackville NB E4L 1E2, CANADA)

ATOMGEVITTER – *Thrash Ritual* – ATOMGEVITTER are super spastic thrashcore. This tape is a discography release for their South East Asia tour from 2011. This band is fast, loud and has good guitar solos. For fans of bands like LOOK BACK AND LAUGH. (Amelia) (80-song compilation cassette, lyrics included, No. 10 Jln Seroja Iaii, Seksyen BB7, Bandar Bkt. Berun Tung, 48300 Rawang, Selangor, Malaysia. Available from Sukma records, Blood of Wars records, Cactus records, Pissed Off records and Bullwhip records)

ATRAKO – A slew of hardcore tracks ranging from thrashy, to punk, to epic and metallic. It has the quality of a rehearsal recording, but the energy is captured pretty well, and you can hear what all the instruments are doing. Very fast, vocals akin to Ruby from NO STATIK, and no shortage of good riffs. (Matt) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, desastresonoro323@gmail.com)

BAD SIDE – *Looking for a Bad Time*? – Fucking spastic hardcore from Philly! The drummer is highly skilled, but always tasteful, and pretty much every hardcore tempo is covered. The vocals are commanding, guitars are sharp, and this demo plays through like a live set—non-stop, to the point, short and sweet. Don't believe the title. Looking for a good time? Get this tape. (Matt) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, www.badside.bandcamp.com/album/looking-for-a-bad-time)

THE BROONIES / GRANDMA'S BOYFRIEND – Split tape from these two SF bands. First up is the BROONIES, who I have reviewed a couple of times and they've not let me down. They play lo-fi, spastic, indie punk that is drenched in reverb and tape static. Parts of this remind me of a lost tape of a Peruvian punk band from 1966 mixed with a JAY REATARD outtake in such a weird way. If you haven't checked out the BROONIES yet and like weirdo indie-punk, do not pass this up. It is excellent. On the flip, GRANDMA'S BOYFRIEND dish out laaaid back power-pop that would not sound out of place on a bill with NOBUNNY and SHANNON AND THE CLAMS. It's super solid, but it doesn't excite me or make me want to rewind the tape to listen again. I do wanna flip to the other side again though…which I will. (Greg) (14-song cassette, lyrics not included, no info)

BUSINESS VENTURE – *Sleep When You're Dead* – Melodic punk with soaring vocals primed and ready for you to sing along. This Idaho outfit falls somewhere in between HOT WATER MUSIC and LOVE SONGS while keeping their sound decidedly punk and avoiding the coming-across-as-a-by-the-numbers pop punk act. Strong lead vocals and action from the guitar and bass that suggests a band well beyond the basement status, but offered in such a way that it seems as if it should be enjoyed exclusively in sweaty basements. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, 208 records, 2218 N. 34th, Boise, ID 83703, www.businessventurewantsyourmoney.com)

CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE – Spacey indie-pop, minimal electro synth, European post punk….this demo has zero cohesion whatsoever, and listens more like a compilation. Some of it is great (the CHRIS ISAAK cover works shockingly well), some of it is pretty yawn inducing. I will pull off the songs I like and put them on a very dreamy mix tape. Also, and for the 1,000th time: a blank fukkn' CD-R with your band's name scrawled on the front is not a demo. Are we clear? You make the effort to present your music the way you want and I'll make the effort to listen attentively, that's the agreement. Otherwise I will listen casually with one ear, while texting my friends and listening to the news on the radio, since that appears to be equivalent to the amount of energy you spent presenting the music you supposedly spent the last year working on. (Robert) (?-song CD-R, lyrics not included, 637 Minna St, San Francisco, CA 94103)

CERVICAL MUCUS MELTDOWN / IPV – *split*– These kids are adorable! CMM has its members listed as "Alex: gut picker, John: caveman blasts, Seattle: grind reaper." IPV lists its two members as performing "dribbles/yelling loud" and "low end TV static." This is brilliant! Between grind blasts, one hears ghetto crunk gospel and static. These kids also looked like they rolled around in Rob Halford's closet. But not in a gay way! By the way, Rob Halford is *not* gay; he's just too metal for grindcore, duh. This tape is 30 seconds (give or take) of grindcore heaven. Dig it or not—these

kids don't care! CMM will continue to kick out hits like "Toxic Twat Snot," "Cunt Mange" and "Slut Munch." Too precious to pass up. If you like sexist grindcore performed by sexually frustrated jailbait, pick this bad boy of a tape up! (Amelia) (9-song cassette, lyrics unfortunately not included, no further information provided)

CHEMICAL THREAT – Political punk from the UK played sloppily with dumb lyrics. You're really gonna write a song about how larger supermarkets are shutting down the smaller stores? Why not just challenge the entire of idea of capitalism and the ways that buying useless products make us slaves to the system? (Greg) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/thechemicalthreat)

CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD – *Sedum* – Vaguely psychedelic and disjointed noise from treated field recordings—sometimes little more than a "blips and whirs" presentation, but also (brief) moments of truly engaging swarms of sound. Released in a ridiculously limited quantity, so the internet is probably your only hope if you want to hear this. (Robert) (12-song cassette, no lyrics, no contact info)

CONSENTING ADULT – *Are the Beatels* – I think this might be a joke, but CONSENTING ADULT's brans of no-fi garage hardcore-lite is intriguing, if not infectious. It could be written off as casual indie/garage sounds were it not for the throaty vocals, and then comes the nonsensical presentation of the band and bizarre STONES covers and just general weirdness. Joke or not, by the time the sixth song "We're the Beatles" started, I was sold—this is like SOCKEYE by way of REIGNING SOUND and I like the result. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, "$1.25 plus shipping or whatever" goldrecdors@gmail.com)

COOL MUTANTS – Is this biting UK-styled punk or slightly cleaned up SPITS worship? Two songs into the tape and I'm not quite sure about anything except that I really like what COOL MUTANTS are getting into. While I think that the latter hunch is closer to the mark (there's an overt M.O.T.O. feel to the vocals as well), I can't shake the image of four sharp dressed leather clad street warriors behind these jams (to be fair, whatever was left of these hopes was dashed with the mid-tempo dirge "Shock Shop," but it doesn't make me like the tape any less). COOL MUTANTS sound familiar…like they can be instantly at home in my ears, which is a good thing. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, c/o Let's Pretend records, PO Box 1663, Bloomington, IN 47402, www.letspretendrecords.com)

D//CEREGHINI – *I Went Back to College* – An audio recording of a dude making nonsense sounds, brushing his teeth and rinsing with what I hope is urine, but I imagine is mouthwash. Sad. (Robert) (?-track cassette, no lyrics, no contact info)

DANGER FIELD – For fans of TWO MAN ADVANTAGE and DIPPERS… if you like campy, you'll dig this. Has an upbeat hardcore vibe with DARKTHRONE undertones. The whole thing is very odd. These guys hail from Troy, NY so you know they're both bored and isolated. Additionally, they like hockey. Their band logo is the NY Rangers hockey team emblem turned DANGER FIELD. Yes, DANGER FIELD as in Rodney. (Amelia) (14-song CD-R, no lyrics included, 40 Rose Ct., Albany, NY 12209, dangerfield18@gmail.com)

DASHER – *Yeah, I Know* – Wow…just, wow. From the first moment of this tape DASHER feels familiar, even comfortable. But they meld sounds that you have heard before into something totally interesting and completely unique. Chaotic and dark guitars reminiscent of recent acts like DEKODER and AUTONOMY perfectly suit a band that manages to channel FUGAZI and the VSS at the same time, and the steady pace belies the frenetic intensity of the shrill vocals. I put this tape in at the start of what was meant to be an afternoon of drinking and demo reviews, but I have been listening to DASHER on repeat for over an hour now, with no intention of stopping. This is brilliantly delivered punk that comes from somewhere very deep—as near perfection as anything I've heard all month. I will review more demos later, but the bar has been set precariously high, and I feel sorry for the bands that will follow. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, kyleekimbrough11@live.com)

DISFUNKCE MYSLI – Super crust at its finest. This band has dual vocals that sound death metal but then the alternate remind me of COP ON FIRE. Musically, DISFUNKCE MYSLI sound a lot like BATTLE OF DISARM. The DISCHARGE cover was filtered through a filthy layer of crust—an interesting take on "Never Again." I highly recommend this band to all you crust lovers out there. This isn't some metal crust bullshit—just straightforward crust that is gnarly and smells bad. (Amelia) (4-song cassette, lyrics included in Czech, Erik Zöldi, Botanicka 34, 602 00 Brno, Czech Republic)

DISPARAGE – *Retaliate* – Three punks playing crusty D-beat from Richmond, Virginia. Echoes of CRUDITY and CRUDE SS with that modern day raw punk sound. Solid. (Amelia) (5-song cassette, illegible lyrics included, PO Box 25994, Richmond, VA 23260, disparage2012@gmail.com)

ERRO – *Ao Vivo Vol. 1* – Fourteen minutes of searing grind/experimental/metal from Brazil, recorded live. Not my favorite thing, but you can tell they're a great band. The handsome layout/DIY packaging is a plus. I bet this band is a hit with the locals. (Matt) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.erro.tnb.art.br)

EXTINCT EXIST – These guys sound like HELLSHOCK due to their epic crust sound. Beautiful, apocalyptic lyrics. There is definitely a metal undertone but crust prevails with EXTINCT EXIST. (Amelia) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, No. 10 Jln Seroja Iaii, Seksyen BB7, Bandar Bkt. Berun Tung, 48300 Rawang, Selangor, Malaysia, extinctexist@gmail.com)

FUNERAL CONE – *Peel BacktThe Foil EP* – Went to see this band last month instead of INFEST, and I stand by my decision. FUNERAL CONE has the charming ability to get everyone in the basement smiling and dancing upon the first chord. Some aggressiveness, some melody, keyboards, fun and hooks galore on this tape. Highly recommended! (Matt) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, no contact info)

GORGONIZED DORKS / INDIAN SMOKES – No-fi noise grind from GORGONIZED DORKS. You know that little crossed-out music note symbol thing? It's like that mixed with bedroom black metal. Pure cacophony from INDIAN SMOKES, not sure if this is supposed to be unintelligible noise core or just simply noise. Perhaps the very intent is that I'm not supposed to know. (Robert) (2-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.hamburgertapes@gmail.com)

GRUMP – GRUMP is extreme sound violence. This tape is vile, noisy and feedback laden. It feels like seeing SCAPEGOAT live. You get pinned up against the wall with nowhere safe to go. The lyrics are sick and read like a death wish stream of consciousness. The crazy guitar shaking feedback and maniac vocals are intense. This is super raw. This tape is a mind fuck. For all you maniac hardcore trash, get this or get bent. (Amelia) (5-song demo cassette, lyrics included, cody_cross@hotmail.com)

GUILTY PARENTS – *Noro* – A more aggressive and forceful version of sharp '90s art/HC acts like the VSS, England's GUILTY PARENTS are smart driving punk with mountains of attitude. The songs are killer and the only thing I want to do when this banger is over is listen to it again... the swagger of garage rock injected with just the right amount of weird. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, www.guiltyparents.bandcamp.com)

HAN & THE SOLOS – Teenagers From the Black Lagoon – Rustbelt punk with Southern California attitude and a healthy dose of snotty rock'n'roll. Not knowing the story with these kids, I'm guessing they are younguns who are honing their already excellent chops and songwriting skills and are destined for mind-blowing things in the future. You can't fake attitude like this. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, www.feralkidrecords.com)

HOUSE OF BREATH – Holy shit, this could easily be mistaken for the lost unreleased tracks from the first SISTERS OF MERCY album. No exaggerations. The instrumentation is beautiful and melancholic, maybe a little bit more dreamy that SOM, but it's astonishing how much the vocalist pulls off the Andrew Eldritch style—deep echoey vibrato and all. It's lacking in big hooks, and certainly not the least bit original, but being so far toward the "goth" end of the spectrum, I'm loving this. (Matt) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, houseofbreath@gmail.com)

IRON FIST – The first sounds on this cassette are the revving engine of a motorcycle—one the best sounds! So get this: I'm wearing an INEPSY shirt and after the first few riffs I was about to go to my r'n'r punker comparison saying this band sounds like INEPSY. Then I heard "gimme, gimme Inepsy!" I looked at the J-card and I'll be damned, the first song is called "Gimme Inepsy." IRON FIST is self-described as "metal punk" and "straight up heavy punk rock'n'roll" and I couldn't agree more! This band is all about MOTÖRHEAD, motorcycles, leather and not giving a fuck. There is not an original bone in this band's body, but who cares? At least it's not another raw punk band. This is my new favorite band because they have their priorities straight. "With rock'n'roll in our hearts and the snaggletooth in our veins...Motörpunks, go, go, go!" So... F.O.A.D.!!! (Amelia) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, No. 10 Jln Seroja Iaii, Seksyen BB7, Bandar Bkt. Berun Tung, 48300 Rawang, Selangor, Malaysia, bloodofwar_records@yahoo.co.uk)

JAMES MACINTOSH / WOMEN OF THE PORE split – The maniacs at Hamburger Tapes/Existential Dread/Nevermind Tapes upped the bizarre level of *MRR*'s intake several notches with a grab bag of pure insanity (several releases reviewed earlier in this section), and this cassette does little to bring us any closer to earth. WOMEN OF THE PORE are harsh ambient electronics while JAMES MACINTOSH is closer to the blips and whirs variety of noise not that far removed from HIVE MIND (though certainly more rudimentary). More serious that much of the catalog and very much to my liking. (Robert) (2-song cassette, lyrics not included, hamburgertapes@gmail.com)

JAW CLENCHER – Ultra raw no-fi hardcore punk. It's kinda D-beat...maybe? Often only the drums are discernible through the cymbal hiss on this boom box recording. You can make out a riff every now and then, and I can tell you that there are high shrieking female vocals to compliment the howling male leads. I can also tell you that the pace is frenetic and I bet that there is a good band buried in the wash of white noise. Maybe the intent was "noise not music," or maybe not, but that is certainly the result. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, www.hostileinput.com)

JEAN CLAUDE JAM BAND – *Discography* – Dirty and drunk pop punk, like later REPLACEMENTS colliding with '90s DIY acts like GOMEZ. The guitars here are on an other-world level, as is the song writing as a whole. Addictive, even if this "isn't your thing." If you like rock'n'roll, then you like this. (Robert) (9-song cassette, no lyrics included, Dead Broke rekerds, 139 Huber Ave, Holbrook, NY 11741)

LAST LICKS – These guys sound like a time warped ANNIHILATION TIME mixed with the vocal intensity of HANK WOOD AND THE HAMMERHEADS. As the tape progresses, it goes from '70s rocker riffs into In Search of Space-era HAWKWIND. As soon as it dips into rough psych, it goes back to a super aggressive THIN LIZZY sound with a lot of guttural yelling. And yes, LAST LICKS is a fitting KISS reference. It takes a lot for me to flip a tape and this tape has been flipped, oh my brothers. I know nothing about this band. The mystery makes this tape way better. If you're going to throw your panties at any band, make it LAST LICKS. (Amelia) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, Kyle Seely, 735 Anderson Hill Road, Mailbox #0023, Purchase, NY 10577)

LOT LIZARD – Truly filthy knuckle-dragging hardcore, whittled down to a fine point of aggression. This is untainted by anything approaching cool...which of course makes LOT LIZARD cool as shit. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, $4ppd, www.lotlizard@outlook.com)

LUNGS – An assault of bare bones low-end brutality interrupted by moments of syrupy sweet emotional drivel. I really

dig about 75% of this tape, but most of the classic and/or psych rock attempts fall relatively flat. (Robert) (2-song cassette, no lyrics, www.facebook.com/berzerker)

MAINLINE COCKSUCKERS – Nasty cro-magnon hardcore ready for the youth to do the creepy crawl thing all around the room, heads low, elbows high, sneer stuck to their face like mud…just waiting to unleash the fury. The power is barely contained on the slow parts, and when these kids let loose…look out. It seems hardcore is getting uglier these days. Dumber? Perhaps in some cases, but one of my favorite people once said about one of my favorite bands: "they are dumber than a bag of hammers, but fuck do they rock." Take the four notes that MAINLINE COCKSUCKERS pummel for the last several minutes of this demo as a prime example—you don't have to do it smart all the time, you just have to do it right. (Robert) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, www.molarsandfangs.bandcamp.com, 610-220-3836)

MORSA – This is right up your alley if you like DETESTATION or DAMAD. Pummeling drums, crust riffs and ferocious vocals. This is a relentless scorcher of a tape. (Amelia) (4-song cassette, lyrics included in Czech and English, Erik Zöldi, Botanicka 34, 602 00 Brno, Czech Republic)

MURDERESS – *The Gate* – Leaning ever closer towards the metal-end of the metal/crust juggernaut, Portland's MURDERESS dish out four burners this time around. The melodies fall more or less in line with Eurocrust, but the pace is relentless (and the intensity only increases when they slow down for brief respites) and the vocals sound like they are fueled by desperation rather than testosterone. While their earlier efforts took cues from other bands and made the sound their own, now MURDERESS are building on their own foundation. I can only hope that this cassette is a teaser for a new full length. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, www.abortedsociety.com)

NERVOUS NERDS – *ctrl alt del* – Super powerful hardcore. Fast as fuck when they want to be, blasting when they need to be, catchy when you need a break, and speaking of breaks: breakdowns when they are warranted (in this case, they are warranted in almost every song). Multiple vocals and smart song construction, not hard to picture a frenzied live show to go with these songs. (Robert) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, www.trimtabtapes.blogspot.de)

NIGHTFALL / PLAGUE DOGS – *Live 9/11/12* – NIGHTFALL kicks it off with a hardcore assault! Ripping triplet kick drum breakdowns. This band is sincerely pissed off. Raw sound with a vitality in the background crowd. You can feel that this was a good show at Teri's in South Philadelphia. PLAGUE DOGS up next with a live D-beat holocaust in the vein of NAUSEA, AXIOM, DISTRAUGHT. Motör-charged sections are an awesome visit to a dirty Philly sound. This live tape is perfect for summer chillin' and venting! (Makes me miss the East Coast!) (Jason) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, $5 c/o Billy Barton, 2016 S. 13th St. #2F Philadelphia, PA 19148)

NO OMEGA – *Shame* – They are self-described as "hopeless and heartbreaking doomsday hardcore punk." I hate emotional hardcore. Fuck the '90s, fuck screamo and fuck post/modern hardcore. (Amelia) (11-song CD-R, no lyrics, Throatruiner c/o Matthias Jungbluth, 71 Avenue Aristide Briand, 35000 Rennes, France)

NOWHERE SQUARES – I can't believe this band is still around….and still great! I believe I first saw them in 1997 in Alabama (and before that, I used to see their singer's first band when I was in high school) and back then, I thought they sounded like early DICKIES. That was mostly because of their frenetic pace, high-pitched vocals, a taste for a good hook and the ever-present organ. Not much has changed and that's a good thing. The DICKIES comparison doesn't really hold any longer though. The band has matured, Paul's vocals are way more dynamic and the band is super tight, but they retain the knowledge of how to expertly play pop hooks. I love this. If you're a geeky homo-pop nerd, you might be into this too, but those limitations are not required. (Greg) (12-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.dustintimbrook.com/happeninrecords)

PEACE OF SHIT – *Business as Usual* – Outsider punk, the solo project of some dude from DIGITAL LEATHER (in case such things mean anything to you). Genuinely weird, ranging from subtle proto-punk CHROME-esque freakouts to REATARDS style lo-fi hook laden garage punk and '60s psych. Into it. (Robert) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, $4ppd, Raint Road records, 1111 N. 13th Street, Ste. 118, Omaha, NE 68102, www.rainyroadrecords.com)

PERMANENT MAKEUP – *The Void, It Creeps* – There were a lot of shitty bands that played at CBGB's. One night a week they had open mic night—it was a weeknight and I can't remember which one because you had to get wasted to tolerate this night, but I was usually going just to hang out. Sometimes I would get a little too drunk and if you know me, I can't keep my mouth shut and it's worse with the addition of booze. I would yell "you suck" (eloquent, I know) at these horrific, clueless bands that playing what they thought punk attitude should sound like college radio style. Well, I'm 100% sober right now and I feel like that obnoxious teenager listening to this band. PERMANENT MAKEUP sounds like a really dry version of TALKING HEADS mixed with TELEVISION with no soul—just bland rock. You suck! (Amelia) (12-song CD-R, barcode on back, New Granada, PO Box 360276, Tampa, FL 33673-0276, www.newgranada.com)

POPULATION ZERO – *Become Death* – Great production quality. Clean metallic guitar over crusty bass and super-solid drums. The vocals come in and take me right back to NYC's DEATH MOLD and then continue in a sort of epic TRAGEDY vibe. Ripping cryptic vocals! Each song is well composed and well rehearsed. I feel like an amateur punk band would have cut the song length in half but this pulls you on, lashing the hearse's chains. The tape pulls you down further as it goes into darker and darker themes. Dark East Coast hardcore going on here with a sort of gothic effect. Then we blast off! Reminiscent of GAURITHOTH (if you don't mind me saying!) vocals into diminutive RUDIMENTARY PENI chords. This tape is something very unique and compelling. (Jason) (5-song cassette,

no lyrics, $5 c/o Billy Barton, 2016 S. 13th St. #2F Philadelphia, PA 19148).

PORCELAIN GOD – In a punk world that seems to be worshipping the sounds that this reviewer was surrounded by in the '80s, bands like PORCELAIN GOD should thrive. Vocals ripped from the SUNDAYS (maybe a little less airy) fronting guitar driven, laid back alt rock with just enough edge to file in the "punk" column. But not by much. Not a negative critique, just noting that these sounds have more in common with GUADALCANAL DIARY than BLACK FLAG. (Robert) (3-song cassette, no lyrics, no contact info)

PORN PERSONS – *Disturbed Person / Cannibal* – Let me just call this what it is—PORN PERSONS is circus music for the criminally insane. If Stef Petticoat and Lydia Lunch drank a couple of bottles of Night Train and decided to fuck, it might sound like this. These guys (or maybe just one babe named Rodna, it's hard to tell) are dissonant, no-wavey garage rock at its best—total Quebecois freako gold. I especially loved the covers of "Wanderer" and "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You". On a rad sea-foam-green cassette tape with some pretty cool comic art inside. I'm hooked. (Max) (20-song cassette, no lyrics, www.pornpersons.bandcamp.com, c/o Rodna Howart, 433 Rue Richmond, Montreal, Q.C., Canada)

QUEEN CRESCENT – *In the Court of the Crescent Queen* – Super strong bass, '70s-tuned guitar, subtle flute, driving drums, and super witchcraft heavy. This band exists on an etheral plane. I saw them live at their first show and I've been obsessed ever since. These creatures have soul and quite a sound. QUEEN CRESCENT is for fans of FLOWER TRAVELLIN' BAND, JEFFERSON AIRPLANE and BLACK SABBATH. The guitar is pure stoner and psych perfection with skilled used of appropriate pedals for much needed '70s effects as needed. If you're into modern day rockers like OWL and HOT LUNCH, I suggest you check out QUEEN CRESCENT and let their sound encapsulate you in their psychedelic garden. (Amelia) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, $7 ppd, PayPal: andreabarkley1@gmail.com, queencrescentband@gmail.com)

RÄD – Not the one from Sacramento with the LP review in last month's issue. This one's from Stockholm, and plays ugly, thrashing hardcore with burly guitars and snotty screams. No trends present here, just fast, noisy, ear-damaging thrash. (Matt) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, tjuvlyssna.com/rad)

RAGING DICKBRAIN – *Demo #0* – Found sounds, weird recordings and bedroom tape recorder garbage with a toy piano. This is not punk…or even music for that matter, it is just odd. Fourteen minutes you will never get back (but that I keep revisiting for some reason), these sounds are for people who find SOCKEYE just too conventional. (Robert) (?-track CD-R, lyrics not included, nevermind.tapes@gmail.com)

RATS IN THE WALL – Guitar slides, upbeat tempo, annunciated X-RAY SPEX vocals and punk bass. I think RATS IN THE WALL musically have a very RUDIMENTARY PENI sound mixed with a modern day SoCal feel. They put on a good show live and are high-energy punks. Their pure punk frenzy translates well to tape, so get this! (Amelia) (6-song demo cassette, lyrics included, tourlegs@gmail.com, 91942 Summer Circle, Huntington Beach, CA 92646)

RHYTHM OF CRUELTY – *Still Life* – Super lo-fi and washed out in a dreamy way. They would be perfect on a line up with Australia's RULE OF THIRDS. This is very pretty, gentle post-punk that feels very 1980s radio friendly. (Amelia) (4-song demo cassette, lyrics included, 8606 104th Street, Edmonton, Alberta, T6E 4G5 Canada)

SLANG – *The Immortal Sin* – Malaysian reissue of SLANG's crushing LP from 2008. B-side features a decent, but not essential live recording from the same year. There ya go. (Matt) (23-song cassette, no lyrics, bloodofwar_records@yahoo.co.uk)

STEPDAD SS – From Charlotte North Carolina, STEPDAD SS is comprised of three-fourths of the band NÖ POWER. Neatly crafted HC tunes and nice packaging, but not a very flattering recording—everything sounds too separated or something. Doesn't leave much of an impression on me. (Matt) (6-song cassette, $5 ppd, lyrics included, West Hasty, 3412 Mayhurst Dr., Indian Trail, NC 28079, westhasty@gmail.com)

WWHIRR – *Selfish Achiever* – If you like powerviolence, you might like this. The vocals are sloppy, the drums are steady, the guitar is violent and the bass is mean. WWHIRR is like a primal scream. (Amelia) (8-song cassette, lyrics in English and Indonesian, No. 10, Jln Seroja Iaii, Seksyen BB7, Bandar Bkt. Berun Tung, 48300 Rawang, Selangor, Malaysia, wwhirr@gmail.com. Available from Cactus records, Knot records, Rat Will Feast records)

V/A – *Cute Chaos* – True punk in the "no fukkn rules" "all over the map" sense, this is a great collection from Germany's Trim Tab Tapes. From artsy post punk suitable for the Rough Trade roster circa 1983 to plodding Deutsch Punk to general weirdness, the quality level remains high throughout, and the content is varied enough that if one track doesn't suit your fancy then all you need to do is wait until the next one starts. Superb. (Robert) (16-song cassette, no lyrics, www.trimtabtapes.blogspot.de)

ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(AR) Arlian Amend-All
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(EC) E.Conner
(AE) Amelia Eakins
(FF) Francesca Foglia
(AG) Alison Gaye
(DG) Dan Goetz
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DJ) Danny Gresham
(OG) Oscar Gutierrez
(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LA) Lydia Phelps
(MP) Max Power
(CR) Casey Ress

21ST CENTURY KARNO'S KLASSICS #17 / $2
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs
Herein are comics regarding the author's opposition to gun control and a reprinted early-'90s essay on the same subject. I'm no apologist for state power and do not believe in anti-gun laws, but these arguments are not especially strong. The reprinted piece has a lot of Libertarian and other bullshit, and is gross. Save your money for ammo or punk pins for your bandolier. (JM)
Kjartan Arnorsson / 1505 W. St. Mary's Rd, 123 / Tucson, AZ 85745 / kjartana@comcast.net

ACTUAL FREAKS / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 28 pgs
This is a goofy pop culture zine, the sort of thing you don't see that much of anymore now that the internet has given a voice to anyone that wants one... The author has an irreverent hilarious voice, and covers subjects such as Grimes' ponytail, being short, the Mid-Atlantic slang term Bama, Green Day, Moby, Snoop Dogg vs Robyn and Bikini Kill. And a Four Walls Falling show from the '90s! This sort of zine was really common in the zine boom of the '90s, sarcastic girls talking shit about whatever they felt like and xeroxing that shit for the general public. Washed up '90s SXE HC and Snoop! This was a fun read, but not the sort of thing a person would carry to their grave and treasure... (LG)
lilarosetublin@gmail.com

ALL FREAK NO LEASH #1 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 37 pgs
This zine came with the *Troost DIY Fest* DVD and honestly offers a broader glimpse into what's going on in Kansas City DIY circles. The bulk of this zine is reprinted artwork (a lot of which is NSFW), flyers, photos (of both shows and more artistic in natures) and related ads, most of which is top notch, though some of the photos are either too blurry or dark. There are also worthwhile interviews with people involved with the houses on Troost St, as well as someone who does a webcam show and some "meh" pieces of prose. If you're interested in what's going on in lesser-known DIY scenes, this zine is worth picking up. (DG)
xo.tapes@gmail.com / www.xopress.bandcamp.com

CRETINS OF DISTORTION / $2, trades preferred
8.5 x 11 – copied – 32 pgs
The black and white cut n' paste style that incorporates typed, handwritten and sticker lettering is great to gaze upon. The imagery and layout are great and obviously a labor of love. Even if you are living in NYC and hate this zine (I quote the cover, "Rock and Roll Don't Come from New York"), you will have to admit that it looks punk-as-fuck. There are interviews with queer-posi hc band Closet Burner, north west indy weirdo punks Menanites, Wipers-esque Nervosas, a slew of well written reviews of demos, LPs and EPs, all kicking off with the authors honest expression that Midwest punk is the best and that everyone else in the country should stop trying so hard. I agree. This is a zine for punk mutants that have no choice but to be themselves or die. No gimmicks, just weirdo cretins that gives those of us from the Midwest a moment of self realization that some people actually try to be "weird"—that all of our deranged habits and nerd-dom is not by choice, but a natural extension and environmental product of what we are. Punk isn't a refuge; it's a place we fight for. Again, great looking zine, entertaining writing and a raw expression of what makes MW punk what it is. Get this! (MB)
Emmy Ramone / 2623 Neil Ave / Columbus, OH 43202 / fashionableteens@gmail.com

DIRECT ACTION V.24 Issue 3.1 / subscription $15
8.5 x 11 – printed – 28 pgs
So this is exactly what you'd expect it to be by looking at the cover—a fancy printed, color magazine talking about important issues like the evil land barons of Eugene and how there affecting college students and how the ruthless Eugene cops are oppressing house parties. Paraphrased "interviews" are a huge pet peeve of mine and, in my opinion at least, really shitty in the case of oppressed people, if your going to interview a native person struggling against oppression please don't silence her by paraphrasing and defining what she's saying, just let her talk. So yeah fuck that. There's also some mention about tar sands pipelines and some bad art, but nothing you wouldn't be far better off getting from another source. (AG)
Student Insurgent / 1228 University of Oregon / Eugene OR 97403

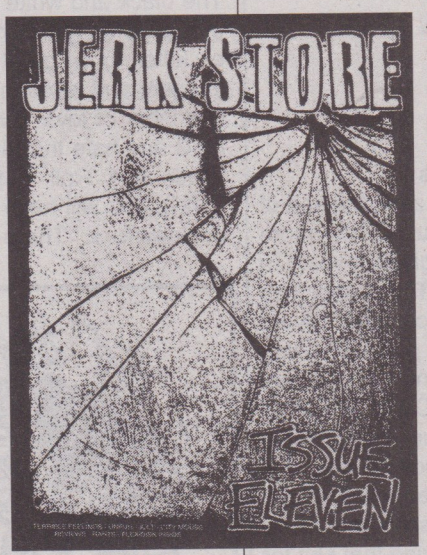
DIY REMEDIES: SIMPLE AT-HOME HEALTH ALTERNATIVES / $4
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 18 pgs
When I moved to the Bay Area, I realized how much I relied on the remedies my mother gave me to feel better on a shitty day. Most of the remedies my mom gave me did more than cure me from sickness; they prevented it. This was particularly why I was excited to read a zine that felt familiar. Alma Villegas has collected multiple remedies from multiple people and put them into one very awesome zine. You can get everything from menstrual relief to stress relieving and better cum tasting foods, yes, food to make your cum taste sweeter. Ultimately it was a zine that pro-

vided a memory of my mother and her refusal to ever pack the house with over the counter meds and made our garden our pharmacy. Even if most of these remedies are not true, they are worth a try, but what is true is that they have worked at one point for one of us. Please, go to punk shows in good health and do not rub your sickness on others, none of us like it, thanks. Furthermore, this zine is written by an awesome local punk and all the funds go toward *Clinica Martin Baro*; a non-profit in the mission district giving medical care at little to no cost to the community. Now, that's punk as fuck. (OG)
alma_vc81@yahoo.com

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF GUIDE TO FIGHTING THE BIG MOTHERFUCKING SAD / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 27 pgs
I love how-to guides. And lists, aphorisms, documenting human behaviour and taking note of life's lessons. And this zine, which is all book-style text, is basically just that. I find the process of self-discovery/battling depression/writing to have a similar backbone, and the writer does too: You have to find your inner voice and trust it; you can't let the critics get to you or soon enough there will be no (real) "you" to speak of. He also stresses the importance of carpe diem ("Life is water through wet cloth"), notes that suicide is no relief (Sidenote: a study by Kay Jamison, psychiatry professor at Johns Hopkins University, showed that writers are 10 to 20 times as likely to suffer [manic-]depressive illnesses, making it more likely to lead to suicide) and suggests we "destroy all uncandid thought". His prose shows that he's a lover, but his dictums reveal he's also a fighter. Make no mistake, there is no Buddhist pulp, or anarchist thought here, and while this little zine might not teach you something new, it'll remind you of what not to forget. "The smart outlaw is the free outlaw. The free outlaw is the only outlaw." (LA)
Pioneer's Press c/o Adam Gnade / 816 N. Main #200 / Lansing, KS 66043

GENERAL SPEECH #5 / free in person, or trade only
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 18 pgs
First off, the text in this thing is entirely too goddamn small for my ever worsening vision. Other than that, I feel like the writing is uneven, though the best spots redeem this zine as a whole. Most of the non-interview writing is dry and unnecessarily lengthy, or with the poorer interviews (Kremlin and Honge), equally dry, with questions and answers short and boring. The Criaturas and Fracaso interviews are the best, with more interesting questions and answers that read less like an unaffected "we did this, we were influence by this and this happened" and goes into more detail on topics ranging from how they write their songs to Spanish punk as a trend to Austin as a city in the former and being punk in Venezuela to one member's thesis for his Sociology degree in the latter. The reviews are in an atypical format of essentially a few long paragraphs that make them hard to follow and suffer from the aforementioned glut of unnecessary details without enough analysis, in my opinion. You could cut the word count in half and make all of the same points. The layout of this zine is an adequate cut-and-paste job that is fitting for a zine that covers this type of music that neither helps nor hurts the merit of this zine. (DG)
PO Box 24842 / Lexington, KY 40524
www.sites.google.com/site/generalspeech

JERK STORE #11 / $?
5.75 x 8.75 – printed – 44 pgs
Latest installment of this exquisitely designed Australian pop-punk zine. Some of the things included are an interview with Swedish pop-darlings Terrible Feelings, a couple of editorials (some are cool, the condemnation of Punknews.org is not, who even reads that shitty site?), a roundtable review section about Australian microbrews (mildly entertaining) and a complete history of the band Jolt (the '90s act from the Bay Area). There are also tour diaries from Canadian gruff-punks Unfun and California's own City Mouse (whose flexi accompanies this issue) and a ton of media reviews. I don't care about this scene at all, but if you do, this zine is probably the current apex of written documentation on poppier punk. (KM)
www.jerkstore.bigcartel.com / jerkstorehq@gmail.com



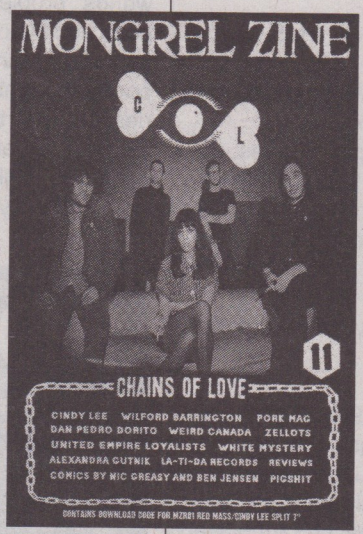
MEDIA JUNKY #18 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 16 pgs
Finding myself leaning back to a conversation years ago where my *MRR* colleague said to me "some people just like to read reviews," as in, believe in it as an art form. This zine perfects the form so to speak. If it's entirely reviews, I can live off the poetry, but really it just has a great voice, not too critical and not too obsessive, and I can see the dedication. Layers of ye olde cut and paste, selective range of content centering on noise tape releases and a mix of recent to dated. I liked the vibe. Since it might be free or trade why not? (JB)
Jason Rodgers / PO Box 62 / Lawrence, MA 01842

MONGREL ZINE #11 / $8.10
7 x 8.5 – copied – 104 pgs
Woah, I always look forward to reading this zine, a well written, hilarious clear headed look at the garage underground from a Canadian perspective and this issue is a scorcher. It comes with a Red Mass / Cindy Lee split 7" and is absolutely packed to the gills with interviews, articles and ephemera! There's an article on the '60s rock'n'roll underground in Canada that involves the Grateful Dead playing a sort of house show at someone's parent's house while they were outta town amongst other rumblings of the underground scene in Vancouver that led up to the formation of the United Empire Loyalists... A band more influenced by the implied violence of the British invasion. And if the Dead are enough to make you vomit up your kornflakes, never fear there interviews with White Mystery from Chicago, '60s girl group tribute act Chains of Love, one with a noise musician Alexandra Gutnik that was totally fascinating... Basically most of the interviews read like conversations rather than "interviews" and thus are pleasurable to read even if you don't know who the band is or if you hate the band even! The people that put together this zine put a lot of blood and sweat into it and it shows. Send off for it! (LG)
www.mongrelzine.ca/blog

NO EXIT #6 / 1 Euro
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs
Another sweet issue from this Athens-based crusty, hardcore punk zine—the layout gets better with every issue! Still true to the cut'n'paste aesthetic, with little details thrown in at all the right corners, the record review album covers arranged alphabetically, the funny movie reviews still intact (punks love movies!), the record reviews still to the point! Also, this issue

has a cool photospread from last year's Arm Your Desires festival that takes place in the middle of nowhere Tyrnavos in Northern Greece every summer (beer cans and pogo gallore!) and features a cool cover by Les Miserables illustrations. The interviews are also a great read, as Doomsayer Bakalis and Misanthropy Pure have an honest, yet demystified, approach to punk. This issue includes local Greek bands Cut Off from Athens, Dirty Wombs from Patras and Zvarna from Ioannina, US's Raw Nerves, Germany's Sailing On, plus an excellent special guest article by Dan from Lotus Fucker, with ten things he learned from his recent European tour! For a good read, served with no bullshit and lots of xerox fuzz (the good kind), pick this up! (LA)
Giannis Psimoulis / Kritonos 37 / 16674 Glyfada / Athens / Greece / /www.noexit.blogspot.com

NUTS! #11 / $4
8.5 x 11 – newsprint – 12 pages
Whoa, *NUTS!* in the Big Apple! This newest issue reflects the creator's recent move to New York and features some familiar faces: Colin Hagendorf interviews artist and Japanese punk Yusuke Okada from Blotto (and Okada illustrates all the interview Q & As!), there's a pullout poster designed by Sam Ryser from Crazy Spirit, and there's a truly stupid conversation with Hank Wood and the Hammerheads that is now in the history of print until the end of time. Interviews with La Misma and Deformity are also included among the heaps of drawings and unique formatting that has made *NUTS!* a name for itself. Readers please note the new mailorder address!
PO Box 1959 / New York, NY 10013



PLASTIC BOMB #82 / 3.5 Euro Deutschland, 3.7 Euro Österreich
9.5 x 12.25 ? printed – 80 pgs – German
Huge, Germanic, newsprint... Inside are one million interviews, ads, reviews and show listings. They cover a good variety, including bands or reports from Mexico and Myanmar in addition to the usual suspects. There's an article on propaganda and a 30-track comp CD. It is huge. (JM)
Postfach 100205 / D-47002 Duisberg / Germany / www.plastic-bomb.de

POSITIVE CREED #18 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 24 pgs
In this issue of *Positive Creed,* a reliable but sparsely laid out punk fanzine from the UK, Stig from Amebix is asked whether there was a "healthy" punk scene in Bristol. He replies, "Healthy? Ha ha ha…unhealthy as fuck but thriving." This is indicative of the sort of reverent and candid interviews contained in *Positive Creed.* A later period member of the Exploited is interviewed, as well as members of Loaded 44 and Gunslinger. With a nice touch of diversity, this issue also features visual artist Jesse Freece and the writer Robin Barratt. A simple and straightforward zine with basic writing and marginal insight, *Positive Creed* is strongly recommended for fans of the artists featured therein. (SL)
PO Box 777 / Ex1 9tu / Exeter / UK / robstone1977@gmail.com

PSYCHO MOTO ZINE #18,19,20 / $3 ppd, $5 world, trades
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
A collective of several artists and writers bound together by the name "The Antagonists" produces these zines. I actually didn't want to like these zines at first, and brushed them off as some hippy artist BS that the artists produced to simply make themselves feel better and no one would ever read. I was especially miffed when I flipped to the first piece in issue number eighteen about a male's perspective on strip clubs, which was immediately followed by a piece describing the female editor's time as a dancer and her perspective. Balance is restored! Moving through each piece takes you through an engaging debate from immediate reactions of yes to no. Fact and fiction blur lines making you feel like a semi-normal person in our abnormal mainstream society. My handpicked favorite pieces from each issue include: "Where The Naked Ladies Dance" (#18), "The Return of the Red Bloody Menace" (#19), "Stickin' It To The Man" (#20). Kudos to Antagonist Press for being completely DIY in thought in practice and upholding the beauty of independent (still) free thought. (DJ)
bobashtray@gmail.com / www.antagovision.com/psycho-moto-zine-archive

ROCHESTER TEEN SET OUTSIDER #23 / $1 US, $3 world, trades
4.5 x 5.5 – copied – 36 pgs
This zine is the print outlet of an eccentric group of Rochester residents who seem to tackle a loose theme with each issue. There is a rotating cast of contributors, but the tone is consistently freewheeling and charming, full of inside jokes and cheekiness that's a pleasure to read and makes one speculate as to the actual character of these kids and what their scene is actually like. This issue grapples with the apocalypse and all of its potential ramifications for their scene. An imagined, post-apocalyptic future in which Rochester's punks debate moving to the forest and living communally is hysterically detailed, as well as a feature on select dystopian movies. Of course, the requisite nods to Rochester happenings, events and landmarks are peppered throughout, but they're interesting regardless of reader's familiarity with the city. The layout is crude but legible throughout. Always happy to get this for review. (SL)
W. Carroll / 32 Edmonds #1 / Rochester, NY 14607 / rochesterteensetoutsider@gmail.com

SALAH CETAX #12 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 40 pgs – Indonesian
Cool Indonesia punk zine, with a rad cut n paste aesthetic covering many aspects of the DIY community, from online radio, zines, punks at the beach and of course music! This looks so cool, and really seems like it is representing an alive and exciting scene. I wish I could read Indonesian... The pictures of the punks hanging out, making music and making community are really inspiring, this is a rad fanzine! (LG)
www.salahcetax.wordpress.com / salahcetax@yahoo.com

THE SCREEVER #3 / 1 £ or trade
4 x 6 – copied – 40 pgs
Ok, so before I tell you about this cute zine, and why I liked it, I gotta talk about something really important, *Where is Nat?* The mysterious partner in crime of Lee, that apparently co-writes this zine, is missing! She seems to have shaggy hair, big eyes, no mouth and is wearing a hoodie, if you see her please tell her to contact Lee—they seem very worried. Not too worried, however, to hinder them from putting out this lil' zine and keeping the scene alive. This isn't going for any top tens or anything, but it's perfect for what it is—it's got well written interviews spanning many, often disconnected, segments of the scene: ambient noise labels, sXe bros,

feminist zine distros and French deathrock bands, positive reviews of a bunch of different shit (but leaning toward the straight edge), a word find and a vegan egg creme recipe! This kid is doing it right and I wish we were friends. (AG)
89 Oak St / Kingswinford / West Midlands / DY69LT UK

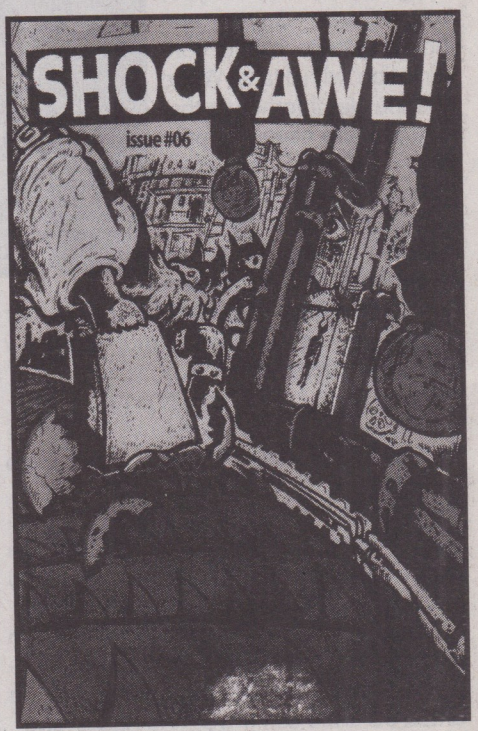
SHOCK & AWE! #6 / Distro or wholesale only
11 x 8 – printed – 32 pgs
Shock & Awe is a self-proclaimed media center documenting punk and hardcore in Malaysia. I was really excited to immerse myself into this zine because it had an appealing format, and of course, reminded me a lot of *MRR*. However, *Shock & Awe* are doing their own thing and they are doing it all right. Issue six covers some record reviews, interviews, photography and much more that is deep within the content. This is a prime example of what we need more of, zines that are honest and organized in ways that pull readers in. I am definitely always a supporter of zines made by people of color, especially if they look like this, carry this type of content and engage the participation of the punk scene. This zine reminded me of all the work that people put into these publications, simply for the love of it. It made me reflect a little on *MRR* and the fact that volunteer run publications are the way to go. I mean, look at how sweet the publications look! This is the type of zine that is made by the scene for the scene. I am completely down with this, I read it from cover to cover and found it magnificent. Get this. (OG)
shock.awe00@gmail.com

THE SOVEREIGN / $3.95
11 x 15 – printed – 24 pgs
Reading *The Sovereign* was incredibly difficult. I don't mean grammatically or layout-wise, I mean emotionally. It's not that this so-called "Newspaper of the Resistance" had deeply shocking or insightful articles that busted all my preconceived notions to pieces. No, it was in fact quite the opposite. I could tell at one glance that this paper was put out by wingnuts, for wingnuts. There is a full-page article that sports the title "Asteroid, Financial Blowout Redefine Strategic Threat." It is all about how the asteroid that exploded over Russia earlier this year needs to be the impetus for a drastic "paradigm shift in [government] policy" and that the whole world needs to realize that "there is now a common mission for mankind: to defend the earth against asteroids, meteors, and comets..." The next article (also taking up an entire page) is about how the lack of slanted desks has caused a decrease in students' ability to focus in classrooms and we should return to older desk models. These articles in and of themselves are merely inane. That's all well and good—publish boring articles if you want to, a million other magazines do. My main problem is that this newspaper clearly thinks of itself as one of the last bastions of truth in a big brother state. Because of this, it appears they are willing to publish anything—including letters and articles by people who are obviously very seriously mentally ill. For example, one of the letters to the editor was by a prisoner who believes that the government is using a "commercial off-the-shelf brain computer interface to hack into prisoners brains, forcing the targeted prisoner to reveal information..." And that is what made it hard for me to read, what saddened me. In printing these kinds of articles, this rag further reinforces the delusions of the writers by validating them. Please skip this newspaper. For the mental health of the editors and writers of *The Sovereign* don't give them your money. (AR)
PO Box 418 / New York, NY10115

TINTED WINDOW #6, #7 / stamps or trade
4.25 x 3.66 – copied – 1 pg
Black and white one page collages surround "content" front and back of this little zine. I'm not sure what the writing is, but some of the poems and reviews are interesting. If you need a cool penpal, holler at this person. (EC)
D. Bolleri / 1033 Rosewood Ave / San Carlos, CA 94070

TRUST FANZINE NR. 159/02 / 2.5 Euro
8.5 x 11 – printed – 68 pgs – German
I think the German language gets a bad rap. It?s harsh and beautiful and romantic and interesting, I mean maybe I?m biased by all the German boys I?ve crushed on and loved. But all I want right now is for some cute German hardcore kid to come read me this beautiful zine, I would cook him dinner and do some stuff that I could talk about here, but I'll save for the queer issue in a couple months. This zine is well put together, full of cool pictures and art, interviews that I really want to read and reviews of awesome records, which I'm sure are witty and well written. I'm pretty sure this is always in our zine top tens and for good reason, whether you speak German or not you should probably check it out. (AG)
www.trust-zine.de

VISION OF FIRE AN ANTI-CAPITALIST JOURNAL #1: MAOISM / $5 ppd or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 102 pgs
At over 100 pages and 8.5 by 11 inches, *Vision of Fire* isn't so a much a zine as a book. A really, really, REALLY terribly awful book. I wasted over a month of my life trying to read this crap and I still couldn't get any farther than page 22. Maoism is a despicable joke. It horrified and appalled me to learn that the editor of this zine used to be an anarchist and somehow decided Maoism makes *more* sense. I called the author the editor because that's really what they are—they didn't write anything other than the intro, they just compiled pieces they liked together into one location. These pieces chosen show the editor is as unintelligent and two-dimensional as any other Red-Anarchist or Marxist-Leninist is. All of these pieces ask incredibly dated questions as if they were challenging, and all show a poor capacity to think about issues in a complicated manner, instead coming up with simplistic quips as if they were complicated theories. If you believe that Maoism or M-Lism provides answers to the worlds' problems I advise you to take a peak and history and think about horrifying, terrible, oppressive, dysfunctional and poorly-thought-out both of these trajectories are and then to read some Foucault and get a better understanding of power dynamics. Ugh, Just Ugh. (AR)
visionoffire@yahoo.com



SIX TWO FIVE

!!OUT NOW / WINTER 2012!!

GAZ-66 INTRUSION - EP
Brutal Ukranian power-violence

PSUDOKU LP
1-man space cyber grind from Norway

GRAND INVINCIBLE - EP
Limited EP of DIY Bay Area hip-hop

INTERNAL ROT- Debut EP
Guttural Aussie grind like FETO

PUNCH - Nothing Lasts EP
4th round of FAST Bay Area HC!

SPAZZ - LP Reissues
Legit reissues/new art & color-vinyl

SUFFERING MIND - Debut LP
Anti-fascist Polish 1000mph grind

QUATTRO STAGIONI - LP
Crazed 1000mph German fastcore!

SxFxN - Itching EP
Blazing Midwest powerviolence - 2nd EP

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - COLL CD
Long awaited CD of TX Prog-violence

YOUNG OFFENDERS/GIANT HAYSTACKS
Split 12"LP-anthemic angry post-punk

IRON LUNG - 1st LP Repress
Limited color vinyl repress of debut LP!

THE PROCESS - Debut CD
Punishing HC ala RINWORM, X-SHANK

GET DESTROYED - Burnt EP
1000mph AZ dry-heat-violence

AGENTS OF ABHORRANCE - CD
Crazed Aussie 3-man blurrcore

THREATENER - Discography CD
Coll.CD of 1000mph blasting fastcore

BREAKfAST/STRUGGLE4PRIDE-CD
Tokyo cult skate thrash

PLUS A TON MORE STUFF COMING!

STILL AVAILABLE:

TRAPPED IN A SCENE CD- Comp of pure blast
IRON LUNG-1st CD Crazy-two-man blurcore
SLIGHT SLAPPERS-2nd LP Tokyo violence
ATHRENODY CD Early 90s Death/Grindcore
BANDANOS/DESTRUCT.END-CD:Crossover-Thrash
CHARM/UG MAN-Split LP:Tokyo thrashcore
CRUCIAL SECTION/HIT ME BACK-EP:Int'l HC
KUNGFU RICK - Disco 2xCD:Insane grind/HC
IRON LUNG/SHANK LP/CD-Audio Brutality
BREAKFAST 2nd LP:Tokyo skate-thrash
SECOND OPINION - CD High Energy thrash
BARBARIC THRASH CD COMPS:Euro,CaliComps
CRUCIAL SECTION-LP: 80s RIPCORD-thrash
SHANK-LP/CD: 1000mph power violence
MACHINEGUN ROMANTICS-CD: TX fastcore
QUILL/I DONT CARE-Split CD:Tokyo thrash
APARTMENT 213-CD:Clevo power violence
HE WHO CORRUPTS CD: Corporo-grind-o-caust
SCHOLASTIC DETH-Coll. CD: READ DAMN IT!
LORDS OF LIGHT-EP Original 3-man grind
THEY LIVE-LP: Cult-classic NY fastcore

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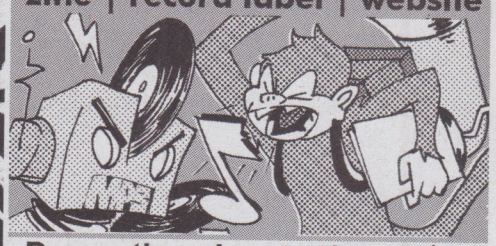

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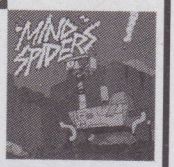

God Equals Genocide
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